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THE
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THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1857.

ART. I.—*Bacon's Essays, with Annotations.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London, 1856. 8vo, pp. 517.

AFTER the novelists, and after Mr Macaulay, Archbishop Whately is, perhaps, the English writer of the nineteenth century who has been most read. Between his first and his last publication forty-six years have passed, during few of which, perhaps during none, has his pen been unemployed. The mere catalogue of his works fills six pages. Several of them have reached a tenth edition—one a fourteenth; many are text-books in our universities and schools, and, from the elementary nature of their subjects—from their containing the rudiments of most of the mental sciences and of the mental arts—they have exercised, and continue to exercise, more influence over the opinions and over the moral and intellectual habits of those who are now actively engaged in public and in professional life, than can be attributed to the labours of any other living author.

And yet, when we attempted, in 1844, almost at the commencement of our career, to give a general view of his works, we had to remark, that a writer so widely popular had been almost ignored by the periodical critics. "He has been scarcely mentioned," we then said, "by any of the prouder and more august arbiters of destiny, and journalists of humbler pretensions have been slow to notice his publications."¹

With one or two remarkable exceptions, this is still generally true. It may be accounted for, partly by the nature of the studies to which Archbishop Whately has mainly devoted himself, and partly by the manner in which he has executed his task. Neither his material nor his workmanship is such as critics like to meddle with. Theology, morals, and metaphysics, are the tritest portions of human knowledge. During thousands

¹ North British Review, vol. i., p. 489.

of years, the attributes of the Deity, the affections of the human heart, and the faculties of the human mind, were the favourite subjects of philosophical inquiry. They engrossed the attention of the acutest and the most diligent thinkers. Reason was enlightened by Revelation ; and, for more than 1800 years, the Revelation itself has been commented on by the whole civilized world. To be original in such matters—to discover inferences and analogies of any value, which shall have escaped undetected by so long and so careful an examination—is an attempt from which the most sanguine may well recoil. The bulk of our writers prefer gleaning from fields which have been less carefully reaped. They turn to political economy, to legislation, to criticism, to history, to biography, to physical science,—in short, to studies which are so recent, that their most accessible treasures are still unexhausted, or which, depending rather on observation than on consciousness, rather on testimony than on inference, are practically inexhaustible. Working on such materials, they may expect to inform or to amuse. As expounders of Archbishop Whately's reasonings, all that they can hope is to instruct—to lead the reader to admit propositions which, though unperceived, had been implied in his previous knowledge.

This, without doubt, can be done. Trite as are his subjects, the Archbishop's works are eminently original. They are full of new analogies, of subtle discriminations, and of inferences, of which the reader recognises both the truth and the novelty, feels that they had never struck him before, but that they follow necessarily from premises with which he is familiar.

But a critic is not satisfied by acting the part of a mere expounder. He wishes not to follow, or even to accompany, but to precede, his author ; to clear up his confusion ; to expose his fallacies ; and to show that even when he is right, he is right imperfectly—that he has seen the truth, but not the whole truth, and has left it to his reviewer to draw from his premises their full conclusions.

We have all studied Bacon's advice—"In seconding another, yet to add somewhat of one's own ; as, if you will grant his opinion, let it be with some distinction ; if you will follow his motion, let it be with condition ; if you allow his counsel, let it be with alleging further reason."¹

The victim whom we delight to immolate is a puzzle-headed, ingenious rhetorician, whose absurdities and inconsistencies may serve as pegs for our own theories, and as foils to them. But against this treatment Archbishop Whately's works are proof. They have been carefully elaborated in a capacious and patient intellect, animated by a love of truth, and a hatred of disguise,

¹ *Essay on Ceremonies and Respects.*

amounting almost to passion. They contain few premises thrown out rashly, none assumed insincerely, and no inferences which the author does not believe to be legitimate; and small indeed are the chances of finding a flaw in the logic.

The work, of which we have prefixed the title, is not peculiarly fit for criticism. Its fragmentary nature makes it impossible to give any general view of it. But, though it has already reached a third edition, it is the newest of the Archbishop's works; and though, without doubt, already widely known, it is probably less so than anything that he has published since 1844. We shall incur less danger of encumbering our pages with quotations with which the reader is already familiar, and of pronouncing judgments which he has himself anticipated.

The essays of Bacon do not require an annotator for the purpose of explaining obscurities; for, as is the case with almost all clear thinkers, he is an eminently perspicuous writer. Nor is there much that is obsolete in his language. Like Shakespeare, he seems to have anticipated many modern refinements. Whole pages occur in which nothing betrays antiquity except a naïveté and simplicity of diction, seldom found in the writings of those who have the fear of critics before their eyes, and an exuberance of classical quotation, which was natural when the bulk of our literature was Roman or Greek. But, though Bacon's essays require little explanation, they are susceptible, as this volume shows, of great development. They were intended, as the Archbishop remarks, and as the word essay in its original acceptation expresses, to be tentamina, not finished treatises, but sketches, to be filled up by the reader—hints, to be pursued—thoughts, thrown out irregularly, to suggest further inquiries and reflections. It is true that his sketches and hints are worth far more than the most elaborate performances of other men, but they never have been turned to better account than when they have been expanded and illustrated by Archbishop Whately.

In reviewing a work without unity, or even continuity, it is difficult to find a principle to follow in the selection of topics. We will begin by the essay on *Unity in Religion*, partly on account of the peculiar importance of its subject, and partly because, in his annotations to that essay, the Archbishop has noticed some speculations for which the author of this article is responsible, and has subjected them to strictures so serious, that he feels bound either to admit that they are well-founded, and, in that case, to retract, or to show that they are undeserved.

Bacon had the misfortune to live in a bigoted and a persecuting age—in an age which believed that, in religious matters, error, though merely speculative, though totally incapable of influencing

human conduct, though relating to things far beyond the reach of the human faculties, is not only sin, but sin for which men "without doubt shall perish everlastingly;" and, still further, believed it to be the duty of the civil governor, in the words of the English Liturgy, "to execute justice, and to maintain truth;" that is to say, to maintain truth by the execution of justice. From bigotry, however, he appears to have been free. In his advertisement on Church Controversies,¹ he reprobates the "curious questions and the strange anatomies of the natures and person of Christ," which divided the Christian churches in the first centuries, when *ingeniosa res fuit esse Christianum*; and still more those "about ceremonies, and things indifferent, and the external policy and government of the Church." He suggests a doubt—a doubt which, in those days, must have shocked the majority of his readers—whether, "in the general demolition of the Church of Rome, there were not, as men's actions are imperfect, some good purged with the bad;" and he ends his "considerations on the pacification of the Church"² by a passage which we quote below, and which well deserves to be pondered by our modern ecclesiastical factions. But he cannot be as fully exonerated from the charge of having been, to some degree, intolerant. He disapproved, indeed, of "the propagation of religion by wars, or by sanguinary persecutions, to force consciences;" but he adds, that "there be two swords among Christians, the spiritual and the temporal, and both have their due office in the maintenance of religion;" and that "the temporal sword is to be drawn with great circumspection in cases of religion." He objected, therefore, not to the use, but merely to the abuse of persecution. He did not perceive that any employment whatever of the temporal sword in cases of religion, whether rashly or with circumspection, is opposed not merely to the spirit, but to the express precepts, of Christianity—to the formal renunciation by our Lord of all temporal dominion, and of all coercive influence.

His desire for unity, indeed, in "points fundamental, and of substance in religion," was very earnest. "For the point," he says,³ "that there should be but one form of discipline in all churches, and *that* imposed by necessity of a commandment and prescript out of the word of God, is a matter volumes have been compiled of, and therefore cannot receive a brief redargution. I, for my part, do confess that, in revolving the Scriptures, I could never find any such thing; but that God had left the like liberty to the Church government as He had done to the civil government—to be varied according to time, and place, and accidents; which, nevertheless, His high and Divine providence doth order and dispose. For all civil governments are restrained

¹ Works, vol. ii. p. 501. ² *Ibid*, p. 529. ³ Essay on Unity in Religion, p. 19.

from God unto the general grounds of justice and manners ; but the policies and forms of them are left free ; so that monarchies and kingdoms, senates and seignories, popular states and communalities, are lawful, and, where they are planted, ought to be maintained inviolate.

“ So likewise in Church matters, the substance of doctrine is immutable, and so are the general rules of government ; but for rites and ceremonies, and for the particular hierarchies, policies, and disciplines of churches, they be left at large. And therefore it is good we return unto the ancient bounds of unity in the Church of God, which was, ‘ One faith, one baptism,’ and not, ‘ One hierarchy, one discipline ;’ and that we observe the league of Christians, as it is penned by our Saviour, which is, in substance of doctrine, this—‘ *He that is not with us, is against us ;*’ but, in things indifferent, and but of circumstance, this—‘ *He that is not against us, is with us ;*’ as it is excellently alluded to by that father that noted, that Christ’s garment was without seam, and yet was of divers colours ; and thereupon setteth down for a rule, ‘ *In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit.*’

“ Heresies and schisms are of all others the greatest scandals, yea, more than corruption of manners ; for as, in the natural body, a wound or solution of continuity is worse than a corrupt humour, so in the spiritual ; so that nothing doth so much keep men out of the Church, and drive men out of the Church, as breach of unity ; and, therefore, whensoever it cometh to that pass, that one saith, ‘ *Ecce in deserto,*’ another saith, ‘ *Ecce in penetralibus ;*’—that is, when some men seek Christ in the conventicles of heretics, and others in an outward face of a church, that voice had need continually to sound in men’s ears, ‘ *Nolite exire.*’ The Doctor of the Gentiles (the propriety of whose vocation drew him to have a special care of those without) saith, ‘ If a heathen come in, and hear you speak with several tongues, will he not say that you are mad ?’ and, certainly, it is little better. When atheists and profane persons do hear of so many discordant and contrary opinions in religion, it doth avert them from the Church, and maketh them ‘ to sit down in the chair of the scorers.’ It is but a light thing to be vouched in so serious a matter ; but yet it expresseth well the deformity. There is a master of scoffing that, in his catalogue of books of a feigned library, sets down this title of a book, ‘ *The Morris Dance of Heretics ;*’ for, indeed, every sect of them hath a diverse posture, or cringe, by themselves, which cannot but move derision in worldlings and depraved politics, who are apt to contemn holy things.”

To this passage the Archbishop has appended the following note :¹—

¹ P. 31.

"There occurs, in a late number of a leading periodical, a remark, which one may find also in the mouths of many, and in the minds of very many more, that the great diversity of religious opinions prevailing in the world, and the absence of all superhuman provision against them, is a proof that it is the *will* of the Almighty that such should be the case—that men were *designed* to hold all diversities of religious belief. Now, the inference which will naturally be drawn, on further reflection, from this is, that it is no matter whether we hold truth or falsehood; and next, that there is *no* truth at all in *any* religion.

"But this is not all. The same reasoning would go to prove that, since there is no infallible and universally accessible guide in *morals*, and men greatly differ in their judgments of what is morally right and wrong, hence we are to infer that God did not design men to agree on this point neither, and that it matters not whether we *act* on right or wrong principles; and, in short, that there is no such thing as right and wrong, but only what each man thinks. The two opposite errors (as we think them), from the *same source*, are—'If God wills all men to believe, and to act rightly, He must have given us an infallible and accessible guide for belief and practice. (1.) But He does so will; therefore, there is such a guide; and (2.) He has *not* given us any such guide; therefore He does not will all men to believe and act rightly.'

"Now, this is to confound the two senses of 'WILL,' as distinguished in the concluding paragraph of the 17th article of the Church of England. In a certain sense, the most absurd errors, and the most heinous crimes, may be said to be according to the Divine will, since God does not interpose His omnipotence to prevent them. But, 'in our doings,' says that article, 'that will of God is to be followed which we have *expressly* declared in Holy Writ.'

The passage thus referred to is to be found in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, on Sir George Lewis's Essay "on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," contained in the number for April 1850:—

"If," says the author of that article, "religious faith be favourable, and religious error unfavourable, to the welfare of a people; if it be in the power of the State, by means of persecution, to diffuse the former, and to extirpate, or at least to discourage, the latter; and if it be the duty of the State to do all that it can do to promote the welfare of its subjects, on what ground ought it to abstain from persecution?"

The able author of the "Letters on the Church," admits "that he can find no arguments against persecution which ought to convince a Mohammedan or a Pagan ruler." *We* believe

“ that the duty of abstaining from the forcible propagation of religious truth may be maintained by an argument of universal application—one to which a Mohammedan or a Pagan must yield, as well as a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. It consists in the impossibility, in almost all cases, of demonstrating that what is persecuted is really error. We have already remarked, that most of the disputes which separate Christian sects relate, not to practical morality, but either to questions respecting Church discipline and government, which may receive different answers among different nations, and at different times; or to questions as to the nature and attributes of the Deity, and as to His dealings with mankind, which depend on the interpretation given to certain portions of Scripture, as to which men have been differing for eighteen centuries, with a tendency rather to further divergence than to agreement.”

“ The Trinitarians think that the eternal co-existence of God the Father and God the Son is the Scriptural doctrine: the Arians think that the Begetter must have existed before the Begotten. The Latin Church believes that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son: the Greek Church believes that the Holy Spirit proceeds only from the Father. Each of these opinions has been supported by hundreds of learned, conscientious, and diligent inquirers; each has been adopted by millions of enthusiastic votaries; each has been propagated by violence, and resisted by endurance; each has had its doctors, its persecutors, and its martyrs.”

“ It is possible that many of the opinions for which we persecute one another, relate to matters which our faculties are unable to comprehend. It is possible that, if our controversies could be submitted to the decision of beings of higher knowledge and intelligence than those of man, they would tell us that, for the most part, we are disputing about words which signify no realities, and debating propositions which, being unmeaning, possess neither truth nor falsehood. *One thing at least seems clear—that, if the Being who inspired the texts on which different sects found their arguments, had intended us to agree in one interpretation of them, He would not have left them susceptible of many.*”

“ The fact, then, on which the expediency of persecution depends—the falsehood of the persecuted doctrine—being, in general, incapable of demonstration, it follows, as a general rule, that persecution is not expedient. We say, in general; for there are some religious opinions so obviously mischievous, that the magistrate may be bound to put them down. Such are the doctrines once attributed to the Church of Rome—that faith is not to be kept with heretics; that the Pope may release subjects from their allegiance; and that indulgence may be purchased

for the darkest crimes. And, with respect even to such doctrines as these, all that the State ought to prevent is their active dissemination. The mere holding them being involuntary, is not a fit subject for legislation."

There is obviously no subject which man ought to approach with such reverence, such caution, indeed such timidity, as the attributes of the Deity. We cannot venture to set any bounds to them. We cannot venture to treat His power, His knowledge, or His benevolence, as limited. But nothing that is unlimited is conceivable by the human mind. A Being, therefore, of infinite attributes is to us incomprehensible. When we attempt to reason about Him, it is only on hypothesis, and by analogy. Our hypothesis—an hypothesis which looks rash and absurd, and probably is absurd, but is after all our only hypothesis—is, that His motives and His conduct resemble the motives and the conduct of the only being with whom we can compare Him—a wise and benevolent man.

Now, if a man, with power to express his meaning clearly, and with knowledge enabling him to foresee how his words will be interpreted, uses language susceptible of different interpretations, we cannot but infer that he intends it to be differently interpreted.

The Archbishop answers, that "if men were designed to hold *all* diversities of religious belief, the natural inference is, that it is no matter whether we hold truth or falsehood, or rather, that there is no truth at all in any religion."

This must be admitted.

But the Archbishop, perhaps from inadvertence on his part, perhaps from a want of perspicuity on the part of the author of the article, has not apprehended his meaning. He does not affirm, nor does he believe, that men were designed to hold *all* diversities of religious belief, or that it is in consequence of the will of God that men are Buddhists, Hindoos, or Mohammedans.

Why they are so—*why* false religions are permitted to spring up and to endure, is a portion of the insoluble problem of the origin of evil—a problem which meets and arrests every speculator, Christian, Pagan, Deist, or Atheist, at every turn.

The questions as to which he ventures to think that men are designed to differ, are narrowly limited in kind and in number; and, so far from including all diversities of religious belief, apply only to the Christian creed, and to a very small portion of that creed. They are "questions as to the nature and attributes of the Deity, and as to His dealings with mankind, *depending on the interpretation of certain portions of Scripture.*"

The examples given in the article, are the disputes as to the pre-existence of the Father, and the procession of the Holy

Spirit;—disputes which relate, perhaps, to matters above our comprehension, and may resemble those of blind men as to colours, or of deaf men as to sounds.

The Archbishop adds—"This is not all; the same reasoning would go to prove that, *since there is no infallible and universally accessible guide* in morals, and men greatly differ in their judgments of what is morally right and wrong, hence we are to infer that God did not design men to agree on this point neither."

Now, the author's reason for holding that men were intended to differ as to some of what may be called the metaphysical questions in theology, is not the *absence* of an infallible and universally accessible guide, but the supposed *presence* of an ambiguous revelation. If the Sermon on the Mount were as susceptible of different interpretations as are the texts which Greeks and Latins cite against one another, it might be imagined that our Saviour intended it to be differently interpreted. But the moral precepts of the Gospel are as perspicuous as some of what may be called its metaphysical statements are obscure. There is scarcely a Christian sect which has separated from the general Church solely on any moral question. The schisms which have been founded on points of doctrine, or of discipline, or of ceremonies, may be counted by hundreds.

We may add, that we see some reasons, we will not say for affirming, but for suspecting, that such schisms are not without their utility.

Men do not seem to be improved by being thrown together in great homogeneous masses. The Chinese Empire—the largest aggregation of human beings with one government, one language, and substantially one religion, that was ever collected—contains, perhaps, the most corrupt and the least improvable people that can be called civilized. Differences of language, of climate, and of habits, seem to be among the means employed by Providence in order to break men into smaller communities, in which individual merit may hope to make its way, and which improve one another by emulation and collision.

Some of the speculative differences which divide Christians may be intended to produce the same effect. We have no doubt that we owe much of the earnest religious belief and feeling which distinguish the Anglo-Saxon race to the prevalence of dissent. The great improver of the English clergy was Wesley. In Italy there is no dissent; but how much is there of religion?

Bacon's Essay on Envy is the work of a man who had suffered much from the envious. He passed the earlier and the most active portion of his life in a small, ambitious, intriguing society, in which all were acquaintances and rivals; and the sovereign—

the last and the best despot that England has ever endured—could scatter prizes, such as, in our sober aristocratical community, only Parliament can give, and only once perhaps in a century. All the ambitious, all the covetous, and all the vain, crowded to the court, to contend, by flattery, by subservience, and, we must add, by real service, for the favour which gave power, wealth, and station. Such a court was a hot-bed of envy; and Bacon's masterly enumeration of those apt to envy, and of those apt to be envied, is evidently the result of personal observation and experience. It is remarkable that he appears to have been infected by the Oriental superstition of the evil eye.

"There be none of the affections," he says, "which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy: they both have vehement wishes, they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects, which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see, likewise, the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye, and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects; so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation or irradiation of the eye; nay, some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt, are when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph, for that sets an edge upon envy; and besides, at such times the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow."¹

We once, in Cairo, conversed on this superstition with an intelligent Cairene, who described it as the great curse of his country.

"Does the mischievous influence of the evil eye," we asked, "depend on the will of the person whose glance does the mischief?"

"Not altogether," he answered. "An intention to harm may render more virulent the poison of the glance; but envy, or the desire to appropriate a thing, or even excessive admiration, may render it hurtful without the consciousness, or even against the will, of the offender. It injures most the thing that it first hits. Hence the bits of red cloth that are stuck about the dresses of women, and about the trappings of camels and horses, and the large spots of lamp black which you may see on the foreheads of children. They are a sort of conductors. It is hoped that they will attract the glance, and exhaust its venom."

"A fine house, fine furniture, a fine camel, and a fine horse, are all enjoyed with fear and trembling, lest they should excite

¹ *Essay on Envy*, p. 75.

envy and bring misfortune. A butcher would be afraid to expose fine meat, lest the evil eye of passers-by, who might covet it, should taint it, and make it spoil, or become unwholesome."

"Children are supposed to be peculiarly the objects of desire and admiration. When they are suffered to go abroad, they are intentionally dirty and ill-dressed; but generally they are kept at home, without air or exercise, but safe from admiration. This occasions a remarkable difference between the infant mortality in Europe and in Egypt. In Europe it is the children of the rich who live; in Egypt, it is the children of the poor. The children of the poor cannot be confined. They live in the fields. As soon as you quit the city, you see in every clover field a group, of which the centre is a tethered buffalo, and round it are the children of its owner, with their provision of bread and water, sent thither at sunrise and to remain there till sunset, basking in the sun, and breathing the air from the desert. The Fallah children enter their hovels only to sleep, and that only in the winter. In summer, their days and nights are passed in the open air; and, notwithstanding their dirt and their bad food, they grow up healthy and vigorous. The children of the rich, confined by the fear of the evil eye to the 'hareem,' are puny creatures, of whom not a fourth part reaches adolescence. Achmed Pasha Tahir, one of the governors of Cairo under Mehemet Ali, had 280 children; only six survived him. Mehemet Ali himself had 87; only ten were living at his death."

"I believe," he added, "that at the bottom of this superstition is an enormous prevalence of envy among the lower Egyptians. You see it in all their fictions. Half of the stories told in the coffee-shops by the professional story-tellers, of which the Arabian Nights are a specimen, turn on malevolence. Malevolence, not attributed, as it would be in European fiction, to some insult or injury inflicted by the person who is its object, but to mere envy: envy of wealth, or of the other means of enjoyment, honourably acquired and liberally used."

In distinguishing the persons more or less subject to envy, Bacon states, that "persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for that their fortune seemeth but due to them; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather."

The Archbishop has qualified this remark by the following very acute note:—"Bacon might have remarked, that, in one respect, a rise by merit exposes a man to more envy than that by personal favour, through family connection, private friendship, etc. For, in this latter case, the *system* itself of preferring

private considerations to public, is chiefly blamed, but the *individual* thus advanced is regarded much in the same way as one who is *born* to an estate or title. But when any one is advanced on the score of desert and qualifications, the system is approved, but the individual is more envied, because his advancement is felt as an affront to all who think themselves or their own friends more worthy."

"It is quite right to advance men of great merit; but, by this rule, it is I, or my friend so-and-so, that ought to have been preferred. When, on the other hand, a bishop or a minister appoints his own son or private friend to some office, every one else is left free to think, 'if it had gone by merit, I should have been the man.'"¹

The Essay on Goodness is, according to our use of the word goodness, improperly entitled; for by "Goodness" Bacon means Beneficence.

"It admits," he says, "no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall. But in charity there is no excess: neither angel nor man can come in danger by it. The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, inso-much that, if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures; as is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds. Errors, indeed, in this virtue may be committed; therefore it is good to take knowledge of the errors of a habit so excellent. Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou *Æsop's* cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barleycorn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly: 'He sendeth His rain, and maketh His sun to shine upon the just and the unjust;' but He doth not rain wealth nor shine honour and virtues upon men equally: common benefits are to be communicated with all, but peculiar benefits with choice. And beware how, in making the portraiture, thou breakest the pattern; for Divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern—the love of our neighbours but the portraiture: 'Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow Me;' but sell not all thou hast, except thou come and follow Me;—that is, except thou have a vocation wherein thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great; for otherwise, in feeding the streams, thou driest the fountain."

In illustration of Bacon's remark, that the Turks, though a

¹ P. 81.

cruel people, are kind to beasts, we will repeat a little more of the conversation of our Cairene friend.

"The remark," he said to us, "that Orientals are not to be judged according to European notions, is so obvious that it has become trite; but on no point is the difference between the two minds more striking than in the respect for life."

"The European cares nothing for brute life. He destroys the lower animals without scruple, whenever it suits his convenience, his pleasure, or his caprice. He shoots his favourite horse and his favourite dog as soon as they become too old for service. The Mussulman preserves the lives of the lower animals solicitously. Though he considers the dog impure, and never makes a friend of him, he thinks it sinful to kill him, and allows the neighbourhood and even the streets of his towns to be infested by packs of masterless brutes, which you would get rid of in London in one day. The beggar does not venture to destroy his vermin: he puts them tenderly on the ground, to be swept up into the clothes of the next passer-by. There are hospitals in Cairo for superannuated cats, where they are fed at the public expense."

"But to human life he is utterly indifferent. He extinguishes it with much less scruple than that with which you shoot a horse past his work. Abbas, the late Viceroy, when a boy, had his pastry-cook bastinadoed to death. Mehemet Ali mildly reproved him for it, as you would correct a child for killing a butterfly. He explained to his little grandson that such things ought not to be done without a motive."

It is to be observed, that the evils which Bacon points out as likely to follow ill-directed benevolence, are evils affecting the giver. He does not appear to have seen that it inflicts evils, far greater in amount, and far more mischievous in kind, upon the receiver. In the long contest between the labourer, desirous of choosing for himself his residence, his master, and his occupation, and the employer, anxious to confine him in the political prison of a parish, and to force him to work there for such wages as the justices should think fit, success was then on the side of the labourer. The imprisonments, whippings, slavery, chains, mutilation, and death, denounced against sturdy vagabonds—that is, against those who, having no property but their labour, presumed to act as if they thought that they had a right to dispose of it—had failed. "Partly," says the preamble to the 1st Ed. vi. c. 3, "by foolish pity and mercy of them which should have seen the said goodly laws executed, and partly from the perverse nature and long-accustomed idleness of the persons given to loitering, the said goodly statutes have had small effect." It was not until the times of George III., when the prime minister pro-

posed to make parochial relief a matter of right and an honour, and one of the leaders of the Opposition complained that he had searched the statute-book in vain for a law to compel the farmers to do their duty, and to raise wages with the price of provisions, that the friends of the labourer succeeded in reducing him to a slavery and a degradation which his enemies had been unable to inflict.

Archbishop Whately, writing after the experience of two centuries and a half, sees much more clearly than Bacon the real mischiefs of misdirected beneficence.

"Bacon," he says,¹ "is speaking of what is now called benevolence and beneficence; and his remark is very just, that it admits of no excess in quantity, though it may be misdirected and erroneous. For if your liberality be such as to reduce your family to poverty, or—like the killing of the hen that laid the golden eggs—such as to put it out of your power hereafter to be liberal at all, or if it be bestowed upon the undeserving, this is rather to be accounted an unwise and misdirected benevolence than an excess of it in quantity. And we have here a remarkable instance of the necessity of keeping the whole character and conduct, even our most amiable propensities, under the control of right principle, guided by reason, and of taking pains to understand the subject relating to each duty which you are called on to perform. For there is, perhaps, no one quality that can produce a greater amount of mischief than may be done by thoughtless good nature. For instance, if any one, out of tenderness of heart, and reluctance to punish or to discard the criminal and worthless, lets loose on society, or advances to important offices, mischievous characters, he will have conferred a doubtful benefit on a few, and done incalculable hurt to thousands. So also—to take one of the commonest and most obvious cases, that of charity to the poor,—a man of great wealth, by freely relieving all idle vagabonds, might go far towards ruining the industry, and the morality, and the prosperity, of a whole nation. For there can be no doubt that careless, indiscriminate alms-giving, does far more harm than good, since it encourages idleness and improvidence, and also imposture. If you give freely to ragged and filthy street-beggars, you are, in fact, *hiring* people to dress themselves in filthy rags, and go about begging with fictitious tales of distress. If, on the contrary, you carefully inquire for and relieve honest and industrious persons, who have fallen into distress through unavoidable misfortunes, you are not only doing good to those objects, but also holding out an encouragement generally to honest industry."

"You may, however, meet with persons who say, 'As long as

¹ P. 109.

it is my intention to relieve real distress, my charity is equally virtuous, though the tale told me may be a false one. The impostor alone is to be blamed who told it me: I acted on what he said; and if that is untrue, the fault is his, and not mine.' Now, this is a fair plea, if any one is deceived after making careful inquiry; but if he has not taken the trouble to do this, regarding it as no concern of his, you might ask him how he would act and judge in a case where he is thoroughly in earnest,—that is, where his own interest is concerned. Suppose he employed a steward or other agent to buy for him a horse, and this agent paid an exorbitant price for what was really worth little or nothing, giving just the same kind of excuse for allowing his employer to be thus cheated, saying, 'I made no careful inquiries, but took the seller's word; and his being a liar and a cheat, is his fault, and not mine;' the employer would doubtless reply, 'The seller, indeed, is to be condemned for cheating; but so are you for your carelessness of my interests. His being greatly in fault does not clear you; and your merely intending to do what was right, is no excuse for your not taking pains to gain right information.'

"Now, on such a principle we ought to act in our charities: regarding ourselves as stewards of all that Providence has bestowed, and as bound to expend it in the best way possible, and not shelter our own faulty negligence under the misconduct of another.

"It is now generally acknowledged that relief afforded to want, as mere want, tends to increase that want; while the relief afforded to the sick, the infirm, and the disabled, has plainly no tendency to multiply its own objects. Now, it is remarkable, that the Lord Jesus employed His miraculous power in healing the sick *continually*, but in feeding the hungry only twice; while the power of multiplying food, which He then manifested, as well as His directing the disciples to take care and gather up the fragments that remained, that nothing might be lost, served to mark, that the abstaining from any like procedure on other occasions was deliberate design. In this, besides other objects, our Lord had probably in view to afford us some instruction, from His example, as to the mode of our charity. Certain it is, that the reasons for this distinction are now, and ever must be, the same as at that time. Now, to those engaged in that important and inexhaustible subject of inquiry, the internal evidence of Christianity, it will be interesting to observe here one of the instances in which the superhuman wisdom of Jesus forestalled the discovering of an important principle, often overlooked, not only by the generality of men, but by the most experienced statesmen and the ablest philosophers, even in these later ages

of extended human knowledge and development of mental power."

Bacon published, at different times, two comparisons of Youth with Old Age: the first in 1612, when he was in his 42d year;¹ the second in 1623, when he was in his 62d year,² and already sinking under premature decrepitude.

It is remarkable that his earlier work is by far the less unfavourable to old age. He admits that, "for the moral part, *perhaps*, youth will have the advantage, as age for the politic;" that "the more a man drinketh of the world, the more it intoxicateth;" and that "age doth profit rather in the powers of the understanding than in the virtues of the will and affections." But these are the only hints of any moral superiority in the young.

In the *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, however, in almost every moral quality, the advantage is given to youth.

"The young," he says, "are modest; the old, hardened. The young are kind and compassionate; the old, callous. To the young belongs laudable emulation; to the old, malignant envy. The young are inclined to religion and to devotion by their fervour and by their inexperience of evil; the piety of the old is chilled by their want of charity, by their long familiarity with evil, and by their tendency to unbelief. In youth, the will is strong; in age, it is moderate. The young are volatile and changeable; the old, grave and firm. The young are liberal and kindly; the old, avaricious, self-seeking, and self-wise. The young are confiding and hopeful; the old, diffident and suspicious. The young please, and are easily pleased; the old are morose and fastidious. The young are open and frank; the old, cautious and reserved. The young desire what is great; the old take pains for what is necessary. The young admire the present; the old, the past. The young revere their superiors; the old judge them. Still the old, until they are in their dotage, have some advantages: though their invention be barren, their judgment is clear; they prefer the safe to the specious; their garrulity, and even their vanity, has its use; as they cannot act, they talk,—hence the fable that Tithonus was turned into a cricket."

The reader may perhaps be interested by comparing Bacon's view of old age with that of Aristotle. We will translate the 15th chapter of the second book of the *Rhetoric*.

"The aged," says Aristotle, "having lived long in a world in which evil predominates—having frequently failed, and frequently been deceived—rely on nothing, trust nothing, and have rather

¹ Essay on Youth and Age.

² *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*. Discrimina juventutis et senectutis.

opinions than knowledge. Their propositions are always qualified by a 'probably' or a 'perhaps.' They are uncharitable, taking everything in its worst sense. They are suspicious, because experience has deprived them of confidence. They neither love nor hate; or, rather, obeying the precept of Bias, they treat their friends as possible enemies, and their enemies as possible friends. Life has humbled them; they desire nothing great or even extraordinary, and are satisfied with what is barely necessary. They are stingy; for they know that money must be had, and that it is hard to earn and easy to lose. Their coldness makes them timid, as the warmth of the young makes them bold. They love life, and more and more dearly as its end approaches; for men desire most the things of which they have least. Their selfishness makes them prefer what is useful to what is great; for utility is relative to the individual, greatness is intrinsic. They are shameless, because, caring only for what is profitable, they are indifferent to opinion. They have seen that most things are bad, and that most events turn out ill; and therefore they are desponding. As their past life is long, and their future life short, they live rather in memory than in hope, and hence their garrulity. Their resentment is quick, but weak, and so are the desires that have not left them; hence their apparent temperateness. Their great object is gain. They are governed rather by reason than by impulse; for reason comes from the head, impulse from the heart. Their injuries are rather malicious than insolent. Their pity is the result not of kindness, but of weakness: if they sympathize with misfortune, it is because they expect misfortune."

We cannot but suspect that the picture drawn by Bacon was, in some of its features, borrowed from Aristotle. It is less full and less precise, and inferior to the comparison of the intellectual qualities of the young and the old contained in his essay on *Youth and Age*. There are passages in that essay equal in wisdom of thought, and force, and concentration of style, to anything that he ever wrote.

"Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business; for the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them, but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business, but the errors of aged men amount but to this—that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate,

which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first, and that, which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success."

Archbishop Whately has accounted, with great perspicacity, for the unfavourableness of Aristotle's picture of old age:—

"Many readers of Aristotle's admirable description of the young and the old forget that he is describing the *same* man at different periods of life, since the old must *have* been young. As it is, he gives just the right view of the character of the 'natural man' (as the Apostle Paul expresses it), which is, to become, on the whole, gradually worse, when no superior and purifying principle has been implanted. Some people fancy that a man grows good by growing old, without taking any particular pains about it. But 'the older the crab-tree, the more crabs it bears,' says the proverb. Unless a correcting principle be *engrafted*, a man may, perhaps, outgrow the vices and follies of youth, but other vices, and even worse, will come in their stead. If, indeed, a wilding tree be grafted when young with a good fruit-tree, then, the older it is, if it be kept well pruned, the more good fruit it will bear."¹

This explanation, however, does not apply to Bacon, for *he* wrote in a Christian community: a community in which men were as eager as to religious questions, and probably as much influenced by religious feelings, as they are now. If it be true, as we think that it is, that our aged contemporaries are more amiable and more agreeable than those whom he has described, that superiority must be accounted for by supposing either that they have been improved by the general progress of civilization, or that the society from which Bacon took his models was morally below the average at that time, or, lastly, that he wrote under the influence of temporary ill-humour.

It is remarkable that Bacon, who took this desponding view of the influence of time on the human heart, appears himself to have improved as he grew older. His *Essays*, as they were first published in 1597, when he was about twenty-seven, are addressed almost exclusively to the intellect. As intellectual exercises, they are unsurpassed. The very first, the *Essay on Study*, contains more thought, and more closely packed, than perhaps any other English composition. But there is no *idleness* in any one of them. If a person unacquainted with their respective dates were to compare the *Essay on Followers and Friends*, which is now nearly

¹ Note, p. 388.

in the state in which it was printed in 1597, with that on Friendship, published fifteen years afterwards, he would suppose the former to be the work of a veteran, whose kindly feelings have been dried up by long experience of treachery and ingratitude, and the latter, that of a youth, eager for sympathy, ready to trust, and miserable if he cannot find one to whom he can "impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, by a kind of civil shrift or confession."

There cannot be a more melancholy opinion than that with which the *Essay on Followers and Friends* concludes:—"There is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one the other."

Contrast this with one of the first sentences in the *Essay on Friendship* :—

"Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: "*Magna civitas, magna solitudo*,"—because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods; but we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and, even in this scene also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity."

The first three of the *Essays*, which appeared for the first time in the edition of 1825, and are probably among the very last things which he wrote—the *Essay on Truth*, on *Revenge*, and on *Adversity*, give to his character its most Christian, its loftiest, and its grandest features. He must have soared high above the region of ambition, avarice, subservience, and intrigue, in which he lived, as a lawyer, a courtier, and a chancellor, when he wrote, "Truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it—the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it—and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it—is the sovereign good of human nature. Certainly it is a heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."¹

He must have conquered resentment and regret, when he felt that "that which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men

¹ *Essay on Truth*, p. 3.

have enough to do with things present and to come ; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labour in past matters.

"There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like ; therefore, why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me ? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why, yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch because they can do no other.

"Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. 'You shall read,' saith he, 'that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends.'

"But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune : 'Shall we,' saith he, 'take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also ?' and so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that *a man that studieth revenge, keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.*"¹

We believe that the explanation of his improvement is to be found in the *Essay on Adversity*.

"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament ; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet, even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols ; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes ; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see, in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground : judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours : most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed ; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."²

The five years of shame, poverty, and sickness, which followed Bacon's disgrace, are the brightest part of his life. He did not waste them in sorrow or in anger. He felt that "that which is past is gone and irrecoverable, and that they do but trifle with themselves who labour in past matters." He felt that, having, as he says, wasted his best years and his best exertions in matters for which "he was not very fit by nature, and was more unfit by the preoccupation of his mind,"³ he ought to dedicate the remainder to the improvement of mankind.

¹ *Essay on Revenge*, p. 41.

² *Essay on Adversity*, p. 47.

³ *Letter to Sir Thos. Bodley*, 1605.

Not that Bacon was positively unfit for the worldly struggles which nearly filled his first sixty years. He was the very best debater, he was one of the best courtiers, and he was one of the best lawyers of his time. He gained every prize for which he contended—wealth, favour, rank, and power.

But he was relatively unfit. His abilities for practical life were great, but they were inferior to those of several of his contemporaries. He was not so good a lawyer as Coke, or so good a courtier as Villiers; and, above all, he wanted the masculine virtues, the courage, the firmness, and the self-denial, without which an ambitious man is a gladiator unprotected by defensive armour. The humblest and the commonest of these virtues is frugality. Bacon knew well its importance. The *Essay on Expense* was printed before he was thirty. "Certainly," he says in that essay, "if a man would keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part." He estimates himself, while Attorney-General, his official income as L.7,600 a-year,¹ equal at least to L.40,000 a-year at present. He had no children; his wife was an heiress; he had a patrimonial property; yet he was always in debt, and, when he could borrow no more, had recourse to the desperate expedient of judicial corruption.

In the *Essay on Great Place*, he dwells on the necessity of binding the hands of servants; yet he allowed his own servants to plunder both the suitors in his court and himself. "Sit down," he said to them after his disgrace, when they rose on his approach; "your rise has been my fall." No man could owe more to another, than he did to Lord Essex. His benefactor was on his trial: Bacon had not the courage to refuse to act as counsel against him. Elizabeth wished to escape from the odium thrown on her by Essex's execution. She required Bacon to write a pamphlet to blacken the memory of his friend: Bacon complied.

James, with his cruel cowardice, was eager to punish, as a traitor, Peacham, whose only crime was the possession of an offensive manuscript. Bacon submitted to declare what was at most a misdemeanour to be treason; to extort, by private solicitation and intimidation, the concurrence of the judges; and to try to obtain further evidence against the prisoner, by questioning him "before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture."

Bacon, during his greatness, always proclaimed his preference of study to business, of theory to practice: whether sincerely may be doubted. "You may observe," he says, in his *Essay on Envy*, "that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their

¹ Letter to the King, Feb. 12, 1615.

greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a 'quanta patimur,' *not that they feel it so, but only to abate envy.*"

It has often occurred to us to consider what we should have gained, and what we should have lost, if the reversion of the registrarship of the Star Chamber had fallen to him in his youth, and he had retired on it into contemplative life.

He would have left us a much purer example, but a less useful warning. It is exquisitely mournful, but perhaps equally instructive, to see a man of gigantic intellect, of kindly affections, who had long and deeply meditated on virtue and on vice, who was carried away by no violent passions, who was borne down by no overwhelming temptations, seduced into crimes the most hateful and the most despicable—into cruelty, oppression, falsehood, ingratitude, and corruption, by mere weakness; by the want of firmness, to resist the solicitations of the sovereign, or of the favourite of the sovereign; and by the want of self-denial, to abstain from gratifying his vanity or his taste, by an expense to which even his enormous income was unequal.

He would probably have completed the *Instauratio Magna*. Much of it no doubt would have been very valuable; much would have consisted of speculations in physical science, depending on premises deduced from insufficient evidence, or assumed without any evidence whatever. But we should not have had the *Essays*, such as we have them now. Only long experience of active life; only constant collision with every class of mind, and every diversity of character; only passing through every variety of fortune, from poverty to wealth, and from wealth to poverty—from obscurity to fame, and from fame to infamy—from mediocrity to power, and from power to humiliation—could have given to him the deep and practical insight into human nature which produced the *Essays* in their last form. And we are not sure that we should gain, even if it were possible to exchange them for the *Desiderata*.

The few portions of Archbishop Whately's *Annotations* which we have extracted, give, of course, a most inadequate specimen of his part of the volume. It is, as we have already remarked, a work of which it is impossible to give an outline, or a comprehensive view. We must refer the reader to the original: it cannot be read by deputy. It is of "the few books that are to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." It is not often that such a man as Whately comments on such a man as Bacon.

ART. II.—1. *Horæ Lyricæ. Poems chiefly of the Lyric kind.*

By ISAAC WATTS, D.D. With a Memoir of the Author by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL.D. London, 1834.

2. *The Poet of the Sanctuary. A Centenary Commemoration of the Labours and Services, Literary and Devotional, of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.* By JOSIAH CONDER. London, 1851.

IN the gloomy reign of James II., the most diligent boy in the Grammar School of Southampton was a little Puritan. So tiny, that he would hardly have passed for eleven years of age, he was so grave and good, as to be at once a model and a reproof to his sturdier class-mates; and, although in repose there was nothing peculiarly prepossessing in his pale face, with its prominent cheek-bones, and a forehead far from lofty, the moment that some hard question posed the form, the sparkling eye and the slight nervous figure quivering with the pent-up answer, betrayed the genius and the scholar. Already he had made good proficiency in French, Latin, and Greek, and had delighted his mother, whilst he astonished his companions, by ingenious acrostics and clever impromptu stanzas; and altogether, with his quiet, docile disposition, and his precocious attainments, he made glad the heart of the Rev. Mr Pinhorn, who, like many a disconsolate preceptor before and since, at last foresaw a dim and distant Ararat, and hailed the youth who should yet “comfort him concerning his work and the toil of his hands.”

The little Nonconformist, so dear to the good rector of All Saints, probably owed something of his early sedateness to his family circumstances. His father, a man of gentle and noble nature, and an excellent scholar, had kept a boarding-school; but, whilst his first-born was a babe, he lay in prison to expiate his crime as a frequenter of conventicles. On the sunny days his wife used to come and sit on a stone near the cell of her husband, nursing her child; and now that he was grown to be dux of the grammar school, whatever might be a father's pride and pleasure, he was obliged to forego all personal share in superintending the education and forming the mind of his boy. For the last two years, Isaac Watts the elder had been a fugitive, hiding somewhere in London; and the best holiday known in the household, was when a letter arrived to assure them that he still had escaped from the hands of his persecutors.

The “grandmother Lois” is often as influential on the opening mind as the “mother Eunice.” Our young friend's mother carefully taught him the Shorter Catechism, encouraged him to

write verses, and helped him with his tasks; but the venerable lady of threescore and ten, in addition to the hold which maternal tenderness takes upon the heart, had for her grandson the fascination which saintly worth and a beautiful old age exert on a susceptible and imaginative childhood. The husband of her youth had been a gallant sailor. In "the piping times of peace," he wielded the pencil and played on the violin, and, with his wit and his traveller's tales, he was the life of the friendly circle; but his favourite tune was the breeze whistling through the shrouds, and the roar of the cannon was the music which he could not resist. With Blake for his admiral, and with the Dutch for his foe, the young captain hasted out to sea; but in the battle a shot penetrated the powder magazine, the ship blew up, and Mrs Watts was a widow. And now, in her old age, her grandson loved to hear the story of those terrible sea-fights, and how his bold ancestor had fought with beasts as well as men;—how, for instance, in the East Indies, he had once run into a river to escape from a tiger, but the enraged creature followed him, and it was only by putting forth a wild paroxysm of strength, and holding under water, till it was drowned, the head of the struggling monster, that he saved his life. But deeply as such recitals stirred the listener's spirit, they enkindled no emulous aspirations. To the cutlass and truncheon he preferred the captain's flute and fiddle, and showed more disposition to copy his drawings, than to rival his deeds of naval daring. Had he been a strong and active boy, the nautical succession would have developed in boating, "pluck," and pugilism. As it was, with the tarry-at-home necessities imposed by a feeble frame, it only imparted to the thoughtful lad a tinge of romance, and a certain tone of unselfish and chivalrous feeling.

At last King James's indulgence allowed the persecuted Non-conformist to return to his family. There he was cheered by the gentle virtues and studious dispositions of the "Isaac whom he loved," and soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of finding that the lessons and musings of these carefully instructed and well guarded years had ripened into earnest piety. All along an affectionate onlooker might have hoped the best for a child so duteous and so blameless; but it was not till his fifteenth year that his apprehension of the Gospel became so distinct, and his love to the Saviour so influential, as to mark to his own mind the commencement of personal Christianity.

Impressed with his piety and his promise of rare ability, a kind friend offered to send him to the University, if he would consent to study for the Church. But no one will wonder that Isaac Watts had "determined to take his lot among the Dissenters." He was no bigot. Many have felt more strongly on

questions of religious worship and ecclesiastical government. But he had his preference; and, after all that his parents had done and suffered in the cause of Protestant Nonconformity, he would have felt it a filial treason, as well as an apostasy, to go over to the other side. Accordingly, as soon as he had learned all that his father and Mr Pinhorn could teach him, he went, in his seventeenth year, to study at the Dissenting Academy then kept at Newington, a pleasant village now nearly absorbed in London.

At the time we speak of, and for nearly a hundred years thereafter, a Dissenting academy was a very simple and unostentatious institution. Its local habitation was usually a plain but commodious building in a country town, or in some peaceful and sequestered hamlet near the capital. The principal was a divine, judicious, experienced, and learned, whom the esteem of his brethren had invited to the office, and who not only combined in his single personality the entire faculties of arts and theology, but who was almost always a pluralist, discharging, alongside of his multifarious professorship, a diligent and effective pastorate. But it was really wonderful how much a conscientious student contrived to learn during a three-years' sojourn in one of these unpretending colleges. His tutor was himself an adept. Perhaps he had studied under Perizonius and Witsius at Leyden, or had brought over from their learned contemporaries at Utrecht and Franeker vast collectanea on all the mental and material sciences; and it was only a revival of his own earlier enthusiasm to traverse those fields afresh in the society of his ingenuous and youthful companions. The inexorable bell rang at five in the morning, and the hours of prime were devoted to Hebrew and Jewish Antiquities, Euclid and Astronomy, Locke on the Understanding and Heereboord's Logic. Divinity lectures were interspersed with theses and discussions on controvertible points; and, as a preparation for the direct work of the ministry, the composition of sermons and the arts of communication were largely cultivated. During "school hours," the language was Latin; and a respectable scholarship must have been required in order to read the Hebrew Bible into Greek, as was the custom under some tutors. The system may not be adapted to modern times; but, last century, most of the men who entered on their ministry fully furnished, came from these quiet but industrious seminaries. As one example, may be mentioned the Academy at Gloucester, where, out of sixteen contemporary pupils, we recognise at least four distinguished names: Jeremiah Jones, the author of the still unsuperseded work on "the Canon;" and Bishop Butler, author of a no less enduring work on "the Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of

Nature;" Dr Daniel Scott, the learned continuator of Stephens' "Thesaurus;" and a youth who shared the same apartment with Scott, Thomas Secker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

During the three years which Isaac Watts spent under Mr Rowe at Newington, there is abundant evidence still extant of his intense application and his progress in knowledge. But, what was still better, his piety kept pace with his intellectual attainments. Amidst devout and warm-hearted fellow-students, and in daily contact with a holy and high-minded teacher, there was much to maintain that fervour which sometimes subsides in academic halls, and which needs to be revived by the solemn urgencies of the actual pastorate. At the end of his curriculum the student returned to his father's house, rich in acquirement, but with that reluctance to enter on the actual ministry, which sometimes occasions a long pause to conscientious minds confronting near-hand the responsibilities of the sacred office; and before he would take any further step, he lingered two years and a half at Southampton, giving himself to reading, meditation, and prayer.

However, it was during this interval that he entered on that special ministry by which he, "being dead, yet speaketh" in the churches of Christendom.

Isaac Watts was born a poet, and there were many things in his early life which fostered and developed the faculty divine. His ancestors had been musical: his father was not only a man of taste and intelligence, but was given to "versing;" and his mother used to beguile the rainy afternoons, by offering to the boarding-school pupils a prize for the best poetical effusion. On one occasion Mrs Watts's copper medal was gained by the following rather saucy couplet of her eldest son, then seven or eight years old:—

" I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

Afterwards, under his excellent instructors at Southampton and Newington, he was introduced to the best models, English and classical. Of these, none laid such a hold on his imagination and affections as the Latin Psalms of Buchanan, and the soaring, high-sounding lyrics of Casimir Sarbiewski:—

" See, from the Caledonian shore,
With blooming laurels covered o'er,
Buchanan march along!
Hail, honour'd heir of David's lyre,
Thou full-grown image of thy sire,
And hail thy matchless song!

" Methinks, enkindled by the name
Of Casimir, a sudden flame
Now shoots through all my soul.
I feel, I feel the raptures rise ;
On starry plumes I cut the skies,
And range from pole to pole.

" Touching on Zion's sacred brow,
My wand'ring eyes I cast below,
And our vain race survey :
O how they stretch their eager arms
T' embrace imaginary charms,
And throw their souls away !"

Besides, Watts's was a serious childhood. Not only was there much in the state of the times to make him grave—the danger of attending their chosen place of worship—the imprisonment of their favourite ministers—the breaking up of their home—the flight of his father,—but the solemn views of revealed truth, to which he had all along been habituated, and to which days so dark imparted a deeper shadow, were fitted to increase his thoughtfulness. He had been profoundly impressed with his inherent depravity, and the Divine displeasure at sin ; and the doctrines of election and sovereign grace were not only sayings of his Catechism, but convictions penetrating his inmost soul ; and, whilst they must have been suggestive of much anxiety to one who feared that he was still unconverted and unsaved, we cannot but regard them as eminently conducive to the function for which Providence designed him. No one feels so thankful for the Rock of Ages as one who has been snatched from the abyss ; nor can any one so celebrate the glories of redeeming and rescuing grace, as the man who has felt the raptures of a great deliverance. Moreover, it may be doubted if any bard has ever taken deep hold on the heart of humanity, who has not early learned to "sit alone and keep silence." As the greatest Christian poet of the present century has described the solitude, the spiritual isolation, and the gloomy forebodings, from which at last unfolded the beautiful flower of his genius :—

" A pensive child, I slunk away
A lonely spot to find ;
And, musing, sat the livelong day,
The playmate of the wind.

" No victor's palm waved o'er my head,
No poet's laurel-spray ;
For me no lily fragrance shed,
No little bird its lay.

“ Dark grew the dunes, down died the blast,
 The ghostly air was dumb ;
 I gazed on desolation vast,
 And thought on wrath to come.”

Without supposing that Isaac Watts was a child so sad and sequestered as William Bilderdijk—or, we may add, as William Cowper—we are sure that there was an analogy in their early experience ; and, just as the story of Rembrandt in the mill teaches us that nobody can paint light so well as one who has been accustomed to look at it from the darkness, so no one can be a Christian psalmist who has not thought and felt profoundly, and in some form or other been, like the Chief Musician, “ a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.”

At fifteen years of age, as has been already mentioned, a new world opened to his hopes, and, along with the peace of reconciliation, there flowed into his mind fresh elements of life and power. In the right of his Divine Representative, he now humbly ventured to regard himself as a child of God, and an heir of the promises ; and all that was refined in his taste, or generous in his aspirations, received a proportional impulse from prospects so unspeakable, and a calling so divine. The very materials of poesy seemed to multiply without limit ; for he had got the clue to the labyrinth, the key to creation's cypher. The stars sang, and he tried to make his brothers and sister understand the tune : it thundered, and he thought of the day when exhausted long-suffering

“ Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And fling His wrath abroad.”

He looked out on the surging rain-swept tide, on the spot where it had once put to flight Canute and his courtiers, and exclaimed—

“ Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my Heaven, my All.

“ There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.”

Or, on some peaceful evening, he gazed across Southampton Water, to trees and meadows steeped in the sunshine, and remembered—

“ There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

“ There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.”

He took his walk in the New Forest, and the gipsy outlaws made him thankful that he did not

“ Wander like an outcast race,
Without a Father's love ;”

and the mournful notes and anxious gyrations of the turtle suggested—

“ Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widowed state,
Wandering she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate ;

“ Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,
In restless circles rove ;
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides His love.”

After the glorious Revolution, the little congregation at Southampton regained liberty of worship; and Isaac Watts, senior, was elected one of its two deacons. Here it was that, for the two and a half years after the completion of his academic course, Isaac Watts, junior, worshipped. At that period there were congregations which eschewed all psalmody, and in whose worship there was to be heard as little of the voice of melody as in a meeting-house of “Friends.” But this was not the case in the congregation of the Rev. Nathaniel Robinson. They sang; but whether it was Sternhold's Psalms or Barton's, or some one's hymns, we do not know. However, the collection did not come up to the standard which the devotional feeling and poetic taste of the young student craved, and, having hinted his discontent, he was challenged to produce something better. Accordingly, on a subsequent Lord's day, the service was concluded with the following stanzas :—

“ Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne :
Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown.

" Let elders worship at His feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

" Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

" —Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid ;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on Thy head.

" Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

" The worlds of Nature and of Grace
Are put beneath Thy pow'r ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour."

Such is the tradition, and we have no reason to question its truth. But more remarkable than the composition of the hymn, is the alacrity with which it is said to have been received. The attempt was an innovation, and the poet was a prophet of their own country ; but, to the devotional instincts of the worshippers, so welcome was this "new song," that they entreated the author to repeat the service—till, the series extending Sunday after Sunday, a sufficient number had been contributed to form the basis of a book.

It was not, however, till 1707, and when the publication of his "*Horæ Lyricæ*" had given him some confidence in his powers, that Watts committed to the press his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs." For the copyright Mr Lawrence, the publisher, gave him ten pounds ; and in less than ten years six editions had been sold. He then brought out what he deemed a more important contribution to the cause of public worship—"The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament," which he hoped would escape some of the objections urged against his Hymns. Their texture was the language of Inspiration ; and they chiefly differed from the Hebrew Psalter by introducing "the name of Jesus" in passages which, as Christians believe, refer to His person.

Since the publication of the first of these volumes a century and a half have passed away, and only twelve years fewer since the publication of the second; yet nothing has appeared to dim their lustre—as yet, nothing threatens to supersede them. With their doctrinal fulness, their sacred fervour, their lyric grandeur, they stand alone—by dint of native sovereignty, overtopping all their fellows. In particular features they may be occasionally surpassed. With his gushes of heart-sprung tenderness, and his exquisite execution, amidst the sacred choir of Britain, the nightingale would represent the Bard of Olney: with his melody filling all the ethereal vault, and then, in its abrupt conclusion, leaving long silence in the expectant firmament, in the soaring grace and sudden close of Toplady there is what reminds us of “the lark singing at heaven’s gate;” and when he “claps his wings of fire,” there are empyrean heights to which Charles Wesley can ascend, defying aught to follow. But “they that wait upon the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles.” To elevate to poetic altitudes every truth in Christian experience and revealed religion, needs the strength and sweep of an aquiline pinion; and this is what Isaac Watts has done. He has taken almost every topic which exercises the understanding and the heart of the believer, and has not only given it a devotional aspect, but has wedded it to immortal numbers; and, whilst there is little to which he has not shown himself equal, there is nothing which he has done for mere effect. Rapt, yet adoring—sometimes up among the thunder-clouds, yet most reverential in his highest range—the “good matter” is “in a song,” and the sweet singer is upborne as on the wings of eagles; but even from that triumphal car, and when nearest the home of the seraphim, we are comforted to find descending lowly lamentations and confessions of sin—new music, no doubt, but the words with which we have long been familiar in the house of our pilgrimage.

Of no uninspired compositions has the acceptance been so signal. They are naturalized through all the Anglo-Saxon world, and, next to Scripture itself, are the great vehicle of pious thought and feeling. In a letter from his friend, Dr Doddridge, we find that affectionate correspondent telling him, “On Wednesday last, I was preaching in a barn to a pretty large assembly of plain country people, in a village a few miles off. After a sermon, from Heb. vi. 12, we sung one of your hymns (which, if I remember right, was the cxl. of the second book); and in that part of the worship, I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the eyes of several of the auditory; and, after the service was over, some of them told me that they were not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected with it; and the clerk, in particular, told me he could hardly utter the words

of it. These were most of them poor people who work for their living."¹ A climbing-boy was once heard singing in a chimney,

"The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place,
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

And, like King David's own Psalter, the same strains which cheered the poor sweep in the chimney, and melted to tears the Northamptonshire peasants, have roused the devotion or uttered the rapture of ten thousand thousand worshippers; and there is many a reader who, in his experience, can imagine nothing more akin to celestial enjoyment, than the sensations which he shared in singing, when the heart of some solemn assembly was uplifted as one man, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," or, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

So naturalized in the common mind of Christendom is the language of Watts, that, were all copies of his hymn-book to perish, probably half the stanzas could be recovered from quotations in printed sermons, and in the pages of Christian biography; and so necessary a supplement to pre-existing psalmody are these spiritual songs, that we know not of any Church of England collection which has not adopted some of them, and it was mainly the demand created by their popularity which constrained the most cautious and conservative of all the churches to compile those "Translations and Paraphrases," in which the superior

¹ In case there should be any of our readers who do not already know it, we may here transcribe the hymn:—

"Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

"Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

"I ask them whence their victory came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

"They mark'd the footsteps that He trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast:)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd Rest.

"Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of Witnesses
Show the same path to Heaven."

poetry of Logan and Cameron only sets off to greater advantage the superior devotion of Watts.

But for any book of verse or devotional manual, there is reserved an ordeal more trying than the suffrage of a public assembly, or the criticism of an ecclesiastical committee. The Book of books excepted, there is little authorship which we care for in the sick-room, or which we can tolerate on the verge of eternity. But so essentially scriptural are the sentiments and sayings which, in this case, metre has helped to make memorable, and so near the better country must the author have been when he first felt their inspiration, that, like bright shapes, or balmy airs blown seaward from the exotic shore, some of their holiest breathings seem indigenous to Immanuel's land, and can only be fully understood on the confines of heaven.

“Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

“Jesus, my God! I know His name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.”

With such accents on their lips, what multitudes of pilgrims have approached “the land of pure delight!” and, with the tear in their eyes, but no murmur in their hearts, how often have survivors sung—

“Why do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.”

But there are many who cannot rise to such exulting strains, and who still, in the words of the familiar volume, have breathed out their latest prayer. When Daniel Webster lay dying, almost the last employment of that oracular voice, which had so often thrilled the senate, and given the signal of action to his country, was to repeat again and again, in deep and solemn pathos, the psalm beginning,

“Then pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace!”

And, to mention no other, there is a grave-stone in Bengal which, besides a name and date, contains nothing but the lines,

“ A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall;”

an inscription peculiarly affecting, as the testamentary injunction and final confession of faith, of one in labours so abundant, and for strength of character so conspicuous, as William Carey.

Wonderful as these effusions of sanctified genius are, they are by no means perfect. Of many, the mechanical execution could be improved by almost any poet of the million. The rhymes are often wretched; and it is perfectly marvellous how the author could survive the first publication forty years, and allow edition after edition to appear with such couplets unaltered, as,

“ How can I sink with such a *prop*
As my eternal God ? ”
“ Our souls can neither *fly* nor go
To reach eternal joys.”

Some of the grandest hymns are marred by a poor and unworthy ending. After launching in mid-air in a style worthy of Pindar, the muse is suddenly winged, or seized with vertigo, and flutters down into a bathos deeper than Sir Richard Blackmore. But there are graver faults than artistic blemishes. Their representations are sometimes unreal.

“ Lord, what a wretched land is this,”

is a libel on that earth which the meek do inherit, and is entirely inconsistent with the excellent writer's general appreciation of the beauties of nature and art, and, like some other forms of a mistaken asceticism, it is a relic of Popery, which even the Puritan had failed to discard. But more injurious than any monkish or Manichean anathema on life and its material enjoyments, is any misrepresentation of the Divine character and dispositions; and such an unwitting misrepresentation, we fear, is sometimes conveyed by language like the following, applied to the throne of the Eternal :—

“ Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame ;
Our God appeared ‘ consuming fire,’
And Vengeance was His name.

“ Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calmed His frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turned the wrath to grace ;”

where a vindictive aspect is given to Paternal Deity, in direct contradiction to the gracious assurance that it was "God who so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." It is only when we realise the Saviour's mission and satisfaction as the result and expression of the Father's love, that in the Christian atonement we have "strong consolation," and therefore we regret, as injurious and reacting towards opposite errors, the language, whether in sermons or in hymns, which, in order to dramatize the work of redemption, exhibits as stern and severe one person of the adorable Godhead, as mild and compassionate another.

For Dr Watts Mr Montgomery has claimed the honour of being "almost the inventor of hymns in our language," and the claim is not extravagant. Of sacred poetry, from the humblest rhymes up to the great English epic, there had already appeared an ample store; but of compositions adapted to public worship, there was no choice, except as it lay between the various metrical psalters. How far the father of English hymnology may have availed himself of existing materials, we leave to the research of those who love such curiosities of literature. As far as any instances occur to our casual recollection, the resemblance is remote, or, where it is closer, the improvement on the original is so great as to reconcile us to the plagiarism. For example, in some old copies of King James' Bible, we find verses beginning—

"Here is the spring where waters flow,
To quench our heat of sin;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To lead our lives therein.

"Here is the Judge that stints the strife,
Where men's devices fail;
Here is the bread that feeds the life,
That death cannot assail."

In Watts' hymn "On the Holy Scriptures" (Book ii., 119), the same thoughts thus reappear:—

"Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale."

In our own North Britain, as in many of the sanctuaries of the Church of England, the words of Dr Watts are sung every Lord's day, although the authorship is often unsurmised by the worshippers; and, in many instances, owing to the material changes which have been made, it is fairer to affix no author's name, or insert, as is sometimes done, "*Anon.*" in the table of contents. Some of our readers may, therefore, not be displeased if we offer them a sample of the old wine undiluted and unadulterated; and even those to whom the specimens are most familiar, will not deem their introduction irksome or unwelcome.

"My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

"In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

"The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,¹

¹ In this hymn, Mr Milner (*Life and Times of Dr Watts*, page 276) says, that Dr Watts "avails himself of a beautiful idea from Gray's 'Fragment on Vicissitude,'" quoting the well-known passage—

"See the wretch that long has tost,
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise."

It may be questioned whether there is more than a casual coincidence between the two poets. At all events, Watts could not have borrowed from Gray, as the above hymn was published nine years before the author of the "Fragment on Vicissitude" was born!

Thomson's beautiful "Hymn of the Seasons," as every one remembers, concludes with the line,

"Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

The first book of Watts' *Lyric Poems*, with a reference to Psalm lxx., "Tibi silet, O Deus," ends with the stanza—

"God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short, our tunes; our words, be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues."

The *Lyrics* were published in 1705, and, if we mistake not, Thomson's hymn was first published in 1730. Is it at all unlikely that the cadence of the earlier poem, lingering in a congenial memory, reappeared in the later and more exquisite production? In many cases of seeming plagiarism, it is extremely difficult to distinguish betwixt unconscious absorption and deliberate abstraction; and there can be no question, that some of the most curious examples of "parallel passages," are in the same category with those accidental coincidences which are constantly occurring in the history of scientific discovery.

While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, 'I am His!'

"My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear the Conqu'ror through.

"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

"But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

"My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

"Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love."

"When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

"Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

" 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply
'For He was slain for us.'

"Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

"Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise;

"The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb."

Before taking leave of the Christian psalmist, it may be well to mention that the last time he took up the lyre, was to entertain and instruct the lambs of the flock. Arrived at middle life, a bachelor, a student, and an invalid, it might have been supposed that he would have lost his interest in children, if he did not even find their company an irritation and a trouble. But as long as the heart is green—as long as it retains aught of the poet's ingenuousness, or of the Master's graciousness, it will try to secure some leisure for the little ones; it will survey them with tender and sympathising reminiscences, and will seek to resuscitate its earlier self, in order to commune with them. So was it with Isaac Watts. He felt that his mental harvest had been reaped, and fancied that with his powers it was coming to the sear and yellow leaf. But there was still the Michaelmas summer. It brought out again some blossoms of the spring; it revealed some birds of passage which had not taken flight; and for the sake of

the children he caged the birds, and made a posy of the flowers, and he has left them in his "Divine" and "Moral" songs. And what should we have done without them? How tame and tuneless would the days of our childhood stand out to our retrospect, if stripped of "The Cradle Hymn," and "Abroad in the Meadows," and "The Rose, that Beautiful Flower, the Glory of April and May!" And cross and lazy and hard-hearted as we are, how much worse might we have been were it not for "The Dog's Delight," and "The Busy Bee," and "The Voice of the Sluggard," and "Whene'er I take my Walks Abroad!" Kind tutor! how mellow is thy memory! How hallowed and how innocent do the days now look that we spent with thee! and how glad we are to think that in the homes and the Sunday Schools of Britain and America, some millions of young minds are still, from year to year, enjoying thy companionship, so loving, wise, and holy!

With poetical contempt of dates we have arrived at the minstrel's last lay, whilst we have scarcely reached the majority of the man. Suffice it then to add, that after being a short time tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp, in his twenty-fourth year he was invited to become the pastor of the congregational church in London, of which Joseph Caryl, Dr Owen, and David Clarkson, had been successive ministers. This, for half a century, viz., from 1698 till his death on the 25th of November 1748, was his office, and its work was what he loved; but through manifold infirmities his labours were often intermitted. At last, in 1712, he was seized with a nervous fever, which continued for many months, and from the effects of which his constitution never perfectly recovered. And then it was that Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, having tempted him out to their charming retreat at Theobald's, made him their prisoner for life, and converted a week's visit into a delightful detention of five-and-thirty years. "Here," in the words of his biographer, Dr Gibbons, "he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life and favour the unwearied pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, the most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight."

In all the annals of hospitality there is hardly such another case. "A coalition," as Dr Johnston calls it, "a state in which

the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits ;” and in which, it may be added, there must have been, on either side, a rare exemption from the foibles with which ordinary goodness is afflicted. The Abneys did not weary of their guest, nor did that guest, amidst unwonted luxuries, grow soft and idle ; and as it was in the cheerful asylum which they opened to the shattered invalid, that most of the works were penned, which now fill the six collective quartos, we are all of us the debtors of the generous knight and his gentle lady, nor, we may well believe, is their labour of love forgotten by Him, who, in the case of the least of His servants when sick, remembers those who visit them.

Never was kindness more considerate—never was interposition more providential. As far as his own instincts and the circumstances of the times could indicate, Dr Watts’s calling was the improvement of Christian literature. In the previous century Bishop Hall had published the banns between Letters and Religion, and in his pungent “*Characters*” and entertaining “*Epistles*,” he had laboured to press into the service of the sanctuary the shrewd observation of Theophrastus, the varied intelligence and vivacity of Pliny. But the example had not been followed. Notwithstanding the unprecedented amount of theological authorship with which the intervening age had overflowed, little or nothing had been done to propitiate men of taste to evangelical religion ; and although, as regarded the older generation who had listened to Baxter and Owen, this was of minor moment, it greatly concerned their successors. Pious matrons in the country and Godfearing merchants in the city, felt a famine of the word, and whilst in the meetings they frequented, they sighed for the sap and the savour to which they had been accustomed in their youth, their sons and daughters were reading Pope and Addison throughout the week ; and, in the self-same meetings to which they were dragged by their pious seniors on the Sabbath, they were yawning at the prolixity of the sermon, or tittering at the grotesque similies of the preacher. Nor on the Sunday evening, in the parlour at home, was the matter greatly mended. It would have been well for the young people if they had read the good books which their parents recommended, or sung the psalms of which these never wearied ; but, after yesterday’s *Spectator*, Owen on Perseverance was heavy reading, and even the best-disposed youth could hardly convince himself that *Sternhold* was sublimer than *Dryden*. Dr Watts felt the desideratum. The whole course of his studies had prepared him for supplying it, and there was nothing to which he was more inclined by the entire bent of his genius. And now, in the good providence of God, he enjoyed the opportunity, and the rest of his life

was mainly spent in advancing the cause of Christian culture, through the medium of an attractive authorship.

But the congregation in Bury Street was as self-sacrificing as the Abneys were generous. They could not part with a pastor whose praise was in all the churches, and of whom they themselves were proud; neither would they selfishly restrain him from his higher calling and his wider ministry. They released him from all his more toilsome duties. They found for him a colleague, with whom, for thirty years and upwards, he was happily associated. They were glad to hear the Doctor when he was able to preach; and when the Doctor was nervous or indisposed, he himself was happy to join the rest in listening to Mr Price. And, indeed, in preaching he was not so pre-eminent. Although his voice was musical and his utterance delightfully distinct, his manner was calm and deliberate, and more fitted to instruct an affectionate circle than to arouse a promiscuous auditory. He had neither the material volume and sonorous vehemence which constitute the modern Boanerges, nor the excitable temperament which sometimes makes up for physical defects; and, it may be questioned, whether it was not, on the whole, better for Bury Street that Mr Price was the stated preacher.

So Dr Watts was allowed to ply the ministry which God had given him; and in the longer or shorter intervals of illness, he went on replenishing more and more his richly furnished mind, and giving forth, volume after volume, those books for which after ages were to bless his memory. Few subjects of rational inquiry escaped his versatile and eager pursuit, and every new conquest was a tribute to his Master and a present to mankind. True to his own maxim, "I hate the thoughts of making anything in religion heavy or tiresome;" he sought to make every attractive theme, and every useful science, the handmaid of religion, even as he longed to see religion the mistress of an intelligent and well-instructed family. And with this twofold aim,—seeking at once to Christianize knowledge and to refine and expand the mind of the Christian community, and with a prevailing reference to the rising race,—he took up in succession, Logic, Astronomy, Geography, English Grammar, Scripture History; and as, in his "Logic," he had given directions for the right use of reason, so, in his work on the Passions, he gave instructions for the right guidance of man's moral and emotional nature; besides publishing treatises more purely theological on Prayer and Christian Ethics, and on controverted questions in divinity, and a volume entitled, "*Reliquiæ Juveniles*," perhaps the most characteristic of the whole, as containing in its miscellaneous pages short papers on all kinds of topics, grave and gay, mental and material, terrestrial and celestial, in Latin verse and English prose.

Of these a few are now obsolete, owing to the advancement of the sciences, and others have been pushed out of favour by brisker or more brilliant competitors. But still they have accomplished their purpose. For the instruction of youth, they have necessitated the preparation of manuals at once attractive and thorough, and conveying information in a tone of cheerful affection and benevolent solicitude for their higher interests. Some, however, cannot easily be superseded. We doubt if even Todd's "Student's Guide," with all its modern adaptation and its welcome minuteness, will consign to oblivion the "Improvement of the Mind," so practical in its details and so inspiring in its tone; and although the universities may have now produced systems of logic more suitable to their objects than our author's clear and masterly compend, we know of nothing so likely to interest the non-professional reader in his own mind and its intellectual processes, or to aid him in his inquiries after truth.¹

In his theological disquisitions, Dr Watts was not so successful as in his contributions to Christian literature. The best of his hymns leave little for the most fastidious to censure, and nothing for the most aspiring to hope; and his sermon on "The End of Time," is as profoundly awakening as "The Happiness of separate Spirits" is elevating to our nobler sentiments and re-proving to our earthliness. But when he quitted the devotional and the practical for the speculative, he was away from home. Every one wants to climb a mountain, and it is exceedingly difficult to believe beforehand that it needs much strength to achieve the task, or that mists can be very dangerous: it looks so clear from below, and we feel so strong in the valley. And all of us can remember how, in the days of our youth, the first use we made of our Aristotelian alpenstock, was an attempt to ascend some metaphysical Mont Blanc or theological Jungfrau; and although we cannot exactly say that we reached the summit, yet we are sure that we were a great deal higher than the Origin of Evil, or the water-shed betwixt Liberty and Necessity. Even to old age, Dr Watts felt something of this temptation, and very naturally. His forte was explanation. He had an admirable faculty of clearing up confusion, within his own line of things. In every-day ethics, and in the elements of mental science, he could expound, distinguish, simplify, so as few could do better. But

¹ The merits of Watts' Logic are admirably stated by Tissot of Dijon, in his preface to a French translation. (Paris, 1846). "Il y a aussi plus de méthode et de clarté peut-être dans la Logique de Watts que dans celle d'Arnauld. Le bon sens Anglais, le sens des affaires, celui de la vie pratique, s'y révèle à un très-haut degré; tandis que le sens spéculatif d'un théologien passablement scolastique encore, est plus sensible dans l'Art de penser. Or, Watts a su être complet sans être excessif; il a touché très-convenablement tout ce qui devait l'être, et s'est toujours arrêté au point précis où plus de profondeur aurait pu nuire à la clarté."

it was unfortunate that he tried to set philosophers right on the subjects of Space, and of Liberty and Necessity, nor less unfortunate that he sought to readjust for theologians the doctrine of the Trinity. It is scarcely presumption even in us to say, that these were matters too high for him. His mind was not naturally designed to master such difficulties; nor were his habits those of profound, continuous, abstract thinking. He was neither Joseph Butler, nor Jonathan Edwards, nor William de Leibnitz, but the Isaac Watts, whom the most of good men would have rather been; and it is no reproach to his general ability to say that he failed to ascend those dizzy altitudes, although it might have been more to the credit of his prudence if he had never tried.

If rightly told, a life like that of Isaac Watts would read great lessons; but, for brevity, and notwithstanding the exception we have just taken, the whole might be condensed into—"Study to be quiet, and to do your own business." Dr Watts had his own convictions. He made no secret of his Nonconformity. At a period when many Dissenters entered the Church, and became distinguished dignitaries, he deemed it his duty still to continue outside of the National Establishment. At the same time, he was no agitator. He felt no call to rail at his brethren for their ecclesiastical defection, nor did he write pamphlets against the evils of a hierarchy, real or imagined. But God had given him a "business." He had given him, as his vocation, to join together those whom men had put asunder—mental culture and vital piety. And, studying to be quiet, he pursued that calling, very diligently, very successfully. Without concealing the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, without losing the fervour of his personal devotion, he gained for that Gospel the homage of genius and intelligence; and, like the King of Israel, he touched his harp so skilfully, that many who hardly understood the words, were melted by the tune. Without surrendering his right of private judgment, without abjuring his love of natural and artistic beauty, he showed his preference for moral excellence, his intense conviction of "the truth as it is in Jesus." And now, in his well-arranged and tasteful study, decorated by his own pencil, a lute and a telescope on the same table with his Bible, he seems to stand before us, a treatise on Logic in one hand and a volume of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" in the other, asserting the harmony of Faith and Reason, and pleading for Religion and Refinement in firm and stable union. And as far as the approval of the Most High can be gathered from events or from its reflection in the conscience of mankind, the Master has said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Without trimming, without temporizing, he was "quiet;" and without bustle, without boasting or parade, he did "his own business," the work

that God had given him. And now, no Church repudiates him, Nonconformity cannot monopolise him. His eulogy is pronounced by Samuel Johnson and Robert Southey, as well as Josiah Conder; and whilst his monument looks down on Dissenting graves in Abney Park, his effigy reposes beneath the consecrated roof of Westminster Abbey. And, which is far better, next Lord's day, the Name that is above every name, will be sung in fanes where princes worship and prelates minister, as well as in barns where mechanics pray and ragged scholars say, Amen, in words for which all alike must thank his hallowed genius; and it will only be some curious student of hymnology, who will recollect that ISAAC WATTS is the Asaph of each choir, the leader of each company.

- ART. III.—1. *Traité des diverses institutions complémentaires du Régime Pénitenciaire.* Par M. BONNEVILLE. Joubert, Paris.
2. *Système pénitenciaire complet. Ses applications pratiques à l'homme déchu dans l'intérêt de la sécurité publique, et de la moralisation des condamnés.* Par A. LEPELLETIER DE LA SARTHE. Guillaumin et Cie. Paris.

THE great social sore festering beneath our modern civilisation, demands everywhere a more certain and more healthful treatment than has yet been given it. Hitherto, criminal legislation has been in extremes of unnatural severity on the one hand, or of impractical sentimentalism on the other; either it has denied to the criminal the rights of manhood, or it has provided for him as for a species of fallen hero; either it has shut him out from the possibility of moral and social rehabilitation, or it has made his very crimes the means of his worldly advancement. Any one who reads the reports of the inspectors on the various prisons in England, must see what a lamentable want of uniformity exists in our own prison discipline; what a chaotic, experimental, undetermined state the whole question is in, and how we are still undecided between entire seclusion and unchecked association,—between a mode of treatment which offers premiums to hypocrisy, and one which necessitates brutalisation. And the French are in as chaotic a state as ourselves in point of system, with even less uniformity in matters of discipline. In France, a prisoner or a convict with money may live the life of a lord in many ways of personal luxury; and one celebrated forçat, Anthelme Collet, was the scandal of the bagne at Rochefort, for the luxurious life which his secret supplies enabled him to lead. Of itself, this uncertainty of discipline is a strong incentive to crime, by the kind of lottery character which it gives to punishment. For a smaller amount of punishment, of which the criminal may be morally sure, will deter him from the commission of an offence sooner than the risk of the severest penalty, with the chance of escape, or amelioration, to counterbalance it. Indeed, one of our greatest living authorities on this question, enumerates as one of the causes of crime, "Temptations caused by the probability either of an entire escape, or of subjection to an inefficient punishment."

While, then, the detection of crime and the degree of consequent punishment are uncertain, we need not look for any good result from the deterring terrors of the law. They are only terrors in name; in fact, they may become excitants and stimu-

lants, even as the chance of loss may excite the gambler in exact proportion to the hope of gain. And, in like manner, under an uncertain system the criminal has, superadded to other temptations, the fascination of a tremendous game of chance, compared with which the maddest stake ever thrown on the green baize, sinks into insignificance. The criminal gambles with his life; he stakes on a legal possibility, his manhood, freedom, good name, and very existence,—not only for a few feverish hours over night, but continuously; his excitement never failing and never slackening. Were he certain of his fate—certain of discovery, and certain of the award—all that gambling incentive would be withdrawn; his calculations would resolve themselves simply into a question of gain and loss, where he must strike the balance between his profits and his penalties, and prove to his own satisfaction that what he got outweighed what he paid:—that a month's freedom and one night's evil-doing, were worth seven years' imprisonment; and a week's orgies well bought by a year's hard labour and seclusion.

The first step, then, to a practical settlement of this much-vexed question is, for each nation to organise a fixed and certain system, which shall be in general and universal use; to allow of no difference in the arrangements of the various gaols throughout the country, but to have the discipline of each precisely the same, according to its purpose; and to make the classification of offenders and places of punishment as rigid and distinct as possible. The destruction of uncertainty would be the destruction of the first and most powerful encouragement, the establishment of a rigid uniformity of discipline, the foundation of the most certain deterrent, of crime. But to accomplish this with success, it is necessary to examine minutely into the workings of the present various penal systems; and only after a careful weighing of their merits and defects, to decide on those, or on parts of those, which seem most favourable to the grand modern objects of prison discipline,—the reformation, and moral as well as social rehabilitation, of prisoners.

This question is agitating the French mind quite as powerfully as our own, and, perhaps, even more confusedly; as, with the exception of Mettray and La Colonie Agricole for youthful offenders, no attempts have hitherto been made to *reform* the criminal class. Consequently their systems have not been so thoroughly ventilated as ours. Of the writers on criminal discipline now flooding the French press, we select two, of ten years' interval; M. Bonneville, who wrote in 1847, and M. Lepelletier, whose work has but just appeared. It will be interesting to trace the change of feeling which may have passed over the public, on this question, during this period.

We give M. Bonneville's own resumé of the principles advocated by him:—

- "1°. La réparation par les condamnés des dommages civils résultant du crime;
- "2°. Le droit du grâces;
- "3°. La libération préparatoire des condamnés radicalement amendés;
- "4°. La détention supplémentaire des condamnés incorrigés;
- "5°. La raffermissement de l'intimidation préventive envers les libérés de justice;
- "6°. Un système de surveillance purement *observative*, pour les libérés amendés, énergiquement et efficacement *coercitive*, pour les libérés réputés dangereux.
- "7°. L'organisation prudence et régulière—d'un patronage, s'appliquant, dans une mesure diverse, aux prévenus relaxés, aux familles indigentes des détenus, mineurs, et aux libérés adultes amendés; de moyens *extrêmes* de travail pour les libérés *surveillés*;
- "8°. Enfin la réforme du système actuel de réhabilitation des condamnés."

We will give the details of each clause in order.

1. The principle involved in "the reparation of all civil losses and damages caused by crime," has been generally and ably advocated. Years ago Mr Hill urged that prisoners should be put to self-supporting labour; and that out of their earnings they should make compensation to the injured party, pay the costs of the prosecution, support themselves and help towards the support of their families, and, if possible, save out of the residue a certain sum, to be given to them on their release.¹ A slight modification in M. Bonneville's scheme, is the proposal to inscribe, among the "extenuating circumstances" of the French code, the *voluntary* reparation or restitution, by the accused—say in cases

¹ Few men have done more for criminal jurisprudence than Matthew Devonport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, and his brother, Frederick Hill, late Inspector of Prisons for Scotland. To the former, especially, we are indebted for a very able and deeply interesting digest of the recent Literature of Criminal Jurisprudence. At the request of many friends, he has published his Charges to Birmingham Grand Juries. These extend over a period of eighteen years (1839 to 1857), during which great interest has been taken in all questions connected with the treatment of criminals. To most of the Charges, Mr Hill has added a sequel, in which he illustrates the positions taken up in them, and in which he states what has been done recently, in regard to the special aspects of crime dealt with. Among the subjects so ably treated by Mr Hill, are—Riots—Forgery—Embezzlement—Strikes—Reformatory Schools—Causes and Prevention of Crime—Burglaries—Charity—Lodging Houses—Transportation—The Ticket-of-Leave System, etc.

As an illustration of the fresh and graphic style in which these subjects are discussed, we would refer to the Sequel to the Charge of 1845.

We cordially recommend to all who take an interest in these great questions, the able and statesmanlike volume, "Suggestions for the Repression of Crime, etc. By M. D. Hill. London, 1857. W. Parker and Son, West Strand."

of robbery—of the thing stolen, or its value. That this necessity of restitution would be a strong deterrent, by destroying the balance between gain and loss, and making detected crime entirely loss without any gain whatsoever, M. Bonneville argues at some length; adding his protest against fines paid to the State, which suffered no damage, while the prosecutor and victim goes with *his* damage unrepaired. What he would restore to the State, out of the prisoners' earnings, would be the legal costs of the prosecution—not suffering a centime of these to fall either on the prosecutor, or ultimately on the rate-payers through the public funds.¹ He also would have a “masse de réserve,” or reserve fund, for the time of liberation, put into the hands of the *patrons*, whose office we shall presently discuss. At present his figures give us 5,612,825 fr. worth of stolen property left in the hands of criminals (“les coupables que frappe la justice”); and, as “the first crime committed by two-thirds of the recommitted is robbery,” his arguments, though diffuse, show how essential it is to do away with every kind of premium on theft, and to make it a matter of certain dead loss to the thief, both by the way of restitution and by that of punishment. Part of his plan—the award of costs—is in force here. We should do well to adopt the other part—the restitution of the full value of the loss sustained by the prosecutor, and the payment of the costs of the prosecution out of the prisoner's earnings. M. Bonneville would make restitution precede the payment of costs; and he would rigorously insist on the perfect fulfilment of both these conditions prior to the “octroi des grâces,” of which he makes great account. He does not ground his scheme of payment only on the prisoner's own earnings after conviction, but would draw it from his private funds, if solvent; from his family and friends, if insolvent; draw it, in any case, before the convict should be held eligible for preliminary freedom, free pardon, or ulterior liberty, thus introducing into the criminal question an extension of the principle of warrant to arrest (“contrainte par corps”), recognised in actions for debt. But he also strongly advocates the infliction of pecuniary fines in lieu of imprisonment for certain offences and for special offenders;² and that each criminal *gracié*, of

¹ A party of four pickpockets in Manchester, was estimated as having cost the country L.26,000 in the amount of plunder they retained and spent, and in the cost of their various prosecutions and imprisonments.

² We cannot refrain from recording our most emphatic protest, against the introduction into the French code of this system of pecuniary damages in certain criminal actions, which hitherto have been kept clear of this blot. We are sorry that M. Bonneville should have advocated such an introduction, the hideous evil of which he might have read in the Anglican statute-book. We allude to the following paragraph:—

“ Dans un siècle d'argent, comme le nôtre, il n'est point de moyen plus efficacement préventif que la condamnation aux dommages-intérêts résultant du

whom there are about 2000 annually, shall pay a sum of 100 fr., either as re-imbursement of the legal costs, or, if the costs have been paid and the injured party satisfied, then as contributions to the bureau de bienfaisance, under the name of Denier à Dieu—"God's penny," generally pronounced, and sometimes even written, as *dernier adieu*—which has, by the way, degenerated into a fee to the concierge on taking a new apartment, and as the "earnest" generally of good faith in any bargain. It strikes strangely on the ear of any one accustomed to France to hear this *denier à Dieu* spoken of with solemnity.

2. The "right of pardon," appealing as it does so entirely to the feelings and sentiments, makes large capital for our author. He devotes more than a hundred pages to it—his main argument resting on the "necessity of the right of pardon, because the law is imperfect; on its legitimacy, because the judge is fallible,"—on which pleas his argument, surely, should have been for *justice* not *pardon*. Add to these reasons sundry rhetorical flourishes about "royal clemency being the most beautiful ornament of the crown," and we come to a few, very few, practical arguments. Having first made positive restitution an extenuating circumstance, M. Bonneville would widen this into a plea for pardon. He asserts the inspiring effect of this chance on the reformed criminal, and quotes the custom of Lausanne, where "*la diminution de la peine est également classée au nombre des récompenses accordées à la bonne conduite des détenus*;" and of Berne, where "*surtout on cherche à agir sur les détenus par l'espoir des récompenses. Aussi les grâces sont elles très nombreuses dans le pénitencier de Berne.*" Louis XVIII. is selected, for somewhat extravagant praise, on account of a certain ordonnance promulgated in 1818,¹ advocating mercy and offering pardon.

M. Portalis made some sensible remarks on this ordonnance, requiring a continuance of good conduct, industry, and strict

crime. Dernièrement, la sixième chambre du tribunal civil de la Seine a condamné, pour délit d'adultère, le docteur S— à 40,000 fr. de dommages-intérêts au profit du mari outragé et des enfants déshonorés. Cette décision aura, pour la prévention des délits semblables, une immense portée intimidative; toutefois, si, au lieu d'une femme riche, il se fût agi d'une simple ouvrière, dont le mari n'eût pu faire l'avance des frais, aucune condamnation à des dommages-intérêts n'eût pu intervenir. Il y a donc lieu de modifier une loi sous l'empire de laquelle le pauvre ne peut réclamer la réparation du préjudice que lui a causé le délit."

We trust that the chivalrous feeling, the delicacy and the manhood of the French, will resist the adoption of a law which our own highest legal authorities have stigmatized as "disgraceful and dishonouring."

¹ The preamble runs—"Si la punition des crimes et délits est le premier besoin de la société, le repentir, quand il est bien sincère et bien constaté, a d'autant plus de droits à notre clemence royale, que souvent il n'est pas moins utile pour l'exemple que la peine même, et qu'il offre la meilleure garantie de la conduite future du coupable."

economy, as the conditions for recommendation to mercy; and, above all, enjoining that these recommendations be made in just proportion—neither so numerous as to render punishment illusory, nor so few as to dispirit instead of encouraging the prisoners: the pardon to be withdrawn if, after its promulgation, the prisoner's conduct was unsatisfactory, and to be made doubly difficult of attainment after a recommittal. At the Bagne at Brest, there is a Salle d'épreuve, to which, after many years of irreproachable conduct, the *forçat* is admitted. When once inscribed here, he is not put to the worst kinds of labour; he is allowed a small mattress for his camp-bed, and a little meat on Sundays, etc. The "royal clemency" chooses every now and then some one from this hall, and a list of the so chosen is hung against the wall. "Voyez, Monsieur," said an old man, the tears in his eyes, "nous pouvons de notre purgatoire entrevoir le paradis. Voilà l'espoir qui nous soutient et nous remencra à la société. Nous aurons commencé ici à être honnêtes; nous pourrons continuer quand nous serons rendus à la société."

A longer delay between the sentence and the execution of that sentence is advocated, justly enough. At present there is not time to make an appeal to the Cour de Cassation from any of the remoter parts of France, though the law theoretically grants that privilege to every one found guilty of a crime, or cast in a civil suit. But M. Bonneville's peculiarity comes out in strong relief when he objects to these appeals to the Cour de Cassation, in favour of direct petitions to the throne. He says that the present law, which prescribes these appeals, "forces the condemned to quit the humble and suppliant attitude which he would have taken in approaching the throne, and to assume an insolent and rebellious one against justice." Is not this marvelously like nonsense? Is it not simply placing law below royalty, and asking, from crowned pity, what the nation has decreed as an attribute of justice? All recommendations to mercy, sent up by jurymen, are to accompany the verdict, says M. Bonneville; if sent afterwards, they are to be treated as "non avenue;" for a singular reason—"because we are not Romans in our day," and a wife's tears and a son's prayers are held to be irresistible. No jurymen could withstand these appeals, he says; and though it were the greatest villain unhung, for whom the wife wept and the son prayed, he must perforce recommend him to an ill-deserved mercy, under such domestic pressure. The weakest point of French reasoning is this exorbitant and excessive influence given to all sorts of sentiment; above all, to the domestic and family feelings, which are held as incontrovertibly more powerful than any law or reason.

3. The scheme of "preparatory liberation," contains a larger

machinery than our ticket-of-leave system, but a machinery which our author develops only by degrees. Seeing that the first two years after liberation are the most fatal to a man, and that of the number of recommitments, more than three-fourths are made within that time—this scheme is proposed, both in order to modify the suddenness of the transition from incarceration to perfect liberty, and also to give discharged convicts a better chance in the outer world, than they have now. Want of work and consequent poverty, arising chiefly from the dislike of workmen to associate with criminals, discharged or on leave, are generally fatal both to the English convict and the French *forçat*. To remedy this, M. Bonneville proposes firstly, to distinguish so accurately between the reformed and the incorrigible, that a man with a ticket-of-leave shall be known from that fact to be trustworthy; secondly, to deliver to the first the “passport of the working-classes,” or the “livret,” which every domestic even, as well as every working-man, is now bound to possess; and, thirdly, to require valid securities, either of his own family, private employers, or a *société de patronage*, both for his good conduct and certain employment during the whole of the time of preparatory liberation. In no case is this indulgence to be given until a prisoner has satisfied all the pecuniary claims we have enumerated in the previous sections, as *sine quâ non*; nor until he has suffered four-sixths of his time if his sentence was *travaux forcés*, four-fifths if *réclusion* (transportation to a *colonie agricole*), and three-fourths, if the lowest simple imprisonment. He is bound to a certain area of residence, and in case of infraction of this rule, he is to undergo the “supplementary detention,”—to be spoken of hereafter,—and his “*masse de réserve*,” which has been left as a guarantee in the hands of the director of the prison, is to be forfeited to the State. With this, he preserves the right of return to the prison, if he finds the outside world too hard for him, and always the right to return at night to sleep, if employed near at hand as a day-labourer. This is already done at Berne, and many years ago was proposed by Mr Hill, who would make prisons asylums for indigence, as well as comfortable retreats for guilt.

The principle of this provisional liberty has been recognised since 1832 in the treatment of young criminals, and has been found entirely successful. They are placed under the strictest possible surveillance during this period of probation; still it is outside surveillance, not prison confinement; and the discipline under which they live, though stern and hard, is preventive, not punitive. We can easily believe that the good results of which M. Bonneville speaks in somewhat excited terms, are yet not beyond the truth; for the most logical political economist must

sometimes include natural instincts and moral susceptibilities in his mathematical calculations.

Continuing his discussion on this probationary period for adults, our author goes into statistics. Assuming that one in three convicts will be reformed under his new system, and taking their cost at an average of 1 fr. a day (?), he shows by Cocker, that the State will save 736,293 fr. yearly by the adoption of this system of preparatory liberation. A certain sum is fixed, on a not very certain basis, and utterly valueless, now that the whole proportions are changed.

4. "Detention supplémentaire" comes into the same division of this work as "La libération préparatoire," and may be compressed into a very few words.

It is proposed that every convict not inscribed on the list of the reformed, be detained, "à titre de punition disciplinaire," for a twelfth part of the time to which he was originally sentenced, if his sentence had been imprisonment; a tenth-part if réclusion; and an eighth if travaux forcés: the recommitted to have these respective periods doubled.

Beside this "supplementary detention," it is proposed that punishment-days in prison shall not be counted as part of the sentence. Thus, if a man be punished a hundred times, he must remain in gaol a hundred days beyond the time of his original sentence, his punishment-days going for nothing. But M. Bonneville has provided a way of escape, even for the impenitent sinner; and this is, to obtain respectable recognisances, mounting up from 100 to 1000 fr., as guarantee for his good conduct for the first two years of his liberation; or, in the case of one utterly without means to procure so large a sum, a bail reduced to 25 fr., with the addition of the *caution morale* of a householder. Which plan gives, in point of fact, full and irresponsible extra-judicial powers to the governors of gaols, who may, at their pleasure, mulct, fine, detain, and punish a man to the last hour of his life.

5. How is "preventive intimidation" to be rendered more complete? asks M. Bonneville; by which he means, How can the number of recommitments be reduced? His answer is, "La nécessité d'une aggravation forcée envers les récidivistes." At present, the judge and jury can lessen the gross sum of punishment fixed by the law,—reducing a sentence of death to five years of hard labour (travaux forcés); one of hard labour for life to five years réclusion, or confinement in a penal settlement; hard labour for a fixed period to two years imprisonment; réclusion to one year's imprisonment; and this, too, even where there are no extenuating circumstances, and in the face of numerous recommitments. Seeing that, in the last few years, re-

committals have augmented more than 25 per cent., the question certainly calls for some resettling.

6. His ticket-of-leave men at large, and his prisoners at last discharged—fines paid and supplementary detention satisfied—we have now to act with, for, or against them, by means of the high police. “La surveillance de la haute police est pour la société un droit de légitime défense,” said M. le Ministre de l’Intérieur in 1842; and “la question de la surveillance des libérés est un des plus graves problèmes qui puissent attirer l’attention des philosophes et des législateurs,” said an honourable senator. The liberated convict of France was once placed under one of the strictest forms of surveillance which even this police and formula-loving country contained. But the present system is a considerable modification of the ways of the past. Government may still determine, if so minded, the place of residence where the freed convict must remain; but, in effect, the prisoner fixes on that himself, before his liberation. He then receives a *feuille de route*, regulating the line of country which he is to take, and the time he is to remain at each point of rest. His *feuille* bears on it a large C, to intimate more easily to the police that he was once a “Condamné.” He must present himself before the maire of the commune within twenty-four hours after arriving at his place of destination; and he cannot change his residence, without notifying that fact to the same functionary, three days beforehand: when he receives from him a new *feuille de route*, traced on the plan of the old. So that, virtually, a freed prisoner may both choose and change his place of residence at his will.

M. Bonneville is wroth with these regulations, both for their harshness to his reformed, and their laxity to his impenitent, criminals. The *feuille de route* and its tell-tale C, the line of road so rigorously mapped out, the incessant surveillance of the police at each step, all these he says—and truly—are so many hindrances in the way of the honest rogue, and, therefore, so many *necessities* for new crimes; while they are perfectly ineffective for the hardened and vicious man in the facility for crime and vagabondage which they leave him. Citing numerous opinions against the system in present force, he then presents his own, as follows:—A certain and fixed place of residence, chosen by the prisoner himself—for the hardened, Algeria or any other colony named by Government; a passport instead of a *feuille de route*, with all special indications suppressed; his *masse de réserve* doled out only in proportion to his needs; in case of recommitment, the surveillance of the police to continue as long as the second sentence pronounced; reformed criminals to be able to buy off this surveillance, by sureties depositing from 100 to

3000 francs, and answering for their good conduct; if relapsing into crime, the recognisances to be forfeited to the State; exemplary criminals to be simply under the moral bail of a householder and a pecuniary recognisance of 25 francs, then released from all further surveillance—the government, however, still retaining the right, under letters from the procureur du roi, to exercise that suspended surveillance when it will; criminals guilty of grave offences, to be under surveillance for not longer than twenty years.

7. Patronage, as we have more than once indicated, is put forward as one of the most important elements in M. Bonneville's scheme for the repentance and well-doing of his liberated convicts. Societies, on this helpful principle, have already been established for the young; none in 1847, for adults. "*Les amis de l'enfance*," in Paris—formed, though for the protection of innocent children—and Mettray and La Colonie for guilty ones, have demonstrated the moral utility of such institutions for those who have fallen, or for those who, from any cause whatsoever—ignorance, crime, or inability—cannot help themselves. The patronage proposed is to be extended also to the wives and families of criminals during the term of their imprisonment (a substitute for our work-houses); to all young prisoners, when released, and to released adults of *good conduct*; taking, if need be, the form of public places of refuge, or large workshops; but, says M. Bonneville, rigorously placed as a *corollary to the cellular system of imprisonment only*. The incorrigible offender is to share in none of these benefits. For him Algeria,—or some other Gallic Botany Bay,—where he can do but little mischief, and is directly under "coercive surveillance."

8. The rehabilitation of the condemned, both for possessions and fair fame, has long occupied the attention of the French lawgivers. In 1791, a very remarkable set of articles was drawn up concerning the "civil baptism" of a released prisoner. Modified, but substantially preserved in the code of 1808, it is in force at this day, with two small alterations. The results are, that out of 37,955 criminals condemned in seventeen years to "*peines afflictives ou infamantes*," up to 1847, only 388 had been restored to their civil rights. M. Bonneville would widen the basis of rehabilitation, and so augment the number of the rehabilitated; he would not absolutely exclude the recommitted from this civil grace, after they have undergone a period of penance double that which he requires from first offenders; and he would shorten the term of civil death for all. A man condemned only by the correctional police, now loses all his civil rights, equally with one condemned to "*afflictives and infamantes*" punishments. He (1) cannot vote at elections; (2)

nor be elected ; (3) nor sit on juries, nor be employed in any public or administrative capacity ; (4) nor bear arms ; (5) nor have a vote in the family councils ; (6) nor be tutor or guardian except of his own children, and with the consent of the family ; (7) nor be a verifier or a witness of any legal acts ; (8) nor give evidence in court, excepting as a simple statement ; (9) nor go on the Bourse, nor exercise the functions of agent de change or commission agent, nor vote in the merchants' meetings ; (10) nor make one of the national guard ; (11) nor serve in the French army ; (12) nor keep a school, nor teach. A curious anomaly existed when M. Bonneville wrote, in the working of this law of civil degradation. A man condemned to five years *réclusion* for a crime, might be reinstated in his civil rights ; but a man condemned to five years' imprisonment only, for a less heinous offence, could not be so on account of an omission in the code providing for the rehabilitation of criminals, which forgot to include " correctional offences " in its category. A strangely unjust and anomalous position truly, giving privileges to crime not accorded to simple offences, and making the " extenuating circumstances," which reduced the scale of punishment, exaggerate the after disabilities. This deficiency M. Bonneville proposes to supply in his new code ; also, he would render rehabilitation the reward of proved amendment only ; but more easily to be obtained by the amended, than at present.

It will be seen, by this brief summary, what is the master-chord of M. Bonneville's theory—namely, the distinction to be made between the reformed and the incorrigible criminal—the indulgences that are to be granted to the one, the severities practised towards the other ; the moral anodynes on the right hand, the social scourges on the left. To all of which we should have no objection, provided there was no analogy between crime and disease, no connection between crime and organization, and no such things, in human nature, as hypocrisy or partiality, the greed of gain or the lust of power. But with what we know of human frailty—with, for instance, the Birmingham gaol and Lieutenant Austin in our memories, with John Frost's pamphlet in our hands, and the painful revelations that surge up from the abyss of the Bagnes and other places of irresponsible power, we should prefer to give governors as little latitude as possible ; and rather frame such laws as would of themselves deal out justice, so as to make a man's liberty, regeneration, and well-being, depend wholly on himself, and not in the least on the capricious favour of an individual or a board.

A very different book to the one we have been condensing, is the scientific production of M. Lepelletier de la Sarthe, of the

Medical Academy. M. Bonneville's literary forte lies in apostrophes, M. Lepelletier's in ancient history, physiology, and Greek. The one brings the hour-glass of the orator, which, by the way, he forgets to turn; the other, the scalpel of the anatomist. But both belong to the reformatory school of punishment, in opposition to the blind old revengeful school, which, like that cruel code of 1810, "punished for the sake of punishing." Their means are different, but their ends are the same. The reformation, rehabilitation, and gradual abolition of the criminal class, is what they both aim at; and both by the ways of hope and humanity. But M. Lepelletier recognises an element in crime not touched on by his fellow-labourer; namely—disease. And, amongst other forms of disease, he speaks of monomania, as an exciting cause; quoting, as an example of the ignorance as well as the brutality of the primitive school, these words of M. Marc:—

"La monomanie est une ressource moderne; elle serait trop commode pour arracher tantôt les coupables à la juste sévérité des lois; tantôt pour priver un citoyen de sa liberté: quand on ne pourrait pas dire qu'il est coupable, on dirait: Il est fou; et l'on verrait Charenton remplacer la Bastille. Si la monomanie est une maladie, il faut, lorsqu'elle porte à des crimes capitaux, la guérir en place de Grève;" that is, by the scaffold. Treating of the imitative propensities of monomaniacs, M. Lepelletier speaks distinctly, but not violently, of the evil effects of publicity in matters of crime; public executions, the published details of murder, robbery, arson, etc., all arouse the imitation of latent monomaniacs, and produce fresh crimes in the same track. An assertion supported by quotations from various writers on medical jurisprudence, and by his own private professional experience; and the principle of which has more than once engaged the attention of thinking men among ourselves, with reference to our own excessive police publicity. Our author lays down a guide for legal distinction between monomaniacal and criminal offences; namely, that with the first, the crime itself, the mere action of murder, robbery, incendiarism, theft, is the end; with rational offenders it is the means to an end. Of idiotism, insanity, madness, and febrile delirium, there is no question, judicially or medically, as to the moral irresponsibility they include; but, of somnambulism, a puzzling condition, abnormal, but not clearly defined, he can give no certain rules, but leaves the question of guilt or irresponsibility to the "perspicacity of the magistrate." The same with drunkenness and delirium tremens. He concludes this section by opposing the execution of a criminal capitally condemned, who, in the meantime, has become insane or mad. "Subornation of liberty," recognised by the penal code but not defined, and "absence of intention," may both stand as

excuses under certain circumstances ; but no mere moral coercion is held sufficient for the one, nor homicide, though unintentional, if resulting from imprudence, for the other. Self-defence, either against assassination or burglary, "*le meurtre commis par l'époux sur son épouse ainsi que sur le complice, à l'instant où il les surprend en flagrant délit dans la maison conjugale,*" are both excusable motives of homicide, in the French code. To these M. Lepelletier would add the *chance* meeting of enemies inflamed with hatred and passion, as on the same list with madness and insanity, and in contradistinction to the orthodox duel, which he characterises as a "mad, brutal, and unjust act, without reason, without dignity, without devotion, without national spirit in its principle ; having egotism for its basis, a false point of honour for its motive, and, too frequently, injustice and deception for its results." The duel is legally forbidden in France, but not to any good and practical results. Parricide, premeditated assassination, poisoning, and other "first-class crimes," are unpardonable ; the "kings of France, on ascending the throne, engaging themselves by oath never to listen to the petitions for mercy presented by their authors."

The French have four modes of citing a man before the magistrate :—1. "*Le mandat de comparution,*" simply a summons to appear before the juge d'instruction on a certain day and hour, to be interrogated ; a mode which is not held dishonouring, and which is resorted to in most cases not of extreme gravity. 2. "*Le mandat d'amener ;*" to be put in force "*si l'inculpé fait défaut,*" or if he is accused of a crime "*emportant peine afflictive ou infamante.*" 3. "*Le mandat de dépôt,*" or immediate arrest and imprisonment, under the simple designation of the person : the nature of the crime with which he is charged not specified ; and 4. "*Le mandat d'arrêt,*" which is the same as the foregoing in its action, with two additions—a specification of the crime for which the arrest is made, and a citation of the law against the criminal. This last mode is only used in extreme cases of patent guilt. The different tribunals are in the following order :—The tribunal de police, for simple offences ; the tribunal correctionnel, for graver offences ; the cour d'assizes, for crimes ; and la haute cour de justice, for offences against the State—such as attempted regicide, high treason against the monarch or the country, or the political offences arising out of a coup d'état manqué, or premature insurrection.

Without any servile Anglo-mania on him, M. Lepelletier cannot refrain from eulogising our expeditious manner of despatching causes, and the large latitude given to our accused, by the practice of taking bail and entering into recognisances. He complains bitterly of the long imprisonment before trial, usual in

France, where an imprisonment of two months or more may end in acquittal or a sentence of seven days; or where, by the tyranny of the magistrate, a man may pass two years before a trial which shall result in a sentence of a month or two. He also inveighs against the bad state of the *violons*, or lock-up houses, where drunkards, and vagrants, and sharpers, and perhaps an innocent artisan, are huddled together in a room, and under conditions to which a careful cattle-breeder would not send his beasts. By all accounts, our own lock-ups are not much superior; and we can match Alphonse Karr's suicides in the *violons*, with the like, as well as with sudden deaths, in our own. It seems as if, in the first and most trifling arrest—an arrest for police offences yet unproved—the law had exhausted all the ingenuity possible to render such a casualty degrading and demoralising, though the offence be of the smallest possible amount, or though the arrest be an entire mistake. Rising higher in the criminal class, the legal offender qualifies himself for comfortable lodgings, and often a luxurious dietary, in a grand stone palace where he has—sometimes and under some systems—all that his depraved nature desires; food, warmth, physical well-being, long hours of sleep, and idleness. But he must have committed some great crime before he obtains this promotion. A small one, including a short sentence, leaves him to rigorous treatment; and an arrest, in a case of mistaken identity, consigns him to a night of degradation and filth.

The criminal class, says M. Lepelletier, may be divided into eight types; to each of which belong distinctive moral characteristics and unerring physiognomical signs. To the first, the vagabond, belongs recklessness; he must therefore be taught prudence. To the second, the ruffian (*querelleur*), passion; to him therefore moderation. To the third, the sharper (*escroc*), cunning; teach him in the prison school good faith. To the fourth, the fanatic, violence; replace this by mildness. To the fifth, the thief, covetousness; teach him equity. To the sixth, the depraved, corruption; show him the beauty of purity. To the seventh, the poisoner, perfidy; give him instead benevolence. To the eighth, the murderer, cruelty; lead him back to humanity. "And to all give legal probity, by the salutary intimidations of human justice, while perfecting that higher lesson of 'virtuous probity.'" The physical signs which M. Lepelletier details with all the precision of a mathematical science, are too lengthy for quotation, and are, besides, too arbitrary to be exact. Lavater did not go farther on the dangerous road of formulizing a shadowy theory, when he said that squint-eyed people were wicked, and short-sighted ones stupid and bad both, than our medical jurist, when he asserts of the vagabond, that "aven-

turier, vaurien, garnement, mauvais sujet, et polisson," that "sa démarche nonchalante ou grotesquement cadencée, présente assez littéralement la traduction de son insouciance, de sa paresse, ou de l'excentricité de ses conceptions;" that the querelleur has "dirty and disordered hair;" the fanatique "a proud and bold look, mobile and quivering lips;" that "everything about a thief betokens indelicacy and contempt of the rights of others;" that the debauchee has "a penetrating and diabolical glance—the dazzling and fatal look of the panther and the caïman," and that his "sourire grimacé, perfide, porte dans l'âme une sorte de froid glacial, une influence pénible et presque lethefère;" that a poisoner has a "voix flûtée et mielleuse; la parole flatteuse, obligeante; le geste captieux, indécis; l'attitude flexible et mal assurée;" and that the lips of a murderer are "thin, quivering, contracted, his nostrils open and dilating, and his walk convulsive and bounding." This is the only weak part of M. Lepelletier's book, but it is a weak part; the riding of a hobby to the ridicule both of hobby and rider, and their final landing in a pathless swamp.

Speaking of the predisposing causes of crime, M. Lepelletier notes, (1) age; (2) sex; (3) original condition; (4) profession; (5) place; (6) time. What a different classification to the following searching practical list in Mr Hill's Causes of Crime:¹—

¹ 1. The largest number of young criminals are orphans, or illegitimate; or, if their parents are living, they are of bad conduct and character. Seldom has the adult criminal received a word of good advice before his committal to prison; the young have rarely a mother deserving the name of mother, and the filial affection which they often show to the matron and chaplain, touchingly points out the grand want and the grand loss of their lives.

"Les mineurs," says M. Bonneville, "sont entraînés au mal par le défaut d'éducation, par la misère, par l'impuissance du travail; la plupart du temps pervertis par l'exemple ou les conseils vicieux pernicieux de leur famille." Even the mere power of reading and writing, without reference to exercise in their intelligent use, are comparatively rare among criminals. Of more than 16,000 persons in Scotland (where education is more general than in England), received into the prisons in one year while I was inspector there, only 4700, or less than one in three, could read well; and less than 1200, or one in thirteen, could write well; and of the whole number, 312, or one in fifty, had learnt more than mere reading and writing; 3400 of these prisoners could not read at all; and 8510 could not write at all." The governor of Edinburgh prison said, that he never met with a single person who was at the same time addicted to crime and in the habit of reading.

2. Above sixty-five millions are spent in the United Kingdom in intoxicating drink; ten times the amount of English poor-rates.

3. Although there were, at that time (1847) about 1000 depositors in the Savings Bank at Jedburgh (no inconsiderable portion of the population of the district) only one of these depositors, during a period of five years, had been committed to prison.

4 and 5. Two young women were sent to prison in Edinburgh for beating a carpet at a wrong hour, and a boy of twelve was sent to the lock-up for playing at marbles in the street. Sergeant Adams speaks of a child of ten years old, sent to prison five times, for similar offences. The game laws are a fertile source of crime; as also the indissolubility of the marriage tie, together with the laws of property relating to married women. The cost of unworthy husbands, dis-

1. Bad training and ignorance.
2. Drunkenness and other kinds of profligacy.
3. Poverty.
4. Habits of violating the laws engendered by the creation of artificial offences.

5. Other measures of legislation, interfering unnecessarily in private actions, or presenting examples of injustice.

6. Temptations to crime, caused by the probability either of entire escape, or of subjection to an insufficient punishment.

Of age, says M. Lepelletier, it is between 16 and 35, that the greatest number of crimes are committed, and the greatest number, within these limits, at 19 years of age.

In sex, the woman has an advantage of one-seventh to one-half over the man; of youthful crimes he commits five times as many as she, and of suicides three times as many. "Sedentary life, maternal education, and religious duties," are given as the causes of this favourable proportion: the man's greater strength and energy, his larger passions and larger needs, "pride, ambition, the imperious necessity of honours, dignities, and fortune," are the causes of his facility to fall.

Of original condition, celibacy and bad training are placed as the two most strongly marked predisposing causes. The unmarried, widowers, and widows, forming about four-fifths of the accused.

Speaking of professions, our author gives the following comparative numbers:—Seventy-three proprietors and rentiers, out of that large unnumbered class in France; twenty-five salaried public functionaries out of 158,227; two physicians and three officiers de santé; forty solicitors (*avoués*) "*poursuivis disciplinairement*," and two taken before the court of assizes, out of a roll-call of 3016; of 9765 notaires, twenty-two before the court of assizes, one hundred and thirty in the minor courts; eleven artists; five hundred and thirty-one merchants out of 7096 causes before the assizes; twelve sheriff's officers at the assizes, two hundred in the minor courts, out of 7828; nine hundred out of 364,133 artisans, "employed in the animal kingdom;" six hundred out of

charged convicts and soldiers, runaway and returning, of any man however vile, being allowed to come and claim their wives' earnings, is incalculable. In my time, the mass of murders were of wives and husbands, which a facile law of divorce would have prevented.

6. The trickery of the bar, and the purely technical defences so often set up, are among the most fertile sources of crime, from the lottery character they give to punishment.—(See *ante*.) Men have barristers or others arguing on known and confessed false grounds. Must not that shake what little notion of truth and morality they have got, to the very centre? Also, the custom of bestowing large premiums on the police for the discovery of great crimes, is an inducement, both to the police to let the small offender ripen into the full criminal, to the offender, from the belief that, as he got off last time, so he shall this. Again introducing the question of chance.—*Hill on Crime*.

457,371 of those "employed in the vegetable kingdom;" eight hundred, out of 236,411, of those "employed in the mineral kingdom;" nine hundred and twenty-eight servants, out of 3,501,768, almost all for robbery, their numbers increasing every year, representing a tenth part of the entire population, and bearing a sixth part of the accusations; eighteen hundred vagabonds and beggars, out of a floating population of about 200,000, according to M. Villeneuve's calculations—more than half having been already convicted. If these numbers may be relied on they are wonderfully significant of the state of public morality in France, and of the wide difference there is between the criminal class at home and the same class abroad. We are glad to see our friends, the medical men and the artists—which word includes every denomination of art—come out so cleanly in such a veritable Black List. Eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the year when this list was calculated, was a white year for them; but we fear they are not always so prudent and inoffensive.

The departments of the Seine, the Bouches du Rhône, Seine-Inférieure, Loire-Inférieure, and the Rhône, are the worst in France. Murder in Corsica and Les Bouches du Rhône; forgery in Paris; robbery and domestic thieving in the department of the Seine; and an excess of criminality in towns over the country of five to two: these are the statistics given under the head of places. Under that of time, is nothing but an observation, that in barbarous periods men were brutal, in civilised ones they are cunning.

Crime is on the increase,¹ say the French jurists. From 1846 to 1850, M. Béranger states, it has increased in the proportion of 310 in 1000. Parricide has doubled; infanticide increased 49, and assassination 22, per cent.; and certain offensive crimes against children below sixteen years of age have more than tripled. The total number of prisoners in France in 1852 was 66,260.² The recommitments are a fifth of all accused of offences, and a third of those accused of crimes. Out of 33,005 reaccused

¹ I am happy to be able to state, as the result of many years of inquiry and observation, that my belief is, that even under present circumstances the quantity of crime in this country is steadily decreasing, and taking a milder and milder form; that it is less than at any previous period of our history, even without reference to the increase of wealth and population; but, that bearing these in mind, and estimating the extent of crime by the average amount of privation, fear, and suffering, which it causes to each member of society, the decrease is great indeed.—*Hill*.

² Nothing can be more fallacious than taking the returns from time to time of the number of persons apprehended, and of the offences of which they are convicted, as indications of the comparative amount of crime; yet this fallacy is still commonly persisted in. These returns take no notice of the increase of population, the greater efficiency of the police, the increased willingness to give evidence (arising in part from a diminished fear of maltreatment), a less reluctance to prosecute (owing partly to the abolition for many offences of the punishment of death, and to the State now taking upon itself, in England, the chief,

in 1852, 14,115 had been convicted once, others four times, and 1700 from ten to thirty and even more times than these. How best to reduce this terrific proportion is now the object of M. Lepelletier's future pages; in which he examines first the penal condition of the past and present, before offering his suggestions towards a code and a condition of the future.

Passing by the tortures of the past—the burnings and quarterings, the bootikins and the thumbikins, the oubliettes, the maiden, the brandings, and the various mutilations beloved by a savage time—we come to the code of the present, the eleven modes of punishment now in force in France:—

“Comme peines *correctionnelles*: 1°, L'amende; 2°, L'interdiction, à temps, de certains droits civiques, civils, ou de famille; 3°, L'emprisonnement simple. Comme peines *infamantes*: 4°, La dégradation civique; 5°, Le bannissement. Comme peines *afflictives et infamantes*: 6°, La séclusion; 7°, La détention; 8°, Les travaux forcés à temps; 9°, La déportation; 10°, Les travaux forcés à perpétuité; 11°, La mort.”

Of the first, the fine (if an offence against the simple police, from one to fifteen francs; if against the correctional police, from sixteen francs to twenty thousand francs and over) is characterized by M. Lepelletier as “une peine regrettable en ce qu'elle frappe la famille innocente du condamné seul coupable.”

The temporary suspension of certain civic rights, also, he condemns as often falling short of, or overpassing, its end; and then he turns to the other penalties, which he masses together as imprisonment, banishment, transportation, and death.

Opposed to M. Bonneville, who strenuously advocates the “cellular system,” which he, on the other hand, calls a “living sarcophagus,” he is equally opposed to the want of classification which unhappily marks the internal arrangements of the French prisons. He insists on a total separation of sexes: not merely separation under the same roof, but in distinct and distant establishments;¹ a separation of the young and the adult; a separation of debtors and untried and political prisoners from the criminals: these, again, to be classed according to the nature of their offences and the terms of their sentences,—in time, to be resitified into “intractable, well-conducted, and reformed.” Uniformity of internal régime; coarse and scrupulously clean clothes; simple fare, sufficient and varied, but not running into the “culinary luxury” of our English model prisons; isolation at night only, and then not by means of closed cells, but simply by screen-

and in Scotland the whole, expense of prosecution); and they take no account, also, of the increase of wealth, or the change in what the law declares to be crime.—*Hill*.

¹ See, on that point, Colonel Chesterton's amusing but illogical book.

work; the abolition of the prison *cantine*,¹ which now supplies spirits, wine, and tobacco, and has been the means of extravagant excesses on the part of wealthy prisoners and forçats; no pocket-money (*denier de poche*) allowed for personal indulgences; intellectual, moral, and religious instruction, of which there seems to be at present a fatal and dreary want; moral, not material, surveillance; punishment to consist, in an ascending scale, of private and public reprimand—the temporary suspension, or complete suppression, of previous marks of distinction—the assignment to a certain part of the prison where the refractory alone are kept, and which occupies the lowest place in the prison-world—retrenchment both in the quantity and quality of the food—isolation—the cells (*cachot*)—strait-jacket; rewards to be liberal and effective, and labour self-remunerative and self-supporting;—these are M. Lepelletier's propositions, treating of prison discipline generally.

We come now to the various kinds of prisons and places of punishment appointed for the service of the state; beginning with *Les établissements des Jeunes Détenus*, at Mettray, etc. We shall not enter on these now, but pass at once to the adult prisons.

The first are, "*Les prisons municipales*," for those condemned by the simple police; the second, "*Les maisons d'arrêt*," for those accused of offences falling under the jurisdiction of the correctional police—also, provisionally, and in distinct parts, for those suspected of crimes; the third, "*Les maisons de justice*," for those accused of crimes, while waiting for their trial; the fourth, "*Les maisons de correction*," for those condemned by the correctional police. But all these are for short times and small offences. They are rather houses of correction than prisons, properly so called. The first that present any grave or serious attempts at discipline or purpose are, "*Les maisons centrales*," answering to our county gaols.

The *Maisons Centrales* are divided into "*maisons de correction pour les condamnés par voie de police correctionnelle, à plus d'un an d'emprisonnement*," and into "*maisons de force pour les sujets des deux sexes condamnés à la séclusion par les cours d'assises, pour les femmes qui doivent subir la peine des travaux forcés*." There are twenty-one in all; thirteen for men only,

¹ "I earnestly recommend that wine and spirits be among the articles thus, but *thus only*, permitted to be bought (that is, under the Mark System of delay to the prisoner's liberation, by appropriating the marks he has earned to sensual indulgence). They should be charged very high; be at the same time earnestly dissuaded from; and would thus, I am convinced, be for the most part *voluntarily* resisted. But it is expressly to cultivate this latter habit and power that the privilege is recommended; and the training for return to society would be obviously incomplete, which authoritatively excluded from a prison this, one of its most powerful temptations."—*The Mark System of Prison Discipline*. By Captain Maconochie, R.N.

six for women, and two for men and women together; and their inmates in 1854 were 22,328, of whom 267 were condemned to irons, and 6075 were recommitments. Insufficient food and of bad quality; the *cantine* in full activity; "the absence of all means of nocturnal isolation; the enforcement of absolute silence always and everywhere; the deplorable state of the yards, dangerous in summer from the want of shade, space, and air,—more dangerous still in winter by the damp, rain, snow, and freezing winds, against which there is no shelter, etc.;"—these are M. Lepelletier's principal counts of complaint on the score of the physical arrangements. In their work, he objects to the number and the kind of "industries" taught. Above sixty different trades, most of them sedentary and practicable only in towns, are followed in these prisons. Some of the trades are—the fabrication of porte-monnaies, chapelets, and accordions, against which we cannot endorse M. Lepelletier's wrathful italics. Intellectual and moral education at the lowest possible ebb, and apparently no efficient machinery for its improvement; punishments, including the cell, the dark cell, irons, and the lash; 6.33 deaths per cent. (in a free life, the proportion is $2\frac{1}{2}$; in Paris even, only 2.62 per cent.); 52 mental alienations and 9 suicides per annum, give no very favourable data of the Maisons Centrales, as revealed by the statistics of M. Lepelletier. In fact, they have confessedly failed. Men come out worse than they went in; and, in spite of all their personal privation while in them, are not disinclined to return. They are ineffectual in preventing crime; they are effectual in increasing criminals; they deepen the criminal stain on all who come within the shadow of their walls; and every criminal jurist feels that they are failures, and something worse. In opposition, then, to these Maisons Centrales, the cellular system, or solitary confinement, has found many advocates. We should have thought that the results of this experiment, both in America and England, and its partial abandonment as a system by us, its practical cruelty and its practical inutility, would have cooled the enthusiasm of the French theorists. M. Lepelletier, while confessing, loudly as may be, the horrors of the Maisons Centrales, sees no good substitute in the cellular system; excepting, indeed, for the short time he would have between arrest and examination, when it is needful to keep perhaps an innocent man uncontaminated and an honourable one undisgraced, and as a temporary and severe mode of punishment for the refractory. Under other than these conditions, he would erase the cellular system from the list of even possible methods of imprisonment.

Next in order, and superior in severity, are the Bagnes; originally rowing vessels and galleys. The Bagnes now are places

where "prisoners are confided to the triple care of walls, chains, and the strictest surveillance." Prior to the institution of these former pandemoniums, there was nothing between simple imprisonment for life and the punishment of death; and even now they immediately precede that sentence as the last degree of living punishments. Branded with hot irons on the shoulders, under Charles VII., with nose, tongue, ears, and lips, slit; the "sorcerer, the blasphemer, the forger, the bankrupt, the assassin, the poacher, and the smuggler," mixed up together; even so late as 1818, chained immoveably to their seats, decimated by death, and almost all struck with hideous diseases; tortured, and the tariff of the executioner's dues fixed by written and declared regulations—one price for hanging, another for burning alive, another for breaking on the wheel, mutilation, etc., etc.; the executioner, to whom large latitude of time and additional cruelties was allowed, being one of the *forçats* himself;—such was the condition of the *forçats* of the Bagnes, a gang whose name was synonymous with every human vice, and from which no man could come out undefiled or worthy of the name of man; yet to which, in the time of the Empire, five hundred prisoners of war would be sent at once; and which, in the days of the Restoration, was reinforced by the beaten political party of La Loire. They are somewhat changed in the present day, but still far from what they should be, or might become, under a humanizing and moral discipline. There are three Bagnes—Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort; and their average population is from 7000 to 8000.

Formerly, the journey to the Bagne was made on foot. A file of *forçats*, sometimes as many as 200, called the Chain, was heavily ironed at Bicêtre. Their irons consisted of a collar rivetted round the neck, from which hung a heavy chain as low as the waist, whence it was taken to the collar of the next *forçat*, and so on to the last of the file; by this means all were literally chained together. This terrible procession was commanded by the captain of the chain, as he was called, accompanied by volunteer officers and a physician, and by the gendarmerie of the various localities through which they passed. If they took in additional prisoners by the way, they were called "*chaines volantes*," with the addition of "*cordon*," and the name of the town which furnished them; such as, Cordon Lyons, Cordon Nantes, etc. Their stages were short, and they slept in granaries and stables on fresh straw.

At present, and ever since 1836, the *forçats* are conveyed to the Bagnes in "*voitures cellulaires*," where each *forçat* has a little box to himself. But they do not always quite answer. M. Alhoy's testimony runs thus:—"I am yet examining into facts, to see if this progress is not rather a return towards those

times of torture which reason and humanity condemn. The *voiture cellulaire* is rarely an inviolable ark ; it is always a place of torture ; sometimes it is a tomb." As soon as the prisoner is installed at the Bagne, he loses his character as a man and becomes simply a number ; his head is shaven and he is loaded with chains. His wardrobe is composed of two shirts of coarse unbleached linen ; of a long red waistcoat of very common woollen, without collar or buttons ; of two pairs of large trousers, like either the waistcoat or the shirt, according to the season ; of a woollen cap, with his number on a little tin plate, red for those condemned only for a certain time, green for those condemned for life ; finally, of a pair of heavy nailed shoes. These clothes must last him two years, and are *never changed*, not even when soaked with rain, or when he himself is bathed in perspiration from his hard work. His irons are,—first, "*la manille*," a thick ring round one of his legs, above the ankle, and firmly rivetted ;—second, "*la chaîne particulière*," a heavy chain fastened to the manille and the hook of the leathern waistband which he wears ; the links of this chain are oval, large, and heavy ; formerly a ball—"the bullet"—was added, to make walking more difficult and painful ;—third, "*la chaîne d'accouplement*," which binds him to a fellow-prisoner ; this is fourteen pounds in weight, and has eighteen large links, and is fastened to the manille. Lastly, at night, there is a ring called "*ramas*," affixed to the common bed, into which are passed the chains of all the *forçats* in the same row. M. Lepelletier condemns the inhumanity of the present system of ironing, but upholds the system itself, "as offering the most powerful means of intimidation," continually reminding the guilty of their "condition, and the difficulties of flight." He would lessen the present weight of the chains, abolish the "coupling" chain, and by degrees uniron those whose good conduct entitled them to trust and respect ; but he would retain irons, *per se*, in his armoury of punishments.

At five in summer, at six in winter, the firing of a cannon, the bell of the Bagne, and the whistle of the superintendent, successively give the signal for work. On leaving the prison, each man is searched, and his irons well looked to ; when from 16 to 24 are put under the care of one guard, who leads them to their work in the port. These are "great and small fatigue." *La grande fatigue* consists of drawing trucks (*la traction des charettes*) and rowing heavy boats, performing the hardest work of, besides cleaning, the port,—all in the open air, and during the most inclement or the most oppressive seasons. This labour is generally performed by the life convicts, or the unruly ones : those who would formerly have been chained immovable to their benches. *La petite fatigue* consists of work done under

cover, in warehouses, on board ship amongst the sails and cordage, etc. The convict on this list receives from 5 to 20 centimes a day (from $\frac{1}{4}$ d. to 2d.), of which the government retains a third; half of what is left being given as a *masse de réserve* when he is freed, the other half deposited with the *maire* of his *commune*. Our author is somewhat enthusiastic on the easy life of these men condemned to "*les travaux forcés*." He ridicules the idea of their work being hard or painful, or they themselves discontented or turbulent. They go, he says, to their work calmly, without constraint and without bad humour; 16 to 24 men accompanied by only one guard with a loaded *carabine* on his shoulder; this "inoffensive and brave '*garde*,' tranquilly seated, his *carabine* between his legs, and assuredly more crushed under the torpor of ennui than they under the weight of labour. When they walk even slowly and without fatigue, no harsh word, no bad treatment, hastens their movements, or renders their task onerous and painful." In fine, the *forçats* are, he says, less badly off than solitary confinement or the *Maisons Centrales* would have made them, and less hard worked than the generality of free *ouvriers*.

At Brest, there is a kind of bazaar of articles made by the *forçats*, and sold by some of the better conducted. These are men who have passed into the *salle d'épreuve*, of which we spoke before. They are better treated than the ordinary convict in every respect. Their food includes fresh meat once a week; while the ordinary *forçat* has only bread and beans, or biscuit and *haricots*, and not enough of these. Indeed, many of them positively suffer from hunger. Those who receive funds from their families may certainly buy any luxuries they like, *éprouvé* or not; but they are the exceptions.

They go to bed at eight o'clock; five or six hundred in one dormitory. Twenty-five benches in a line—like *lits de camp*, back to back, and called "*tollards*"—accommodate, on each bench, twenty-four convicts, twelve in a row, lying on an inclined plane. Each man has a coverlet of coarse grey woollen; and to each his particular number of inches is rigorously marked out. When laid down, all the chains of one row are fastened to the *ramas*, and the whistle of the guardian gives the signal of sleep and silence. But, as none of these poor wretches can stir without every one in the row feeling it—as a "*rondier*" goes the rounds all through the night, tapping with a hammer at the bars of the *grilles* as he passes, to see that they have not been tampered with—as very many complain, and often the turnkeys swear—one can understand what kind of sleep the whistle of the superintendent signals to the unhardened!

Not only guards and turnkeys, but spies among themselves, keep the *forçat* population in good order. But, when once the

spy is known, "the wet dock for him" (*gare à lui*)! He is either thrown into the sea, or crushed beneath a mass of stones, or secretly stabbed by one to whom the lot had fallen to do the job: one way or another, he is sure to be got rid of. Religious and moral care left entirely out of the *forçat's* daily life; his own moral condition, if slightly improved from the terrible traditions of the past, yet still in a fearfully low state; his life a life of toil, of vices without name, of hopelessness, and evil; his death the simple wiping out of a number from the superintendent's books; no loving sorrow for the time that, with its affections and its duties, is ebbing away; no hope, no joy, no surety, in the dread eternity that is rushing on—a poor worn wretch, bowed down with guilt and pain, sullenly quitting this world to stand before a righteous God;—such is the life, and such the death, of a *forçat* of the *Bagne*—of the man whose sins have given his brother man the power to crush all light and virtue and humanity out of him. The *Bagnes* are now in a state of temporary suspension, while transportation is under trial. We trust, contrary to M. Lepelletier, that they will not be continued on the chance of a better system of regulation. Such as they are and have been, let them pass from the penal code of France for ever. The traditions of so much hideous evil hang too closely round them to render their reinstatement wholesome. The failures of the past are best swept clean away, and new systems and new names adopted for the needs of the future.

Banishment stands, after death, the highest in the scale of severity for political offences. Of this there are two kinds: the first, banishment within fortifications—as to the Valley of *Vaïthau* in the island of *Tahuata*, one of the *Marquesas*, for those who would formerly have been condemned to death; the second, simple banishment to a certain spot, without fortifications or material appliances of imprisonment—as to the Valley of *Taïohaé*, in the island of *Noukahiva*, also one of the *Marquesas*. The first sentence includes total civil degradation; the second allows the exercise of civil rights in the place of banishment. But banishment has hitherto been rather a theoretic than a practical law. On the 20th December 1851, there certainly were three men sentenced by the Lyons Council of War to banishment, together with their wives and families. They were to be sent to *Taïohaé*, the station second in degree of severity. After a voyage of five months and a half duration, they anchored in the Bay of *Taïohaé*, where they were received with the greatest kindness by the missionaries and officials. They cost the State 150,000 fr. (L.6000) the first year; and, after a short sojourn, the Emperor "gave them the hope of return;" and by this time,

perhaps, they and their wives and families are sailing back to France again. Banishment may pass, then, as a written, not an actual, law of punishment. It is a legal luxury, a penal gentillesse, that reads very well on paper, but is in fact null.

Transportation, with hard labour, is intended to supersede the Bagnes. This too has been but an experiment, of which the following is the chief instance:—

On the 31st of March 1852, a ship-load of forçats, 311 in number, sailed from Brest for French Guiana. In less than five months seventeen merchant vessels had followed, carrying materials for the convict colony. Huts, a steam saw-mill, tools of all kinds, instruments, a sumptuous wardrobe, luxurious sleeping appurtenances, including mosquito curtains, a perfectly stocked pharmacopeia, and other luxuries of civilized life, made up their freight. A large number of guards, sisters of charity, doctors, surgeons, assistants, priests, and others, were appointed to the personal service of the prisoners; and, as a final provision of success, only picked men were chosen for the expedition—the strongest and the best behaved men to be found in the prisons of France. Moreover, they were joined at the Antilles by sixty black prisoners, associated with the expedition for the express purpose of doing such labour as the white man could not perform. It should not be forgotten that the dietary table included fresh meat, milk, vegetables, etc., etc.; in fact, such a dietary table as is not always in use in the houses of the well-to-do bourgeoisie. On the 10th of May, then, this trial convoy disembarked at the Salutation Islands, and the experiment commenced.

The first governor, M. Sarda Garriga, was soon recalled. His philanthropic zeal and reformatory extremes did not suit the public at home. Originally, it had been decreed that the convicts should have the power of marrying, so as to create for them “the family,” to which social condition so much moral influence is due. M. Sarda Garriga went beyond the general interpretation of the authorizing clause, which, according to most, only allowed the *family already existing* to settle in the colony near the convict husband, or reserved the right of marriage for the free, or the provisionally freed. Amongst his first acts was a project for making a road between the Silver Mountain, where the male prisoners were lodged, to the Coumarouma Mountain opposite, destined for the female prisoners, so as to permit “des relations fréquentes entre les condamnés des deux sexes, pour arriver aux unions qui doivent achever de réhabiliter nos transportés en leur créant une famille.” This was an after-thought on his first plan of installing the wives of the convicts on the Coumarouma Mountain. He also allowed plays, fête-

days, triumphal arches, etc.—doubtless of great individual use, but not according to the notion of penal discipline generally. M. Fourrichon, the new governor, soon changed all that; and the convict colony of Guiana was in full activity on its new system. By May 1853, 2146 convicts were dispersed among the various stations, of whom 711 were in hospital when that year's report was sent home; and, though the health of the current month was reported *good*, there had been thirty-seven deaths. M. Lélut, speaking of this report, said truly, that Guiana “was no penal, but rather a death colony!” It was a difficult undertaking altogether. M. le Commissary-General expressed himself thus:—

“ Calmer les inquiétudes et dissiper les préventions des habitants : installer sur la terre ferme cette population des bagnes rendue à l'air et à l'espace ; voilà deux grandes tâches à remplir ; ce n'est rien moins que la colonisation de ce beau pays, aujourd'hui vaste désert, à reprendre à nouveau sur de nouvelles bases. La position du gouvernement locale dans la Guyane est plus difficile qu'elle n'a jamais été, car il s'agit tout à la fois de rendre à la vie une colonie agonisante et de créer une colonie pénale. Le secours actuel le plus nécessaire pour cet établissement est celui d'une police énergique et bien centralisée.”

M. le contre-amiral Fourrichon soon sent home a statement, that the establishment on the Silver Mountain had not realized the advantages anticipated, and that henceforth Haut-Oyapok was to be the principal point, the Silver Mountain being kept only as a poste de transition. This change was to cost only two thousand francs, and no other expenses were to be incurred. In the month of July, he said (this statement was sent home in April), a hundred prisoners would be employed on the Haut-Oyapok works; by the end of August, three hundred. Health, condition, moral as well as social, productive labour,—all were to be placed on the highest possible point of development by this change in the scene of action; and “if,” says M. Fourrichon, “the experiment does not succeed, at least we must not blame local circumstances.”

By May, forty-nine convicts are at Oyapok; by June, eighty-eight; with the confession, that “unforeseen difficulties” retarded the progress of this establishment, backed up by details of revolts, flights, murders of convicts by each other, shootings of convicts attempting to escape by the guards, etc., etc. In September M. Fourrichon was recalled, after six months' experiments and non-success. M. Bonard succeeded him. The report of January 1854 announces almost a general revolt of the convicts, “stirred up thereto by the political prisoners;” and the report of April, a new search after the definitive resting-place of

the penal colony. This time it was the vast plateau of Cacao, the lower lands being given up altogether as incapable of European labour. On this plain of Cacao blacks were obliged to be employed in the first labours of trenching and digging the foundations for the new establishment; and a lucky discovery, that lime could be made from shell-sand, obviated the necessity *there had been of sending to France for limestone*. In other stations, too, free blacks were employed at the rate of 1 fr. 25 cent. a day, and food; it being found utterly impossible to employ European labour without openly avowing it was a species of legalised murder. Out of all the convicts sent in the two years and three months during which this colony had been tried, only 2550 remained in August 1854, with an average of twenty deaths a month. The result of their labours also was sent home, in the shape of a small sample of coffee, "the whole of that year's gathering;" and the weary confession, that without a grated and closed prison there was no labour, no health, and no discipline possible. Flights were frequent: in the year 1854 forty-one escaped from the Silver Mountain alone, seventeen of whom were not recaptured; and in one attempted evasion there had been bloodshed and loss of life. On the whole, the penal colony of Guiana is proved a mistake—a costly, deplorable, deadly mistake. Undertaken in too irrational excess of philanthropy; carried on under the fearful odds of climate and physical impossibilities; proposed now to be converted into the worst form of *bagne* or hulks, Guiana has added another to the long list of penitentiary failures which impoverish a state, demoralize men, and recruit a class they are meant to abolish. Let it be remembered too—what M. Lepelletier passes over very lightly—that most of the Cayenne transports are *political* prisoners; that some are mere children—youths, in the first fever of life, whose crime was an exalted imagination and a strong political belief; that these, often well-born, innocent, and honourable men and lads, are sent to herd with the veritable criminal forçat, in a climate which kills off Europeans almost as rapidly as an epidemic in a city; and then we can judge, even more clearly than by the statements above, what a weight of judicial crime hangs over France for its convict colony of Guiana. Add, too, the expense of this fatal experiment—valued at about 4,245,000 fr. a year—and think what a costly grave France has dug beneath the tropics for her misguided thinkers and her criminal actors!

The punishment of death—the last in the scale of modern punishments—is comparatively of rare occurrence in France, excepting for parricide; which includes the assassination, effective or attempted, of the *chef d'état*, and of a priest. M. Lepelletier

would still hold to these exceptions, but outside these, he characterizes capital punishment as "unjust, immoral, and excessive;" concluding his section on that subject with offering, as the crowning point of the new system of prison discipline, "*l'abolition définitive de la peine de mort.*" But not yet, nor till the penal question has undergone thorough revision.

Passing to the moral appliances of punishment, M. Lepelletier, above all, urges the necessity of work;¹ manufactures for some, for others field labour. He ridicules the idea of flight or "armed revolt," in setting convicts to work in the fields, armed with spades and pickaxes. And so far as the experiment has been tried, and wherever it has been tried, the evil effects predicted by the simply punitive school have not been realised. A strict classification of agricultural and manufacturing criminals—not setting one to do the work of the other, but employing each in the manner best suited to him and most profitable to him hereafter,—“would found one of the best penitentiary institutions, with the immense advantage of satisfying all needs and conciliating all interests.” Mettray and the prison at Berne have no walls. The young criminals of the first, and the adults of the second, work in the fields guarded by a very few armed guards; and from both these establishments flights are more possible, and more rarely attempted, than in our strictest stone and iron gaols. Careful instruction, both secular and religious, and that instruction made pleasant and enticing, complete the rapid sketch of the moral agents which M. Lepelletier would use for the regeneration of his convicts.

After liberation, he would both institute patronage, and do away entirely with the surveillance of the high police, which we have seen M. Bonneville still hold by. This surveillance, and the award of “degrading” punishments, he sets down as the causes of the increasing number of recommitments, by the “signalement” which they give to all the world that such and such a man has been condemned; the consequence being the natural re-

¹ The basis of all true prison discipline is work, remunerating and self-supporting. The tread-wheel, labour-machines (which do nothing but fatigue the prisoner),—all work that is punitive only, and not productive, is worse than useless; but all work that has an object, is the most valuable agent the prison reformer has. In this the French are before us. They have more varied, more amusing, more interesting and intelligent labour among their convicts than we. Intelligent and remunerative labour was the secret of Captain Maconochie's successful management of the Norfolk Island convicts. While unremunerative and simply punitive labour occasions “malingering,” insubordination, mental depression, and physical sickness, work that has an object and a reward with it, will keep in good order and good condition the most refractory and the least robust of the whole establishment. This experiment has been tried again and again, and never varied in its results; yet still simply punitive labour is the rule of our county prisons, and still the cry goes on against self-supporting prisons, as interfering with the rights of free labour.

pulsion of every honest man to employ or associate with any one thus "fietri." A "solemn, judicial, and public rehabilitation," after the expiry of his sentence—not after a period of probation, as formerly, but immediately on the fulfilment of his sentence—our author demands, as the justice which vindicated law and satisfied society owe to the convict who has paid his debt. Holding crime in the same rank as disease, he would have punishment curative; and when the cure was effected he would throw off all the trappings and appurtenances of the disease. His punishments would be "just, proportioned, equal to all, prompt, certain, immediate, exemplary, expiatory, moralising, never degrading, and finally leading to the regeneration and rehabilitation of the condemned." So that all continuous action of punishment, like the *peines infamantes*, carrying the effects of a sentence beyond the term of that sentence, he would abolish as both demoralising and illogical; in which view he is assuredly borne out by facts as well as by reasoning. His scale of punishments he graduates thus:—

1. Irons and *travaux forcés* for life for regicides and parricides, with the infliction of the double chain; that is, "if the generosity of the legislature is so sublime as to deliver them from the last punishment" (death). These, too, are to be isolated, apart from all the rest. For every other crime irons are to be only from five to twenty years; recommitments to have that time doubled.
2. The penal colony (*séclusion*), from five to ten years. Irons to be used here only in cases of repression.
3. The agricultural colony for young offenders, and for adults on the way of reformation, who have been already proved in other establishments. For the young, up to their 20th year; for adults, from three to five years.
4. The correctional prison, with less real punishment, and more liberty than the others; from a month to five years.
5. Legal reparation, including monetary restitution and public apology in cases of insult, etc.
6. Privation of political, civil, or family rights; from two to ten years.
7. Lock-up houses (*les maisons d'arrêt*); from five days to a month.
7. Fines, from 1 fr. to 200 fr.

This, we think, closes the practical suggestions of M. Lepelletier's book; in which it is easy to see a totally different spirit, though with the same end in view as his predecessor, M. Bonneville. The one, overflowing with pity for fallen humanity, would carry his philanthropy almost into flattery, if thereby he could gain converts; the other, treating crime as a disease, yet sometimes retains flashes of the old punitive school, as in his irons

for life and isolation for the parricide, and in his meaningless and valueless short term sentences. But both—writing at such a long interval one from the other, during which, too, so much has been said and written and attempted in other countries, if not in France, for the moralisation of the criminal classes,—both show what a lamentable state the question still is in, and how little real advance has been made towards its satisfactory arrangement. Our own costly and fatal Model Prisons; the even more fatal and more costly experiment of Guiana; the failure of the Maisons Centrales; the awful state of our Convict Colonies; the unsatisfactory working of the Ticket-of-Leave System; the unsatisfactory result generally of the Punitive System here and in France,—all ought to have opened the eyes of men in authority, long ere this, to the value of the only rational principles on which punishment can be based, namely, self-support, and the enlisting of each criminal's efforts in the working out of his own reformation. In vain have Captain Maconochie, Mr Hill, and Mr Pearson, spoken and written and acted and proved;—in vain have the glorious lessons of success been read from the various reformatories for youthful offenders, undertaken by private benevolence;—the old principles are retained in all new State undertakings, and men are still punished merely for the sake of punishment, while no rational efforts are made for their reformation. Still, too, are prisons regulated on military rules, which are just the reverse of those which make a man independent, self-supporting, and self-reliant; and prison special discipline is still regarded as the most important thing to be maintained, without reference to the future life outside.

The truth is, men are afraid of any sweeping reform; and without a sweeping reform, including not only the internal discipline of the prison, but the whole system of criminal jurisprudence, not much good will be done. And further off—beyond the proximate causes of crime, striking down to the material condition of the poor, to their intellectual advancement and their moral training—must the real criminal reformer carry his reform.

Still, the question is stirring both here and in France; and, though not to any solid utility as yet, it is nevertheless active, present to men's minds, and not forgotten in their deeds. In time, after painful failures and weary gropings in the dark, we must come out into the light of truth and common sense. No human question can go backward; it must eventually progress. So that, saddened as we may be by the long list of mistakes and failures which meet us everywhere in the past and present, we may yet continue to hope for the ultimate establishment, in the future, of the best and truest systems in sociology as well as in the physical sciences.

- ART. IV.—1. *A Glance at the Interior of China, Obtained during a Journey through the Silk and Green Tea Countries.* By W. H. MEDHURST, D.D. London: Snow, 1850.
2. *A Residence among the Chinese: Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea.* By ROBERT FORTUNE, Honorary Member of the Agri-Hort. Society of India, Author of "Three Years' Wanderings in China," etc. London: Murray, 1857.

ABOUT the end of 1813, a young man, plainly dressed, but of thoughtful and earnest look, entered the Sabbath school-rooms of Southgate Congregational Chapel, Gloucester, and said to one of the teachers, "Have you anything to do for me here? I want to teach some children." He gave his name as Walter Henry Medhurst. Born in London in 1796, Medhurst had been taken to Gloucester when fourteen years of age, and apprenticed to a printer. For some time he seems to have led a somewhat thoughtless life: theatre-going, and other profitless, if not pernicious amusements, engrossed all his spare time. At the request of a brother, he had agreed to spend one Sabbath evening in Southgate chapel. The text for the evening was, "A brand plucked from the burning;" and, during the discourse, one thought and another of his own likeness to the earnest preacher's vivid descriptions of character, laid their firm grasp on young Medhurst's soul. A time of spiritual crisis had come unsought for. The power of the higher life had entered the youth's heart, and his strong will was enlisted on the side of good against evil. The earnest question in the Sabbath school, "Have you anything for me to do here?" finds its explanation in the presence of the new life in the soul of the printer's lad. Medhurst could not long continue idle. The thought of a life-time of earnest work had been before him in the years of his folly, and the same thought passed with him over the threshold into the kingdom of God. There was much deep moral and spiritual darkness prevailing in many of the villages around Gloucester. There was work which he thought might be attempted by him; and, with characteristic earnestness and zeal, he set about doing it "with his might." In some small Congregational chapel, in some mean cottage, or, in summer, by the wayside, and under the shadow of the hedgerow trees, he discoursed, to the rude company that gathered around him, of those grand truths which had thrown their living power over his own soul, and set him apart for work in behalf of others. He had learned what Lord Bacon calls "the real end and use of all knowledge—the dedication of that reason

which is given us by God to the use and advantage of man."

While he laboured at "whatsoever his hand found to do"—printing diligently on week days, and preaching as diligently on Sabbath—the stirring letters of Morrison and Milne, the Chinese missionaries, inoculated him with the strong desire to devote himself to the work of God in the East. An opportunity soon presented itself. His eye fell on an advertisement by the directors of the London Missionary Society for a printer, to be associated with the Malacca Mission. Medhurst offered, and was accepted. His love of preaching went with him to the Malayan Archipelago, and he was very soon as earnestly engaged in it as he was with his printing press. The sagacious Milne soon saw that they had among them a man full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom—one who had been called to the ministry by the great Head of the Church Himself; and, in 1819, the printer's apprentice was ordained by Milne to the work of the ministry.

Medhurst laboured with great zeal for twenty-two years in Batavia; and when Shanghae was opened to foreigners in 1842, he was appointed to that station, where he continued till September last year, when, wasted but not weary, enfeebled in body but strong in spirit, he left it, in the hope of meeting health on the sea, or amid the green fields around his beloved Gloucester. But he returned to die. He landed on the 22d of January, and on the 24th of the same month his soul quietly passed from the enfeebled body into the presence of Him who was waiting with the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Medhurst may be regarded as another in that long and noble list of self-educated men, which, in our day, has had so many great names added to it; and as another illustration, among many, of the fact that, notwithstanding what foreigners call "the exclusive caste-characteristics of English society," there is no country in the world in which devotion to some great principle, and absorbing earnestness in realizing some grand design, are so sure to lead to name and fame as in Britain. When the printer's lad left the workshop in Gloucester, he had received but a meagre education; yet, before he had spent many years in missionary work, he had become the most eminent Chinese scholar of his day: he had made great attainments in the knowledge of the Javanese and Malayan languages, and was an able Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholar.

In 1845, Dr Medhurst went on a journey through the silk and green tea countries, and he has left us a record of this in the book which stands at the head of this article—"A Glance at the Interior of China." Some gleanings from this book will give

our readers a somewhat correct description of the "central flowery land," and its, to us, odd inhabitants.

In the opening sections of his volume, the missionary describes the articles of dress which a foreigner, intending to visit "the interior," as he did, should purchase. The articles of a Chinaman's wardrobe are exceedingly picturesque; and we now find that the figures, at which we have so often smiled, painted on vessels of old porcelain, are veritable portraits of the true Chinaman. The word pictures of adventurous travellers, and the ready pencil sketches of European artists, have made us familiar with the personal appearance of the Chinese gentleman. He stands before us in his *p'haoú*, or loose robe of silk, reaching from his collar of blue satin or velvet down to his ankles. We see his *mà kwá*, or cloth jacket, fastened in front with the ornamental buttons; and when he is introduced to us on occasions of state or ceremony, he has on the longer, more loose, and more expensive *waé t'háou*, or outer dress-coat. Then there are the grotesque shoes, which Medhurst tells us "are awkward in the extreme; for not only are the soles made so thick that they never give to the feet in walking, but they are curled upwards towards the toe, so that the front part of the person's foot is much higher than the hinder part, and he is in danger of falling backwards. This is, according to a Chinese rule, of almost universal application, viz., that of doing every thing the contrary way to other nations; for while we raise the heel of a shoe, and depress the toe, they do exactly the opposite." We are inclined to think, that this rule of contraries in Chinese habits, throws much more light on them than the volumes of speculation which have been written on the history of that strange people, and which trace up their present social peculiarities to an antiquity in which Noah himself was yet alive, and the gopher wood of the ark was still lying uninjured on the lofty peaks of Ararat! This dress, so absurd-looking in the eye of an Englishman, seems to be neither awkward nor uncomfortable to its wearers. It harmonizes well with their olive complexions, their broad bare brows, high boned and wide cheeks, soft eyes, and long cues. The Chinese hat, too, indicates the character of the head that wears it. For example, "the round-crowned hat of broadcloth or satin, stiffened with pasteboard, with its brim turned up in a slanting direction all round," and projecting before and behind, like those at present worn on fairer heads among ourselves, tells, by its knob of twisted silk, that its wearer thinks a good deal of himself, and wishes to give out that he is well to do in the world. Sometimes the knob is seen replaced by a button of bright brass or sparkling crystal, or the soft-gleaming lapis lazuli; and each of them proclaims the learned attainments of its wearer.

The Chinese differ as much from Europeans in their mode of eating as in other things. The chopstick seems to have been invented for the education of the young Chinaman in patience and perseverance. It appears next to impossible that any hungry man, except one greatly exercised in these social graces, should be able to sit patiently down to this weary work of chopstick and rice. They begin their feasts with wine, and it would be held a breach of all good breeding to return to it after the rice. Dr Medhurst, referring to the Chinese table, says—

“The viands to be met with on a journey into the interior of China, and particularly in mountainous and unfrequented parts, are not of the most exquisite and delicate description; so that a person at all delicate about his food had better not enter upon the experiment. Of beef and beer he must take his leave immediately he quits the vicinity of Europeans; but of pork and samshoo he will have abundance, if he has got money to pay for them. The staple article on a Chinese table is rice, sometimes white and sometimes red; but always in sufficient quantity to satisfy the craving of the appetite. In order to tempt rice down, the Chinese employ various condiments; the most common of which is pulse jelly, whitened and rendered solid by a mixture of gypsum. The writer remembers attending in London on a geological lecture, when, hearing the lecturer descant upon the properties of gypsum, he ventured to observe, that the substance referred to was used as an article of food by the Chinese. Whereupon the learned lecturer lifted up his hands, with pity and astonishment, lamenting that the necessaries of life should be so dear and scarce in that country, that the inhabitants are under the necessity of eating stones; in which sentiment all present cordially sympathized. Subsequently, however, the writer visited a gypsum quarry in the north of England, and, on asking the owner of it what they did with so much gypsum, received for answer, that a large quantity of it was sent to the Durham mustard-makers, and not a little to the London pastry-cooks; so that the ladies and gentlemen who pity the Chinese for eating stones, have probably, on more occasions than one, had to eat of the like.”

Whoever first brought out, or afterwards elaborated, the doctrinal elements of Buddhism, must have been, by head and shoulders at least, both morally and intellectually superior to the people among whom the religion of Buddha was first promulgated. They must, moreover, have had a very thorough understanding of the tendencies to moral and social disorganization at work among the people. What are called “The Shih-keae,” or ten prohibitions of Buddha, illustrate this. In several of the temples Dr Medhurst found these ten commandments hung up:—1st, Against killing animals. 2d, Against theft. 3d, Against adultery. 4th, Falsehood. 5th, Discord. 6th, Railing. 7th, Idle talk. 8th, Coyetousness. 9th, Envy. And, 10th, Heresy. Scattered over the Gandjour, or eight hundred volumes of the

verbal instructions of Buddha, are found many more precepts, whose morality bear witness to higher moral attainments on the part of their author, or authors, than prevailed among the three millions of people who soon yielded themselves to Buddhist claims. These precepts all deal with tendencies and common characteristics of social and domestic disease. But, as the roots of these are deep down in the hearts of the poor devotees, all the broken rays of something like a true light, which the great ones whom God sends among all nations come to believe in, and to try to gather into one, fail—however applied—to influence for good; because they can never, in these circumstances, be seen streaming from the person of a True One as a centre. They cannot lead our fallen humanity out of the gross darkness of sin; they cannot make men equal to an effective struggle against it; they cannot lead to what Coleridge so powerfully describes as—“a true efficient conviction of a moral truth—the creating of a new heart, which collects the energies of a man’s whole being in the focus of the conscience.” All this can come only in one way—in the gift of the Spirit of Life, whose dealing is with the conscience, through the written word. And thus the high importance of every movement having for its object the circulation of the Scriptures among those foreign nations, which have been chosen as fields of missionary enterprise. God has chosen this as the means by which He again puts Himself in communication with the souls of men. Thus, Romanism has failed in all her missionary endeavours among the Chinese. She may indeed have baptized many sleeping infants by stealth,—she may have made the sign of the cross over many in the hospital or the sick-room, and have, by commending her claims to the sinful features of the heathen, have made many professed disciples; but she has not laid the pure word of the true God alongside of the consciences of her converts, and her victories have been nothing more than compromises between her superstitions concerning the name of Christ, and the superstitions of the degraded heathens among whom she has sent her missionaries. She has baptized their heathenism—repeated the old story of turning the statue of Jupiter into an image of the apostle Peter. It is curious to notice her opinion of a mode of missionary endeavour, in which Protestantism must ever find the explanation of its success. “The Methodist ministers,” says M. Huc, late missionary apostolic in China, “who lie in ambush in all the five ports open to Europeans, having remarked that the prodigious quantity of Bibles furtively scattered along the shores of the empire have not proved remarkably efficacious in working the conversion of the Chinese, have at last given up this harmless and useless system of propagandism. They seem convinced now that bales even of well-bound and cautiously distributed Bibles, will

not make much impression on the Chinese nation, and they have lost some of their faith in the miraculous effect of this measure."

The conscious helplessness of the Chinese to walk by the higher precepts and principles contained even in the dogmas of Taou, Buddha, and Confucius, and the tendency to make this realized sense of inability an excuse for their neglect of their own religions, are vividly brought out in a legend in high favour among the Chinese.

"In the course of conversation this day," writes Dr Medhurst, "the guide related an old story. Formerly, he said, Confucius, Laou-Keun, and Buddha, the founders of the three sects of religion professed in China, were talking together, in fairy land, of the want of success which attended their doctrines in the world, and proposed a descent into those sublunary regions, to see if they were right-minded persons, who might be commissioned to awaken the age. After travelling for some days through town and country with little success, they came at length to a desert place, where the smoke of human habitations was not visible. The three sages, being wearied with their journey, looked about for some place where they might quench their thirst, when suddenly they espied a fountain, and an old man sitting by to guard it. They concluded that they had better ask him for a little drink, and consulted together on whom the task should fall of soliciting the favour. Come, said the other two to Buddha, your priests are in the habit of begging, you had better go forward and obtain permission to drink of the fountain. Buddha accordingly advanced and put in his petition. The old man asked, Who are you? I am, replied he, Shikyamuni, who formerly appeared in the west. Oh! you are the celebrated Buddha, then, of whom I have heard so much; you have the reputation of being a good man, and I cannot refuse you a draught of water; but you must first answer me a question, which, if you can do, you may have as much water as you please; but if not, you must go away empty. What is it? said Buddha. Why, said the old man, you Buddhists constantly affirm that men are equal, and admit neither of high nor of low; how is it, then, that in your monasteries you have different degrees, viz., abbots, priests, and noviciates? Buddha could not answer, and was obliged to retire. The sages then deputed Laou-Keun to go and ask for water, who, on coming up to the old man, was asked his name. I am Laou-Keun, was the reply, Oh! the founder of the Taou sect, said the old man; I have heard a good account of you; but you must answer me a question, or you can get no water. What is it? Pray announce it. Why, you Taoists talk about the elixir of immortality, have you such a thing? Yes, said Laou-Keun, it is the partaking of this that has rendered me immortal. Well then, said the old man, why did you not give a little to your own father, and prevent his decease? Laou-Keun could not reply, and was obliged to retire, saying to Confucius, Come, brother, you must try your skill, for I can make nothing of the old man. Confucius, therefore, advanced with the same request. And who are you? said the ancient.

I am K'hùng-chúng-nê, of the Loo country, said he. Oh! the celebrated Confucius, the sage of China; I have heard of your discourses on filial piety, but how is it that you do not act up to them? You say, 'When parents are alive, do not wander far; and if you do, have some settled place of abode;' why then have you strayed away to this uninhabited region? Confucius was unable to reply, and retired. Upon this, the three worthies consulted together about this old man, and came to the conclusion that, as he was such an intelligent man, they could not light upon a better individual to revive their doctrines, and spread them through the world. They therefore came to him with the above-named proposition. But the old man replied, with a smile, Gentlemen, you do not seem to know who or what I am. It is the upper part of me only that is flesh and blood, the lower part is stone; I can talk about virtue, but not follow it out. This the sages found was the character of all mankind, and, in despair of reforming the world, returned to the aerial regions."—MEDHURST, p. 50.

Thus can they make their very sense of moral impotence a subject of ridicule. Nevertheless, there are abundant evidences that the labours of the missionary and the Christian philanthropist are beginning to tell on the national mind. Even in 1845, when Dr Medhurst set out on his journey into the Interior, this was evident, and many recent events go to prove the same thing. The account which Medhurst gives of his guide, introduces us to a class which, there is good reason to believe, is greatly on the increase.

"The writer was fortunate in meeting with a man who combined the qualities of daring and caution in an eminent degree. He was adventurous enough to undertake the business, and yet sagacious enough to perceive every slight appearance of danger, and to avoid it. He would venture through crowded places with his charge, and yet scrutinize the countenances of individuals at every stopping-place. He was fully alive to the danger he ran, and yet, for the sake of the object he had in view, willing to encounter it. The way in which he came to undertake the business was as follows:—Having heard, at the city of Hang-chow, of the arrival of foreign teachers at the newly opened ports, and seen some of their publications, he determined to make their acquaintance, and, on his arrival at Shanghai, called on the writer. There was something peculiar in his manner, which could not fail to strike at a first interview; a solidity and earnestness, an apparent sincerity, which excited an unwonted interest in him. Subsequent opportunities of conversing with him, tended to increase that impression, and a peculiar friendship sprang up between the writer and his future fellow-traveller. Listening to the doctrines of Christianity, he fancied he could trace some resemblance between them and the dogmas of his spiritual guide, to whom he paid great deference. On inquiry, it was found that the instructor to whom he referred was a very enlightened Chinese, who had extracted all that was good from the Confucian, and other systems within his reach, with reference to

the Supreme Being, and the purification of the heart. The old gentleman alluded to had compiled a number of essays, which contained many good things, and, what with one system and another, a scheme was got up which far surpassed any that had hitherto been culled from native sources. Our new acquaintance had conceived the idea, that, if he could effect an interview between the compiler of these essays and the preacher of foreign doctrines, he could get them to agree; and, while the one brought an element, which China did not possess, of spiritual and experimental godliness, the other would assist in clothing such ideas in the best possible language, and thus present and future ages be benefited. His teacher, however, was old, and could not travel; what then was to be done? The writer proposed a solution, and offered to go and see the Chinese reformer. This, after some deliberation, was acceded to; and the parties agreed to start on a given day, as friends, and without any self-interested object. Having seen something of the habits and manner of life of Christians, the Chinese guide had conceived a favourable idea of the gospel: he believed that there was only one Supreme God, that Moses was His lawgiver, and that Jesus Christ was a true sage, who had suffered much for the benefit of mankind; but his ideas were still very confused on many important topics, and he needed to learn which be the first principles of the oracles of God. He belonged, however, to a school of superior men, and had been accustomed to exercise his mind in deep reflection. It was thought, therefore, that by a visit to his usual abode and fellow-disciples, something might be done towards benefiting the individual, and paving the way for the introduction of the gospel into Central China."—MEDHURST, p. 36.

Leaving out of view, for the present, the route over which our travellers passed, before they arrived at Këang-se, the residence of the author of the essays referred to in the preceding extract, we will notice the impressions made on Dr Medhurst in his intercourse with the old man:—

"April 23–28.—These days were spent in the house of my guide's friend, who, though informed, after the first day, of the character of his guest, was not the less kind and attentive; indeed, after the first surprise was over, he appeared rather pleased than otherwise to have a foreigner in his house, putting a variety of questions to me regarding my country, its distance from China, the extent of its dominion, the amount of population, character of its inhabitants, religion, literature, manners, customs, etc. Frequent discussions were held on religious subjects with him, and the rest of the school of reformers who are congregated hereabouts. The prevailing character of their minds seemed to be a ruling desire to carry out the system of Confucius, as they thought, in its genuineness, free from that atheistic gloss which the commentators of the Súng dynasty had put upon it; and an especial aim to cultivate the virtues of benevolence and righteousness, as laid down by him. Some of their observations and sentiments regarding self-examination, victory over evil desires, constant

vigilance, searching after their own errors, and ingenuous confessions of them when ascertained, were tolerably good, and would not have disgraced a Christian moralist. But, while they had some sense of sin, they had, of course, no idea of atonement, and were utterly in the dark as to the manner in which their sins could be pardoned, or the Divine Being reconciled. Their prevailing errors appeared to be, too great a veneration for the sages, whom they actually idolized, and, in many instances, put upon a level with the Author of wisdom; as well as too high an estimation of their deceased parents and ancestors, to whom they paid divine honours, and from whom they expected protection and every blessing. It was found very difficult to give them any idea of the difference between the veneration and respect due to parents, and the worship which was demanded by the Supreme Author of our being. The Chinese term for worship being one which applies to all sorts of obeisance and compliment, it sounds strange in their ears to be told that they must not *pad*, that is, behave civilly, towards their parents and brethren. But as these subjects are familiar to those well acquainted with Chinese matters, and are not very interesting to others, we shall pass over the discussions then held, and content ourselves with observing generally, that the matter took very fast hold of one of the parties, who could not rest in his mind until he had discovered where the truth lay. He was heard praying, in the dead of night, very earnestly to the Giver of light, that he might be directed in his search after truth; and it is pleasing to add, that, as the result, he did not pray in vain."—MEDHURST, p. 168.

The boasted antiquity and advanced state of Chinese civilization, do not seem to have included in them the comfort of travellers. The way-side sleeping places in Russia, which have recently been so graphically described by "Our own Correspondents," however ill suited they may be for those who have been accustomed to the comfortable hotels and village inns of the West, are certainly outdone by the Chinese houses of entertainment. In Russia, it had been found impossible, even after the fatigues of fourteen hours' jolting in the uncomfortable Tarantasse, to get an hour or two of refreshing sleep in one of those wretched places of "entertainment for man and beast;" but what must it be in places like those described by Dr Medhurst, as prepared for travellers in the interior of China?

"On all the great roads, where there is much traffic, these houses are found at the distance of every five or ten miles. They are known by the sign, generally hung out in front of the door, *chung hò pên fán*, intimating that they afford middling accommodations and convenient meals. The reader, however, must not suppose that he will find there anything like what is to be met with in the commonest inns of Europe. In country places, these rice-shops, or eating-houses, are generally cottages of one story, with clay floor and planked sides,

having a small shop in front, and accommodation for travellers behind. After passing through the shop, you cross a small yard, and enter an open room, called a hall, wherein a table and a few benches are placed; on each side the hall you find what is denominated a sleeping room, and sometimes behind this range there is a kitchen and two other bed-rooms. Should the house be two stories high, the upper rooms, or lofts, are appropriated to the coolies and chair-bearers who accompany the guests. The strangers must not expect to find bed and table linen, as such things are unknown even in respectable houses in China. The tables are sometimes wiped on the entrance of a guest, or after a meal; but this is done with a bit of rag a few inches long, which merely serves to remove a little of the extraneous dust, while an inch thick of dirt is frequently left adhering to the table. It is a very rare thing to see a broom pass over the floor, which being made of earth easily imbibes the slops, and conceals them from the view. The mud brought in by passengers only adds to the material of which the floor is composed. And all bones, rice, and other eatables, are carefully cleaned away by the dogs.

"The first question, on entering such a house of entertainment, is, whether they have got any rice and vegetables; which is generally answered in the affirmative, coupled with a polite confession of the poverty of their preparations,—a confession, the truth of which the writer has seldom felt himself at liberty to dispute; the accompaniments to the rice, provided on such occasions, being the poorest and most insipid imaginable. Should any customer wish anything further, he is at liberty to send out for some pork, should such be procurable. The sleeping rooms are seldom provided with windows, and the only avenue for light is through the door, which, opening into another apartment, admits but a feeble ray. It is, perhaps, as well that such is the case, as, were the room better illumined, its dirt and deformity would be more conspicuous, and fastidious strangers might be deterred from entering. The bed-room is sometimes provided with separate bed places for each individual, consisting of a frame-work about six feet long, three broad, and two high, upon which is spread a layer of straw, covered by a mat; but more frequently one end of the room is occupied by a larger frame-work, about six feet wide and ten long, upon which three or four guests may sleep together.

"Should the strangers not be provided with coverlets, the establishment offers to furnish a cotton-wadded quilt to each customer; but as the coolies and chair-bearers, with all sorts of dirty fellows, have been in the habit of using these for months or years, adding to the stock of filth and vermin which they contain every successive time, it follows that such coverlets are anything but agreeable, and, of course, only the lowest class of customers avail themselves of the benefit. Each traveller must, therefore, take with him his own mat, quilt, and pillow; and, with every precaution, will find it difficult to escape coming in contact with the dirt and noxious insects already present in such dormitories. . . . The floor is sometimes boarded, but washing is out of the question; and the cobwebs in the corners indi-

cate the entire absence of brooms ever since the erection of the building. In short, the whole establishment partakes of the united qualities of stable and pig-stye, falling far short of what those respectable receptacles are in most civilized countries. . The only agreeable thing is the basin of hot water, which is invariably presented on entering, for the purpose of washing the face, hands, or feet of travellers; and the cup of warm tea which immediately follows."—MEDHURST, p. 18.

The following sketch from nature, will show that the scene-painting on the "Delft" of many a breakfast-table in Britain, is not, as we have been in the habit of thinking, the result of tricks played by European imaginations on supposed Chinese landscape:—

"Towards evening, we were pleasingly struck with the view which presented itself before us (as they sailed on the Grand Canal). A beautiful pavilion, three stories high, with a granite foundation, and a scoloped roof, met the eye, rising up from the midst of the broad canal, and throwing its lengthened shadow across the waters. It was about fifty feet wide at the base, which was foursquare; on a terrace, formed of large blocks of stone, rose the pavilion, about fifty feet high, with its neatly painted windows and doors, its fantastic gables and concave ridges, each of its many corners terminating in a bell, and each of its rows of tiles being turned up with variegated porcelain. The name of this handsome structure was Teze-yün-shen-sze, 'the hall for contemplation covered by favouring clouds.' It was built in the Sung dynasty, and, after having been repaired under the Ming sovereigns, was rebuilt in the twentieth year of Kang-he. Beyond the pavilion appeared a pagoda, six stories high, surmounted by a crown, very elegant and in good repair. At the foot of the pagoda, was a town called Chin-tsh-chin, containing ten thousand inhabitants. The name of the place, signifying "well-watered town," was given in consequence to its vicinity to the T'haé-hoô, or Great Lake, from which it is not above five miles distant."—MEDHURST, p. 53.

Dr Medhurst visited Hoo-chow, the chief seat of the silk cultivation in China, and he has given a minute account of this great national branch of industry. This he has done by a series of extracts from a book on the silk culture, which had been recently issued by the "Treasurer of the Province." These extracts afford peculiarly interesting information on the growth and treatment of mulberry trees—on the rearing and management of the silk-worm—on the gathering and winding of silk—and on the mode of conducting a silk establishment. In addition to the maps and the plans of cities given in his book, he has copied from the native Chinese work, wood-cuts of all the instruments used by the owners of mulberry plantations in the cultivation of the trees, in the management of the worms, and in the gathering and spinning of the silk. The cuts are, no doubt,

very rude, but they enable the reader to understand at a glance the form of the various articles.¹

"In the evening we arrived at Hoo-chow, but the lateness of the hour prevented me observing much of its beauty. The walls appeared in good repair, about twenty-five feet high and twenty thick. The canal passed through the city, under the walls, where there was a water gate, spanned by a finely-turned arch, at least twenty feet high. On passing through, we were detained by an old man, who demanded money of us, because it was dark. Our people offered him five cash; but he rejected that sum with scorn, saying, that nothing less than fifteen would satisfy him. He was, however, contented with ten, and lifted up the bar to let us pass. Having entered the city, we found the canal wider than on the outside, with many vessels coming and going; while the banks of the canal were lined with stores and warehouses, giving the appearance of a very populous and commercial city. About the middle of the city we came to a large bridge of three arches; the centre one was about fifty feet wide, and the other two nearly equal to it. The top of the bridge was almost flat, and not elevated as most of the Chinese bridges are. The name of this bridge was *pà-yây-keabu*, or, "hold your tongue bridge;" every Chinese in passing under it, feeling it necessary to hold his tongue; more out of superstition, however, than in obedience to any public order. There are several pagodas and many temples in Hoo-chow; but as the evening was far advanced, we had not an opportunity of seeing them. Having passed the residence of the Che-foo, or prefect of city, we thrust our boat in among a number of others, near a market-place; and after the din of voices around us had subsided, we fell asleep."—MEDHURST, p. 58.

Hoo-chow, the centre of one of the most important of Chinese branches of industry, is believed to be a very old town. It is spoken of, under the name of Yâng-chow, as existing during the reign of Yü, who ruled, according to the native chronology, at a time corresponding to our B. C. 2205, and many years before the death of Noah, if we take the received method of Scripture chronology!—Noah having been born, according to the usual reckoning, about B. C. 2948 (Gen. v. 28, 29), and having died at the age of 950 (Gen. ix. 28, 29), in 1998 B. C. This date assigned to Hoo-chow, though evidently very erroneous, implies the great antiquity of the city, around which, from time immemorial, the Chinese have cultivated their gardens of mulberry trees, and gathered abundance of silk. It is situ-

¹ Mr Fortune must not have been aware of this visit when he wrote the Introduction to his volume, for he says,—“During a sojourn of some months in the heart of the great silk country, I had an opportunity of seeing the cultivation of the mulberry, the feeding and rearing of the silkworms, and the reeling of the silk; and these interesting operations are now described, I believe, for the first time by an English eye-witness.”

ated pleasantly on the Great Canal, to the south of the Tháé-hoô, or Great Lake, from which it is said to derive its name. The city, in its present form, is believed to have been built about A. D. 620.

Near Wóo-Yuén, Dr Medhurst found a custom prevailing, which gives us a glimpse at some of the peculiarities of Chinese family arrangements. He met an old woman who was making a great lamentation for the death of an intended son-in-law. Having made inquiry about the circumstance, he learned that, when yet an infant, the young person had been taken into her house in order to be reared there, that when he grew up he should marry her daughter. "There had been," he was told, "an exchange; the one family having two sons, and the other two daughters, born within a few years of each other; and thus, to suit the convenience of both, this family parted with a daughter, to become the future bride of one of the sons of that family; while the other son of that family was transferred, to become the future bridegroom of the remaining daughter of this."

Travelling among the Wóo-Yuén hills, though found full of interest, was not very pleasant.

"Here the rain and wind prevailed so much, that the chair-bearers would not venture to ascend the hill which lay before us, so that we were obliged to put up at a miserable hovel which presented itself, in the name of an inn, at the foot of the hill. The accommodation was of the most wretched kind; we procured shelter from the rain, it is true, but that was nearly all. The hut which we had to lodge in, admitted the wind at every corner; and a recess was offered us as a bed-place, which must have been tenanted by beggars and thieves for many a day previously. For provisions, the people could furnish us with nothing but coarse red rice, and a few pickled beans to tempt it down. They did not forget to charge, however, as much as if we had been favoured with the best accommodation and supplies. The hill appeared to be of the clay-slate formation, mixed with conglomerate; the dip was towards the north-east.

"The hill itself, which is called Sin-ling, is said by the Chinese to be 6000 feet high. I found it, however, by counting the steps we ascended, to be no more than 1500 feet, from the hamlet at the foot of the pass over which we crossed. The peaks of the neighbouring mountains were much higher. It adjoins on the west the Fô-yûng, or Marsh-mallow Hill, and constitutes, with the Tuy-king, Shòw-tóu, and Tih-shing hills, the five lofty mountains for which this region is celebrated. There are various caves and rocky dells among these hills, which are adorned by temples and pavilions, where the traveller or devotee may rest; and in the recesses of which priests are found, fostering and perpetuating the system of Buddha. In one of these pavilions there is a Chih-sun, or stalagmite, twenty feet high. A Chinese poet has celebrated these five mountain peaks in his song as follows :—

“ ‘The five-pointed mountain rears its lofty head,
 Where the marsh-mallow lifts its blossoms to the sky ;
 At every step we ascend higher and higher,
 And as we mount upwards dare not look back.
 Winding and turning, we seem as if scaling the heavens,
 And fancy we shall never reach the summit.
 It is not necessary to inquire whither we are going,
 But we press on until we reach the azure clouds.’ ”

“The rain having ceased, my companion determined to proceed. We passed in succession over five different mountains as described above. The road was well paved the whole way ; flat stones having been laid down six feet wide, and formed into regular steps, up and down the hills. Sometimes the road was paved with slabs of coarse marble, and sometimes with large round pebbles, brought from the brooks below. We observed also a white kind of stone, which appeared to be pure felspar, resembling that of which the Chinese porcelain is made, interspersed with a hard red stone like porphyry. All of these appeared to be quarried out of the neighbouring hills. The natives informed us, that the paved road was constructed by a man whose surname was Wáng. The whole is the result of voluntary effort. The mass of the rock of which the hills are composed seems to be gneiss, mixed occasionally with the felspar and porphyry. On one side of the hills, the dip of the strata is towards the north-east, and on the other, towards the south-west ; hence the disturbing force which upheaved the mass must have been somewhere about the central ridge. The angle of the dip is from thirty to fifty degrees ; and sometimes the strata are quite vertical.

“The scenery, whilst winding amongst these hills, is picturesque in the extreme. Here and there a rocky dell, in the bosom of which lay a Buddhist temple ; now and then, a monumental pillar or gateway, intended to perpetuate some supposed benevolent act, or virtuous female ; while the works of nature, more sublime by far than works of art, with which they were intended to be adorned, rose in awful grandeur, and overtowered them all.”

We leave Dr Medhurst's pleasant and informing book with the persuasion, that however many travellers may, in the future, speak of the interior of China, few will be able to throw more light on its strange customs, or make it more interesting to Europeans, than has been already done by the enthusiastic, accomplished, and devoted agent of “The London Missionary Society.”

Mr Fortune, in his “Residence among the Chinese,” goes over much of the ground travelled by Dr Medhurst ; but he looks at it from different points of view, and under the influence of different motives. The former saw everything as a Christian missionary ; and the desire constantly present with him was, that he might be enabled to do something for the spiritual good

of as many as he found it safe to address—something which might yet tell on the future of that degraded and populous land. The latter travelled for a purpose as well defined as that of the missionary, but of a very different kind. The social peculiarities rather than the moral, and the economic characteristics rather than the spiritual, are dealt with in his present able volume. As a man of science—an accomplished botanist—he describes with great ability, and in a fresh and simple style, the leading physical features of the districts in which he sojourned, and especially their varied, and often novel, forms of vegetable life. Seldom have we found two volumes on any one country, written by men of such widely differing occupations and habits of thought, agreeing so thoroughly on all the main points touched upon by both. The man of science has generally little true sympathy with the self-denying labours of love and works of faith of the earnest missionary; and the mere traveller for travel's sake, for pleasure or adventure, has little fellow-feeling with either. This state of matters is, however, now rapidly passing away. Zeal and personal piety are no longer regarded the only qualifications either for ministerial or missionary work. Gospel ministers and missionaries can, in very many instances, measure minds with men of literature and science. In some cases, as in Morrison, and Duff, and Livingstone, they stand the whole head and shoulders taller than many who have made those branches of human knowledge the aim and business of their lives. The effects of this are daily becoming apparent. The official witnesses for Christ are no longer held to be "universally men of one idea," but men, in the wide embrace of whose love the literature and science of the world are folded, and set aside for the service of the Great King, or hung up in the temple as signs that the world's wisdom has been overcome for His service and glory. The learned of London, Paris, and New York, have thus often been constrained to quote, as authorities in Historic Criticism, in Ethnology, and in Physical Science, the men whose motives they have seldom fully understood when they witnessed, or were told of, their labours among the heathen; the merchants of Shanghai and Hong Kong have found them opening the way for their traffic; and the "Politicals" of Calcutta and Bombay have more than once had to take lessons from them in statecraft. Those who stay at home reap the benefit also. Time was, when a man, sitting down to describe a country over which he had passed, would have thought it an incumbent duty to hold up to ridicule the crude views of the missionaries he had met with, and expose, as he would call it, the utter uselessness of all their endeavours. But now we find almost every intelligent and well-principled traveller corroborating, at almost every point, the re-

ports which the missionaries send periodically to the parent societies.

These remarks find frequent illustrations in "the Residence among the Chinese." Its author, we believe, like Medhurst, has "risen from the ranks." What we know of the literature of Chinese Discovery—of European travel among that remarkable people, and of zealous, large-hearted, and adventurous Missionary Enterprise for their good, persuade us that the men who have done most in these fields of action, have fought their way into great usefulness and a name through very great hinderances. Medhurst, the printer's boy, was, we have seen, in this case; and so was Fortune, the Berwickshire peasant's son.

Mr Fortune spent his boyhood on the highly-cultivated banks of the Blackadder, one of the tributaries of the Tweed, and on these, or among the rich plantations and picturesque hedge-rows of the Merse, he got his first lessons in Botany. Having received the education usually given to the children of the Scottish peasantry at the parish school, he entered the garden of the late Mr Buchan of Kelloe, the author of "The Wreck of the Winterton," and a man whose name is associated with most of those grand schemes of Christian enterprise, which have given the character to this age. Mr Buchan saw the talents of his youthful gardener, and got a way opened up for him in the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens. Here he made great progress in his favourite pursuits. Ultimately attracted to the South, he found in London a sphere of labour, in which his skill and enterprise soon became known, and led to his appointment as Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London. In the Preface to the volume which stands at the head of this Article, Mr Fortune says,—“From 1848 to the beginning of 1851, I was engaged by the Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company in procuring supplies of tea-plants, seeds, implements, and green-tea makers, for the government plantations in the Himalayas. In the end of 1852, I was deputed a second time by the East India Company, for the purpose of adding to the collections already formed, and particularly of procuring first-rate black-tea makers for the experimental tea farms in India. The present volume gives an account of my last travels amongst the Chinese—from 1852 to 1856.”

Our readers have already been made acquainted with Mr Fortune's first volume—"Three Years' Wandering in China;"¹ and all who remember the fresh simplicity of style, the picturesque sketches, and the graphic delineations of Chinese character, which gave such interest to that volume, are sure to turn to "the Residence in China," and they will not be disappointed.

¹ *North British Review*, No. XIV., p. 388. August 1847.

We meet with several incidents, both in Medhurst's book and in "the Residence in China," which show that the Chinaman is ever on the alert for an opportunity of deceiving, or of playing a hoax on, the *Barbarians* and *Pak-Quie-tze*, or white devils. They greatly delight in such opportunities. Shortly after the author of "The Residence in China" arrived at Shanghai, an earthquake occurred which greatly alarmed the foreigners. A report was soon spread among them, that a populous village had been swallowed up by it. They even went most minutely into the matter, and alleged that it had been destroyed because of its great wickedness. Mr Fortune and several friends having resolved to visit the scene of the reported catastrophe, made some inquiries about the locality.

"I had been told the spot was distant from Shanghai some thirty miles up the river, and in a south-westerly direction; but the more minute my inquiries were, the greater difficulty I had in finding out the exact locality. In the meantime, all our arrangements had been made except the hiring of boats, and we had agreed to start on the following morning. I had an excellent servant, a man who had travelled with me for several years, and whose duty it was to engage the boats we required for the journey. Before he left me for this purpose, I desired him to take care the boatman knew the road, as it would never do to find out, after we had started, that no one knew which way to go. He left me on this mission, and was absent about two hours. When he returned, he informed me that he had made the requisite inquiries about the sunken village—that such an occurrence had taken place, but instead of the spot being *up* the river, we must go *down* in an opposite direction in order to find it. At the same time, he told me candidly he did not think the boatman knew anything about the matter, and said I had better not go until something more satisfactory could be ascertained concerning it. I was reluctantly compelled to admit that his advice was good, and wrote to the others saying we had better put off the journey. And now it is worth while to mark the result of all this, in order to get an idea of the extraordinary character of the people of China. A few days afterwards, we were told with the greatest coolness, by the same parties who had formerly given the information about the sunken village, that 'it was quite true such an occurrence had taken place, but that it had happened about two hundred years ago!'"—FORTUNE, p. 6.

When about twelve miles from Ning-po, our author met with one of the many evidences which bulk out in the eye of the traveller, that the people are wholly given to idolatry. After having given us a brief, but clear and satisfactory account of the movements of the rebels, he says:—

"Leaving Tai-ping-Wang to fight his battles in Kiang-su and elsewhere, I sailed for the town of Ning-po, in the province of Chekiang,

and on my arrival at that port, started immediately for the tea districts in the interior. I had engaged a small covered boat, such as is used on the canals in this part of the country. . . . As we had travelled all night, we reached the end of the canal some time before day-break. I had slept pretty well on the way, but was now awakened by the sounds of hundreds of voices, some talking, others screaming at their loudest pitch, and the shrill tones of the women were heard far above those of the men. Half awake as I was at first, I almost thought I had fallen in with a party of Tai-ping-Wang's army; but my servants and the boatmen soon set me right on that point, by informing me the multitudes in question were on their way to Ah-yah-Wang, or Ayuka's temple, to worship and burn incense at its shrines. To fall asleep again was now out of the question, owing to the noise and excitement by which I was surrounded. I therefore got up and dressed, and took a seat on the roof of my boat, when I had a moonlight view of what was going on around me. Every boat seemed crowded with pilgrims, the greater part by far consisting of well-dressed females, all in their holiday attire. As daylight dawned, the view became more distinct. Each boat was now brought close to the banks of the canal, in order that the passengers might be able to get on shore. I pitied the ladies, poor things! with their small cramped feet; for it was with great difficulty they could walk along the narrow plank which connected the boat with the bank of the canal. But the boatmen and other attendants were most gallant in rendering all the assistance in their power, and the fair sex were, for the most part, successful in reaching 'terra firma' without any accident worth relating. Numerous chair-bearers and chairs lined the banks of the canal, all anxious for hire; and if the more wealthy-looking did not get conveyances of this kind, it certainly was not the fault of the owners of these vehicles, for they were most importunate in their offers. Indeed, so much was this the case, that, in many instances under my observation, the wavering pilgrim was almost lifted into the chair before he was aware of it. These chairs are extremely light and simple in their construction. They are formed of two long bamboo poles, with a small piece of wood slung between them, on which the traveller sits, and another smaller piece, slung lower and more forward, on which he rests his feet. Sometimes, when ladies and children were to be carried, and the weight consequently light, I observed two or three of these seats slung between the poles, and this number of persons carried by two stout coolies with the greatest ease.

"After taking my morning cup of tea within sight of numerous plantations of the 'herb' itself, which are dotted on the sides of the hills here, I joined the motley crowd, and proceeded with them to Ayuka's temple. When I got outside of the little village at the end of the canal, and on a little eminence beyond it, I obtained a long view of the mountain road which leads to the temple, and a curious and strange view this was. Whether I looked before or behind me, I beheld crowds of people of both sexes, and of all ages, wending their way to worship at the altars of the 'unknown God.' They were generally divided

into small groups—little families or parties—as they had left their native villages, and most of these parties had a servant or two walking behind them, and carrying some food to refresh them by the way, and a bundle of umbrellas to protect them from the rain. Each of the ladies, young and old, who were not in chairs, walked with a long stick, which was used, partly to prevent her from stumbling, and partly to help her along the road. Most of them were dressed gaily in silks, satins, and crapes of various colours, but blue seemed the favourite and predominating one. As I walked onward, and passed group after group on the way, the ladies, as etiquette required, looked demure and shy, as if they could neither speak nor smile. Sometimes one past the middle age would condescend to answer me good-humouredly, but this was even rare. The men, on the contrary, were chatty enough, and so were the ladies too, as soon as I had passed them, and joined other groups farther a-head. Oftentimes I heard a clear ringing laugh, after I had passed, from the lips of some fair one, who, a minute before, had looked as if she had never given way to such frivolity in her life.” —FORTUNE, p. 24.

The following sketch of a May morning in China, exhibits the fine spirit in which this volume is written; and all who have sought out God in His works—sought to walk with Him amidst the evidences of His manifold wisdom, will enter into the author's thoughts in the concluding sentences. Whatever be the full meaning of the primeval blight,—“Cursed is the ground for thy sake,”—there can be no doubt but that all God's works still praise Him, and are, to the soul in communion with Him, suggestive of the unseen and eternal. They are types of the heavenly things themselves,—they declare eternal power and God-head. This was the discovery which Paul made, when he laid his ear to the great heart of life, which is throbbing ceaselessly through-out the vast universe. And even the least in the kingdom of God may make the same discovery, if he listen in the same child-like spirit as Paul did. And this deeper meaning and brighter beauty in the works of the great Creator is lost, the moment the soul turns aside to the mere everywhere-ness of a Divine One as a life-principle, and not a living person, who has put His heart in communication with the heart of man.

As a botanist, not less than as a man with a fine sense of the beautiful, Mr Fortune must have enjoyed this May scene.

“As it was now ‘the bonnie month of May,’ the rice crops had been some time in the ground, and the valley was consequently covered with dense masses of the loveliest green. Water-wheels were observed in all directions, some worked by men, and other and larger ones by bullocks, and all pouring streams of water upon the rice crops from the various canals which intersect the valley. At the foot of the hills, near where I stood, were numerous small tea farms, formed on

the slopes; while groups of junipers and other sombre-looking pines marked the last resting-places of the wealthy. The ancient tombs of the Ming dynasty are also common here, but they are generally in a ruinous condition; and had it not been for the huge blocks of granite cut into the forms of men and other animals, of which they are composed, there would have been long ago no marks to point out the last resting-places of these ancient rulers of China. So much for human greatness! Higher up on the hill-sides the ground was cultivated, and ready to receive the summer crops of sweet potatoes and Indian corn. Beyond that again, were barren mountains covered with long grass and brushwood, which the industry of the Chinese is never likely to bring under cultivation. Both below and above, on the roadsides, in the hedges, and on every spot not under cultivation, wild flowers were blooming in the greatest profusion. In the hedges the last fading blossoms of the beautiful spring-flowering *Forzythia viridissima* were still hanging on the branches, while several species of wild roses, *Spiræa Reevesiana*, clematises, and *Glycine sinensis*, were just coming into bloom. But look a little higher up to that gorgeously painted hill-side, and see those masses of yellow and white flowers; what are they? The yellow is the lovely *Azalea sinensis*, with its colours far more brilliant, and its trusses of flowers much larger, than they are ever seen in any of our exhibitions in Europe. The white is the little known *Amelanchier racinosa*. Amongst these, and scattered over the hill-sides, are other azaleas, having flowers of many different hues, and all very beautiful. It is still early morning; the sun is just appearing on the tops of the eastern mountains; the globules of heavy dew sparkle on the grass and flowers; the lark, and other sweet songsters of the feathered race, are pouring out of their little mouths sweet and melodious songs. I looked with delight on the beautiful scene spread out before me, and thought within myself, if nature is so beautiful now, what must it have been before the fall, when man was holy!"—FORTUNE, p. 27.

Here is a Chinese temple interior:—

"I now entered the temple itself, and found it crowded with idolaters. The female sex seemed much more numerous than the male, and apparently more devout. They were kneeling on cushions placed in front of the altars, and bowing low to the huge images which stood before them. This prostration they repeated many times; and when they had finished this part of their devotions, they lighted candles and incense, and placed them on the altars. Returning again to the cushion, they continued their prostrations for a few seconds, and then gave way to other devotees, who went through the same forms. Some were appealing directly to the deity for an answer to their petitions, by means of two small pieces of wood, rounded on the one side and flat on the other. If, on being thrown into the air, the sticks fell on the flat side, they had then an assurance of a favourable answer to their prayers; but, owing to the laws of gravitation, these stubborn little bits of wood fell much oftener on the rounder and

heavier side than on the other, and gave the poor heathen a world of anxiety and trouble. Other devotees were busily engaged in shaking a hollow bamboo tube, which contained a number of small sticks, each having a Chinese character upon it. An adept in shaking can easily detach one of these sticks from the others; and when it falls upon the floor, it is picked up and taken to a priest, who reads the character, and refers to his book for the interpretation thereof. A small slip of paper is now given to the devotee, which he carries home with him, and places in his house or in his fields, in order to bring him good luck. I observed, that not unfrequently it was very difficult to satisfy these persons with the paper given to them by the priest, and that they often referred to those who were standing around, and asked their opinion on the matter.

"The scene altogether was a striking one, and was well calculated to make a deep impression on the mind of any one looking on as I was. Hundreds of candles were burning on the altars, clouds of incense were rising and filling the atmosphere; from time to time, a large drum was struck, which could be heard at a distance outside the building; and bells were tinkling, and mingling their sounds with those of the monster drum. The sounds of many of these drums are finer than anything I ever heard in England. Most of the fine ones are ancient, and were made at a time when the arts ranked higher in China than they do at the present day.

"In the midst of all these religious services, which candour compels me to say were outwardly most devoutly performed, things were going on amongst the worshippers which, as foreigners and Christians, we cannot understand. Many, who had either been engaged in these ceremonies, or intended to take their part in them, were sitting looking on, and laughing, chatting, or smoking, as if they had been looking on one of their plays. And it was not unusual to see a man fill his pipe with tobacco, and quietly walk up and light it at one of the candles which were burning on the altar."—P. 30.

The staple articles of food in the great market of Tse-kee are thus described:—

"Fish, pork, fowls, ducks, vegetables of many kinds, and the fruits of the season, lined its sides. Mushrooms were abundant, and excellent, as I afterwards proved by having some cooked. Frogs seemed much in demand. They are brought to market in tubs and baskets, and the vender employs himself in skinning them as he sits making sales. He is extremely expert at this part of his business. He takes up the frog in his left hand, and with a knife, which he holds in his right, chops off the fore part of its head. The skin is then thrown back over the body and down to the feet, which are chopped off and thrown away. The poor frog, still alive, but headless, skinless, and without feet, is then thrown into another tub; and the operation is repeated on the rest in the same way. Every now and then the artist lays down his knife, and takes up his scales to weigh these animals for his customers, and make his sales. Everything in this

civilized country, whether it be gold or silver, geese or frogs, is sold by weight."—*FORTUNE*, p. 45.

The trite remark, "that human nature is the same all over the world," finds its truest and most affecting illustrations in the presence of the dead. All over the world, the power which the memory of beloved ones has over survivors is seen in the subdued grief of the recently stricken heart, the touching devices and legends of every churchyard, and the quiet aspect of those who, in "weeds of woe," walk softly over the new-made graves, as if unwilling to disturb the rest which even the body of the wicked finds there. While these manifestations of grief are met with in China, others are added to them, which, in this as in most of their customs, make them stand out differing widely from the rest of mankind. Thus the responsibility for the death of all who die by accident, or from assassination, is laid upon the proprietor of the ground where they are found. This mode of hedging in life is found to influence the whole nation; but the mandarins and relatives of the dead often find it a powerful means of oppressing unfortunate proprietors. M. Huc well remarks on this subject: "Draconian laws have been found necessary to restrain within the limits of duty these materialist populations, living without a God, without a religion, and, consequently, without a conscience."

The bodies of those who die among their own relatives are treated with the greatest respect. Memory is to cling to that likeness throughout the years of life still in store for those left behind; and as this remembrance becomes a religion to the Chinese—for almost the only imaginations of an unseen world which they have are associated with it—we might look for the prevalence of great respect for the dead. But in China, as in more favoured lands, the "forms, modes, shows of grief," are often found when there is not "that within which passeth show." Such of our readers as have stood for an hour near the gate of Père-la-Chaise, and watched one fashionable carriage and another coming slowly from the direction of the Boulevards, and drawing up near the celebrated cemetery, will understand that the show of grief can be put as suddenly on and off by the Parisian belle, as by the widow referred to at the close of the following sketch:—

"The most beautiful spots on these hill-sides are chosen for the tombs of the dead, which are scattered about everywhere. The sombre pine, the juniper, the arbor-vitæ, and the cypress, are generally planted round the graves. As common as these, and equally ornamental, is the *Photinia glabra*, a noble evergreen, which in the winter becomes covered with bunches of red berries. The weeping-willow is also sometimes used, and has a very pretty effect, particu-

larly when one is planted on each side of the tomb. These trees are planted in a half-circle round the grave, leaving the front open. Within this half-circle is the tomb itself, the most common kind being covered with a large mound of earth, faced with stone in front, on which the name and age of the deceased are cut and painted. In front of this again is a stone pavement, with smooth stone seats, whether destined for the visitor or for the spirit of the departed I cannot tell. Sometimes I met with tombs of the most elaborate workmanship, and constructed in many different ways. Each told its tale of wealth or poverty; some must have cost very large sums, while others consisted of the coffin laid upon the surface of the ground, and thatched with a little straw. It is a pretty sight, and yet a painful one too, to see the relations of the dead visiting the tombs of their ancestors, which they do at stated periods, for the purpose of burning sycee paper and incense, and chanting prayers to the gods or spirits of the departed. Sometimes a mother may be seen with her children, the youngest probably still an infant in her arms, assembled in front of the grave of the husband and father. The widow is wailing and lamenting her bereavement, and the poor little ones look on so seriously, while every now and then they prostrate themselves before the grave. Or, it may be, it is the aged who are paying the same respect to the last resting-place of those who had been taken away in early life, and to whom they had looked forward as the stay and prop of their declining years. Or, again, a solitary individual may be seen performing the same rites—young, middle-aged, or old, as the case might be—which suggested the idea that he was poor and friendless, the last of his race. It has been asserted, that there is little genuine feeling in all this, that it is a custom which must be observed, and that it would just be as well if such a custom did not exist. I believe, however, there is as much genuine sorrow amongst the Chinese for the loss of relatives as there is amongst ourselves; and, if we consider the way they dote upon their children, and the reverence and love they have for aged parents, we can come to no other conclusion. That in many instances all is mere show and required by custom, I have no doubt. On one occasion, as I was wandering amongst these hills, a chair passed me containing a very beautiful lady, dressed in the gayest satin. I caught a slight glimpse of her countenance as she passed, and was so much struck with her beauty, that I instantly stood still and looked after the chair. It immediately turned off the little hill-road, in the direction of a tomb that had been lately made, where it was set down by the bearers. Following this chair were two female servants and a coolie with a box of clothes, a basket of provisions, and some sycee paper and incense. The lady, on stepping out of the chair, commenced robing herself in deep mourning, by putting on a gown of sackcloth over her gay dress; but on seeing I was looking on, she stopped immediately, and threw the gown to her attendants, with whom she was laughing and chatting away, as if grief and she were perfect strangers to each other. Anxious as I was to witness her proceedings, I felt it was

wrong and indelicate in me to remain in my present position, so I walked onwards, until a small hedge and clump of bamboos hid the party from my view. I then turned into the plantation, and selected a spot where, through an opening in the foliage, I could see all without being seen myself. The handsome widow, for such she apparently was, had again put on her sackcloth robe, her women were standing by her side, and the wailing commenced in the most business-like manner. This continued for nearly half-an-hour, while at the same time incense was burned, and various tawdry-looking strips of paper were hung about the grave. At last the ceremony was finished, the coarse sackcloth was consigned to the coolie, and the lady, all gay as before, and with but little traces of grief, stepped into her chair and was carried away."—FORTUNE, p. 58.

In the month of August, Mr Fortune had a sudden and severe attack of fever, and was treated after the following singular fashion by the Chinese "leech":—

"He then despatched a messenger to his house for certain medicines, and, at the same time, ordered a basin of strong hot tea to be brought into the room. When this was set before him, he bent his two forefingers and dipped his knuckles into the hot tea. The said knuckles were now used like a pair of pincers on my skin, under the ribs, round the back, and on several parts of the body. Every now and then the operation of wetting them with the hot tea was repeated. He pinched and drew my skin so hard, that I could scarcely refrain from crying out with pain; and when the operation was completed to his satisfaction, he had left marks which I did not get rid of for several weeks after.

"When the messenger arrived with the medicine, the first thing I was asked to swallow was a large paper of small pills, containing, I suppose, about a hundred, or, perhaps, more. 'Am I to take the whole of these?' I asked, in amazement. 'Yes; and here is a cup of hot tea to wash them down.' I hesitated; then tasted one, which had a hot peppery kind of flavour, and, making up my mind, gulped the whole. In the meantime, a tea-pot had been procured, capable of holding about three large breakfast-cups of tea. Into this pot were put six different vegetable productions—about half an ounce of each. These consisted of dried orange or citron peel, pomegranate, charred fruit of *Gardenia radicans*, the bark and wood of *Rosa Banksiana*, and two other things unknown to me. The tea-pot was then filled to the brim with boiling water, and allowed to stand for a few minutes, when the decoction was ready for the patient. I was now desired to drink it cup after cup as fast as possible, and then cover myself over with all the blankets which could be laid hold of. The directions of my physician were obeyed to the letter, but, nevertheless, I lay for an hour longer ere perspiration broke, when, of course, I got instant relief. Before taking his leave, the doctor informed me he would repeat his visit on the third day following, about ten in the morning, this being about an hour before the fever was likely to return. He told me not to be

at all afraid, and gave me the welcome news that the next attack, if, indeed, I had any more, would be slight, and that then I would get rid of it altogether.

"True to his promise, the old man was with me on the third day, about ten o'clock in the morning. 'Has the fever come on?' 'No,' I replied; 'it is scarcely the time yet. I suppose I shall have it in another hour.' He now desired me to lie down in bed, and the pinching process was repeated in the same way as it had been done before, but if anything it was more painful. I had then to swallow another large dose of pills, and lastly, the hot decoction from the teapot. Ere I had drunk the last cupful my skin became moist, and I was soon covered with perspiration. The fever had left me, and I was cured. I was probably the first *Hong-mou-jin* the doctor had treated, and he was evidently much pleased with the result of his treatment."—P. 103.

During his residence in China, Mr Fortune met with another class of doctors, to whom he refers with great good sense—the Medical Missionaries. His remarks on the labours of Dr Lockhart, during the siege of Shanghai, will be read with great interest by all, but especially by that small band of Christian philanthropists who wish to set a medical mission along side of every purely religious one, which shall be planted by British Christians. The wonder to us is, that, with the example of the Apostolic Church before them, and the presence in it of Luke the beloved physician, the churches of Christendom have been so long in discovering the lever power in this, for lifting up such a population as that of China, out of the carelessness, as to the claims of the "foreign doctrine," which has been found characterizing them. It seems strange that at this time of day, there should be so many mission stations throughout the world which have no medical branch connected with them. Mr Fortune's testimony cannot fail to encourage those who, in the past, have been labouring in this direction, and quicken them to undertake greater things in the future.

"During the time of the siege, Dr Lockhart's Chinese hospital was crowded with patients. Some came to have limbs amputated, others to have balls extracted, and others again to have their wounds dressed. All were attended to in the kindest manner, 'without money and without price.' It did not signify to the Christian missionary whether the person carried to his door for medical aid, was an imperialist or a rebel; it was enough that he was a human being, suffering pain, and desiring to be relieved. And hence the wounded of both parties met in the same hospital, and each had his wounds attended to by the same friendly hand."

Again,—

"But the Medical Missionary Society have objects which are even of

a higher nature than 'healing the sick, and curing all manner of diseases.' When the patients assemble for medical treatment in the hall of the hospital, they have the Gospel preached to them by one of the members of the London Mission. Private religious instruction is also given to patients in the different wards. And thus, while the heart of the cold and unfeeling Chinese is softened and opened up by kindness—which he feels to be disinterested, and which acts like spring showers upon plants—the seeds of the Gospel of Christ are sown upon it, and, it is hoped, in many, very many instances, they may vegetate and produce their fruits in after years, when the patients have returned to their homes.

"The Chinese, as a people, are cold and indifferent to religion of any kind: humanly speaking, nothing less than a miracle will convert them to Christianity. Missionaries have been in China for many years; larger numbers have been sent out from England and America since the last war, when the country was partially opened up to foreigners. These men have been labouring there, I believe, in most instances, most conscientiously, and with an ardour and single-mindedness of purpose which is worthy of all praise, and yet what is the result? How few 'have believed their report!' The Chinese as a nation are jealous, selfish, and eminently conceited; it is therefore difficult to convince such minds that nations, many thousand miles distant, will subscribe large sums of money merely for their religious benefit, or that men are to be found who will leave friends and home with no other views than to convert them from heathenism to Christianity. And hence it would seem that the labours of the medical missionary societies would prove a powerful auxiliary in aiding the spread of the Gospel among such a people. All nations, even the most cold and selfish, have some kindly feelings in their nature capable of being aroused and acted upon. If anything will warm such feelings in the minds of the Chinese, the labour of the medical missionary is well calculated to do so. The blind receive their sight, the lame are enabled to walk, and the wounded are cured. And when the better feelings of the man are thus expanded into something like gratitude, his prejudices are more likely to give way, and thus his mind may become softened, and more apt to receive religious impressions."—*FORTUNE*, pp. 128, 130, 134.

The remark, quoted above, from Dr Medhurst, in reference to Chinese shoes, is equally applicable to the cruel practice of destroying the growth of Chinese females' feet—"The doing of everything the contrary way to other nations."

"It is certainly a most barbarous custom that of deforming the feet of Chinese ladies, and detracts greatly from their beauty. Many persons think that the custom prevails only amongst persons of rank or wealth, but this is a great mistake. In the central and eastern provinces of the empire, it is almost universal. The fine ladies who ride in sedan chairs, and the poorer classes who toil from morning till evening in the fields, are all deformed in the same manner. In the more

southern provinces, such as Fokun and Canton, the custom is not so universal. Boat women and field-labourers generally allow their feet to grow to their natural size.

"Dr Lockhart, whose name I have already mentioned in these pages, gives the following as the result of his extensive and varied experience on this subject. He says :—

" ' Considering the vast number of females who have the feet bound up in early life, and whose feet are then distorted, the amount of actual disease of the bones is small. The ankle is generally tender, and much walking soon causes the foot to swell, and be very painful, and this chiefly when the feet have been carelessly bound in infancy. To produce the diminution of the foot, the tarsus or instep is bent on itself, the os calcis, or heel-bone, thrown out of the horizontal position, and what ought to be the posterior surface, brought to the ground, so that the ankle is, as it were, forced higher up than it ought to be, producing, in fact, artificial Talipes Calcaneus. Then the four smaller toes are pressed down under the instep, and checked in their growth, till at adult age all that has to go into the shoe is the end of the os calcis and the whole of the great toe. In a healthy constitution, this construction of the foot may be carried on without any very serious consequences ; but in scrofulous constitutions, the navicular bone and the cuneiform bone supporting the great toe, are very liable, from the constant pressure and irritation to which they are exposed, to become diseased, and many cases have been seen where caries, softening, and even death of the bone have taken place, accompanied with much suppuration and great consequent suffering. Chinese women have naturally very small hands and feet, but this practice of binding the feet utterly destroys all symmetry, according to European ideas, and the limping, uncertain gait of the women is, to a foreigner, distressing to see. Few of the Chinese woman can walk far, and they always appear to feel pain when they try to walk quickly, or on uneven ground.' "—FORTUNE, p. 248.

M. Huc's reference to this barbarous practice, reminds us, in its light sketchy character, of Charles Lamb's Essay on the "Origin of Roast Pig," which savoury food he finds first among the Chinese. "The fashion of little feet," says the missionary apostolic, "is general in China, and dates, it is said, from the highest antiquity.

"Europeans sometimes imagine that the Chinese, in the excess of their jealousy, have invented this custom in order to keep their women in doors, and prevent their gadding abroad ; but though this jealousy may perhaps find its account in this strange and barbarous mutilation, there is no reason to attribute to it the invention. It has been introduced gradually without any deliberately formed purpose, like other fashions. It is said that, in some remote antiquity, a certain princess excited universal admiration for the delicate smallness of her feet, and as she was besides gifted with remarkable attractions, she naturally gave the tone to Chinese fashion, and the ladies of the capital adopted

her as the type of elegance and good taste. The admiration for small feet made rapid progress; it was admitted that, at last, a criterion of beauty had been discovered, and as people have always a passion for new follies, the Chinese ladies sought, by all possible methods, to follow the fashion. Those who were already of mature age, however, resorted in vain to bandages and various means of compression. They found it impossible to suppress the legitimate developments of nature, and to give to their basis the elegance they so much desired. Young ladies had the consolation of obtaining some success, but not to the extent they wished. It was reserved for the succeeding generation to witness the complete triumph of little feet. Mothers devoted to the new mode did not fail, when a daughter was born to them, to compress the feet of the poor little creature with tight bandages that hindered their growth; and the results of these measures having appeared highly satisfactory, they were generally adopted throughout the empire."—Huo, vol. ii., p. 403.

We have already got a glimpse at the capital of the principal silk country of China, Hoo-chow-foo, in the somewhat homely descriptions of Medhurst: Let us now look at it from Mr Fortune's point of view:—

"According to Chinese accounts, this city is about six miles in circumference, and contains about a hundred thousand families. Both of these statements are probably exaggerated, as the walls did not appear to me to be more than three, or, at most, four miles round. As I was anxious to see something of the interior of the city, I sent one of my men to procure a sedan chair, for the day was excessively warm. The chairmen soon made their appearance, but as their demands for hire were so exorbitant, I refused to comply with them, and determined to walk—a proceeding which, although not so comfortable, would enable me to see more of the shops and people. Entering at the south gate, I proceeded in a northerly direction, and examined all the principal streets on my way. Thousands of people followed me as I went along. They were very uproarious, but good-humoured withal, and appeared delighted with the opportunity of seeing a "Pak Quei-tze," or white devil, a term by which foreigners are designated in this civilized part of the world. Although this term was sometimes used in a tone of contempt or insult, showing that those who used it fully understood its meaning, yet generally it was not so. Upon one occasion some friends of mine remonstrated with some of these polite people, and endeavoured to explain to them that the term was one to which we were not exactly entitled, and that it was not very agreeable. In reply, the Chinese expressed surprise and regret for having used the term, and thus given offence, but innocently asked if we were not white devils; and if not, what we were, and by what name they should call us!

"Alone as I now was, and surrounded by thousands of Chinese in one of their inland cities, it was absolutely necessary to keep my temper under the most complete control. In circumstances of this

kind, if one laughs and jokes with the crowd, and takes everything in good part, all will generally go well, for the Chinese are, upon the whole, good-humoured and polite; but if he, by any chance, loses his temper, he will most certainly get the worst of it, and most likely will be hooted and pelted with stones. I had had some experience in the management of Chinese crowds, and therefore continued to be in the sweetest possible frame of mind in the midst of the thousands who followed me through the city, as if I had been a wild animal or 'white devil' indeed.

"As I threaded my way slowly along, in addition to the dense crowds that followed and preceded me, every window and doorway was crowded with curious-looking faces, all anxious to get a view of the foreigner. It was curious to mark the varied expression in the different countenances. In some, there was a look of contempt, in others, wonder was strongly depicted, but in the vast majority, there was wonder, mingled with fear, as if I was in reality a being from another world. Keeping onward in a northerly direction, and diverging now and then to the right or left, according as an object of interest met my eye, I arrived at last at the north gate of the city. Here I ascended the ramparts in order to get a good view. Outside the walls I observed a large dense suburb, with a pretty pagoda, and a canal leading through it in the direction of the T'ai-hu lake. Throwing my eyes over the city, the roofs of the houses seemed nearly all of the same height. Indeed, this is a striking characteristic of all Chinese towns which I have visited. One rarely sees any difference in the height of the houses, except when a temple, a pagoda, or a watch-tower disturbs the monotony of the view. I believe the Chinese have a strong prejudice against one house being raised higher than the others.

"It was a lovely evening, the 18th of June. The sun was just setting behind the high mountain ranges to the westward, and although the day had been oppressively warm, the air was now comparatively cool and enjoyable. I was in the midst of most charming scenery; and although only about two miles distant from a crowded and bustling city, everything was perfectly quiet and still. Overhead, the rooks were seen returning home for the day, and here and there, on a solitary bush, or in a grove of trees, the songsters of the woods were singing their last and evening song of praise. Mulberry trees, with their large rich green leaves, were observed in all directions, and the plantations extended all over the low country, and up to the foot of the hills. The hills here were low and isolated, and appeared as if they had been thrown out as guards between the vast plain, which extends eastwards to the sea and the mountains of the west. For the most part, they were covered with natural forests and brushwood, and did not appear to have ever been under cultivation. In some parts their sides were steep, almost perpendicular, while in others the slope was gentle from their base to the summit. Here and there some rugged looking granite rocks reared their heads above the trees, and were particularly striking.

"Looking to the hills, there all was nature pure and unadorned, just as it had come from the hands of the Creator; but when the eye

rested on the cultivated plain—on the rich mulberry plantations—on the clear and beautiful canals studded with white sails, the contrast was equally striking, and told a tale of a teeming population, of wealth and industry.

“I remained for three days amongst these hills, and employed myself in examining their natural productions, and in making entomological collections. In some grassy glades in the wood, I frequently came upon little bands of natives engaged in making thrown silk. A long narrow frame-work of bamboo of considerable length was constructed, and over this the threads were laid in the state in which they came from the reel. At the end of the frame, collections of these threads were attached to a number of round balls about the size of marbles. A rapid motion was communicated to the balls by a smart stroke between the palms of the hands. The workmen went along the line of balls with the quickness of lightning, striking one after the other, and keeping the whole in motion at the same time, until the process of twisting the silk was completed.”—FORTUNE, pp. 350, 358.

In the concluding chapter of his book, Mr Fortune discusses our recent collision with the Chinese, in the notorious affair of “The Arrow” lorch. The calm and judicious statements of the character and occupations of those who employ lorchas of the “Arrow” class, should suggest to our Foreign Office the necessity of giving positive orders to our representatives in China to discontinue countenancing them. All who know China, and take an interest in the people with whom we now have such close mercantile relations, protest, equally with Mr Fortune, against permission being given to vessels of this kind to sail under British colours. But, this view of the “Arrow” does not lead our author to the conclusion, that we should now withdraw from the whole affair, as if we were entirely in the wrong. On the contrary, his knowledge of the Chinese character, and his clear apprehension of the merits of this case, lead him to urge the vigorous prosecution of the war, until we obtain a settlement perfectly satisfactory to Europeans. All who look hopefully on China, as a field of missionary operation, must long for the time when the way to the homes of the three hundred and sixty millions of its inhabitants shall be opened up, and, as they remember their moral and spiritual degradation, they will cordially sympathise with Mr Fortune’s concluding remarks, and earnestly desire their speedy realization.

“But putting on one side the case of the unfortunate lorch ‘Arrow,’ about which our ‘doctors differ,’ there seems to be little doubt but our relations with the Cantonese were upon a most unsatisfactory footing, and that sooner or later the ‘good understanding’ existing between us would have been disturbed. It was only a question of time, and it has been decided somewhat prematurely, perhaps, by this sup-

posed insult to the English flag and infraction of treaty rights. Our relations with the people and government of Canton, can never be considered on a satisfactory footing, until we have a full and complete understanding with each other. They must be brought to look upon us as a nation, as highly civilized, and as powerful as themselves. Until this is accomplished, we may have a disturbance at any time; our commerce may be stopped, and what is of far more importance, the lives of our countrymen living in this remote region, may be placed in imminent danger.

"Whether we were right or wrong, therefore, at the commencement of this unfortunate dispute, it is now absolutely necessary for us to carry it through until our relations are placed upon a firm and satisfactory basis. It may seem fair and plausible for persons ignorant of the Chinese character, to talk of justice and humanity,—fine-sounding words no doubt,—but totally inapplicable to the present state of things.

"In order, therefore, to be humane, in the strictest sense of the term, to prevent future war and bloodshed, to give the Cantonese a true estimate of our character, to render the lives and property of our countrymen secure, and to prevent those vexatious interruptions to our commerce, we must carry out what we have begun with a firm and determined hand. With a nation like the Chinese, particularly about Canton, this is true humanity and mercy.

"In conclusion, let us hope that the day is not far distant, when this large and important empire, with its three hundred millions of human beings, shall not remain isolated from the rest of the world. The sooner the change takes place the better will it be for the Chinese, as well as for ourselves. Trade and commerce will increase to a degree of which the most sanguine can form but a very faint idea at the present time. The riches of the country will be largely developed, and articles useful as food, in the arts, or as luxuries, at present unknown, will be brought into the market. It cannot be true that a vast country like China, where the soil is rich and fertile, the climate favourable, and the teeming population, industrious and ingenious, can produce only two or three articles of importance, such as silk and tea for exportation. There must be many more, and these will be brought to light when the country is fully and fairly opened to the nations of the west.

"But when this is accomplished, a boon of greater value will be conferred upon the Chinese, than anything connected with the extension of their commerce. The Christian missionary will be able without fear of restriction, to proclaim the 'glad tidings of great joy' to millions of the human race, who have never yet heard the joyful sound.

"Objects such as these,—the placing of our relations on a firm and satisfactory basis, the prevention of unequal wars where much blood is necessarily shed, the extension of trade and commerce, and the free and unrestricted dissemination of the Gospel of Christ,—are worthy of the consideration of the highest statesmen and greatest philanthropists of our time."—*FORTUNE*, pp. 430, 439.

ART. V.—1. *Report by Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Lunatic Asylums in Scotland, and the existing Law in reference to Lunatics and Lunatic Asylums in that part of the United Kingdom. With an Appendix. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1857.*

2. *A Bill for the Regulation of the Care and Treatment of Lunatics, and for the Provision, Maintenance, and Regulation of Lunatic Asylums, in Scotland. Prepared and brought in by the LORD-ADVOCATE and SIR GEORGE GREY. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 18th June 1857.*

FOR a long series of years have the medical superintendents of our public asylums,—or, as is the fashion now to designate them, chartered asylums—in their annual reports regarding these institutions, with singular ability, fidelity, and fearlessness, exposed the deficiencies, anomalies, and inconsistencies in the Lunacy Laws on the one hand, and the faults of commission and omission connected with the treatment of the insane—and especially the pauper insane—of Scotland, on the other. They have pointed out the extent and tendency of the prejudices which exist, especially in country and remote districts, regarding asylums and their inmates: the degree to which restraint, physical force, and terrorism are suggested or dictated by mistaken kindness, ignorance, or brutality in the treatment of the insane: the comparative curability of insanity in its earlier stages and under appropriate treatment, and the importance of early treatment, both in regard to the chances of cure of the patient and to the pocket of the rate-payer; the dangers of delay in confirming and aggravating the disease, and in constituting the patient a permanent instead of a temporary burden on parochial boards: and the suicides, homicides, and other disasters both to the individual and to society, resulting from premature removals in opposition to medical advice. They have shown conclusively that detention or custody, not cure or restoration, are too frequently the main-springs of action in parochial boards, whose treatment of the insane is more apt to be influenced by motives of short-sighted economy, than by those of humanity; they have raised their voices indignantly against the practice of “farming” out the insane poor, without regard either to comfort or cure, and against the wholesale exodus of pauper patients from public asylums to private houses and workhouses. They have explained the danger of the desire and necessity for profit, on the part of the proprietors

of private houses influencing their treatment of pauper patients, to the manifest detriment of the mental and physical health of the latter; and they have not hesitated to proclaim, directly or indirectly, the insane poor of Scotland to be, in many cases, the unfortunate victims of a selfish, inhuman, parsimonious economy. They have frankly confessed the errors or defects in construction or management under which our public asylums labour, and have been at great pains to indicate how these may be best remedied or supplied, in the erection of future hospitals for the treatment of the insane. They have dwelt especially on the overcrowded state of all our public asylums, from a desire, on the part of their managers to meet, so far as possible, the urgent wants of the community; and they have recommended the erection both of additions to existing asylums and of additional asylums, so as to accommodate patients who are at present mis-treated, or maltreated, in private homes, private asylums, poorhouses, and prisons, as well as to permit of a more satisfactory classification of the insane, than at present. They have urged on the attention of the proper legal authorities, their difficulties in the treatment of particular classes of cases, such as criminal lunatics—improperly so called—dipsomaniacs, and voluntary patients, and they have offered suggestions for improvements in the law regarding them; and lastly, by availing themselves diligently of every advance in science and art to ameliorate the condition of those committed to their charge, they have established for the chartered asylums of Scotland, a cosmopolitan reputation, a proud pre-eminence which has rendered them models—in regard especially to the rational treatment of the insane—for the world to imitate. Let those who are inclined to doubt or deny the truth of the foregoing assertions, peruse the annual reports of the Scotch asylums during the last ten or fifteen years, and especially those of Dumfries, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; they will there find not only a mass of the most valuable information regarding the nature, causes, and treatment of insanity, but they will speedily discover that the principal evils and objections, as well as the suggestions—with the exception of those regarding central boards—described or made by the Scotch Commissioners in Lunacy, in their recent Report to Parliament, have been long since anticipated. Year after year the medical executive of our asylums has been perseveringly, unitedly, incessantly, endeavouring to force on the attention of the public and of the legislature, the defects and anomalies of our lunacy laws, their improper or imperfect administration, and the unsatisfactory mode of treatment of the insane, in certain respects, both within and without the chartered asylums. But so far as the introduction of remedial measures is concerned, these representations and

suggestions—these “labours of love”—have hitherto apparently gone for nothing.

The Board of Supervision, during the ten years of its existence, in its annual reports, has likewise repeatedly and distinctly pointed out the difficulty of carrying into effect the lunacy laws of Scotland applicable to the poor, in consequence of defective asylum accommodation and other causes. Sir John M'Neill, the accomplished and energetic chairman of the Board just named, in his evidence before the Select Committee on Miscellaneous Expenditure in 1848, in answer to a question put by Sir George Clerk [6506], states explicitly, “I do not contemplate with satisfaction the placing of pauper lunatics in private madhouses at all. I have a very serious objection to placing them in private madhouses with people who have no interest in taking proper charge of them, but whose interest it is to feed them as cheaply, and cure them as slowly as possible.” When, therefore, the Scotch, and especially the English, newspapers re-echo the self-condemnatory sentiments of a writer, who says in the *Times*, “I cannot but meanwhile accept it as a great discredit to my native country, not merely that such evils existed in it, but that *their existence was overlooked by her clergy, her officials, and her philanthropists,*” we believe they are guilty of a glaring injustice to a people which has voluntarily done more for its insane, and to a country which possesses better public asylums, in certain respects, than any people or country in the world. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Report of the Scotch Lunacy Commission contains novel disclosures, reveals a state of affairs which has been hitherto sedulously concealed, or brings to light a new national grievance of many years' growth. The Report in question will doubtless furnish powerful and valuable corroborative evidence; it will bring more fully under the notice of the legislature, evils to which it had long shown a wonderful apathy and indifference.

The mode in which the evils connected with the treatment of lunatics, especially in cases beyond the reach of any present legal interference, have been brought out by the Scottish Commissioners, has at last fairly roused Parliament out of this state of indifference, and the Lord Advocate's bill, now before Parliament, is the result. But, as it is manifestly the intention of his Lordship to introduce some of the features of the English lunacy laws into the management of lunatics in Scotland, we would strongly recommend that the M.P.'s and journalists who have devoted so much attention to the *Scottish Lunacy Commission* and its Report, should study carefully the ten Annual Reports of the *English Lunacy Commissioners*. They will there find that the administrative agency of a Royal Commission, after ten years

hard work, has not been so successful as is desirable, in remedying the evils of the English lunacy laws and of the treatment of the insane in England. We do not here enter into the questions of why or how such a state of things comes to pass, but we call attention to the fact, that there is abundant evidence in the pages of the English reports to the Lord Chancellor—after the expenditure by the country of some L.160,000 for administering the law—of the existence of cases of neglect and abuse, nearly as glaring, if not more so, than those now revealed in the Report of the Scotch Lunacy Commission. In their Seventh Annual Report [p. 27], the English Commissioners state regarding Amroth Castle, Pembrokeshire, “as in the case of Vernon House, it was found that the *stables had been converted by whitewashing and boarding, into wards for pauper patients, . . . that the single bedrooms were formed out of the old stalls for horses,*” and that the *male dormitories were in a loft over the stables!* Their latest Report [Tenth, 1856, p. 20], contains the following instructive paragraph, regarding Kingsdown House, Box :—“We are informed by Dr Nash, that he pays about L.150 per annum *for the goodwill of the house, and that a valuation of the patients admitted during the existence of the lease, is to be made at its expiration, when a proportionate sum of money is to be paid to Dr Nash for the cases so admitted. The amount is to be determined by arbitration. . . . They [the patients] are by this arrangement made a source of traffic and profit by two parties!*”

It is not a little instructive that, a few nights after the tragical effect in the House of Commons, produced by the speech of Mr Ellice in regard to the condition of the insane in Scotland—after the English members had turned up the whites of their eyes in devout horror at the revelations made, and the London press had called upon the English nation to blush for the inhumanity, the ignorance, the superstition, of poor, “religious Scotland”—attention should have been called in Parliament to the disgraceful state of the insane inmates of the Marylebone Workhouse—an establishment under the very eye of all the enlightened model boards of the southern metropolis! Last year, also, one of the Commissioners in Lunacy [*Times*, March 6, 1856] found the wards for insane paupers in St Pancras’ Workhouse, London, in a “lamentable state of disorder and neglect,” and reported that previous suggestions of the Commissioners had been totally disregarded!

Turn we now more particularly to the Report before us. Were we desirous of criticising the manner in which the literary department of the Report has been executed—the perspicuity with which statistics have been arranged, so as to bear on the elucidation of interesting topics—or the opinions in regard to the

nature and treatment of insanity, and the proper constitution of hospitals for the insane, in the abstract, we might doubtless discover grounds of objection or complaint. But we have no desire to be hypercritical; we shall rather look to the spirit, tendency, or scope of the Report, than to the manner in which the details have been worked out and thrown together. The Commissioners have undoubtedly been at immense pains to discharge their laborious duties faithfully and fully; and the result of their investigations, extending over a period of upwards of two years, constitutes a most valuable contribution to the literature, or history of the treatment of the insane in Scotland. The bulkiness of the Report, however, detracts materially from its usefulness; and, from the mode in which the matter has been arranged, there is considerable repetition and confusion. We are compelled to admit further, that there appear to be just grounds for opinions and objections which we have, on all hands, heard urged against it of the following nature:—That there pervades the Report a decided bias towards particular opinions, these opinions being such as are enunciated in the Reports of the English Lunacy Commissioners, and that the English influence and ideas unduly predominate over the Scotch; that there is an evident anxiety to make out a bad case—a strong tendency to paint in the darkest colours the gloomy side of the picture—an ungenerous disposition to depreciate all existing arrangements, especially as being essentially Scotch in their character; and that many of the statements are open to the charge of inaccuracy, unfairness or partiality, and exaggeration! As public reviewers we cannot, in equity, shut our eyes and ears to the complaints which we have almost daily read or heard, since the publication of the Report, in regard to its inaccuracies and exaggerations; the press, in every part of Scotland, teems with such accusations, coming from asylums, public and private, and from all grades of officials connected with the administration of the Lunacy Laws, or with the treatment of the insane. Some of these parties or persons use the strongest language, imputing to the Commissioners all manner of unworthy motives. From some quarters such accusations and imputations must be received with caution, if not with suspicion; they look too like recrimination from parties who smart under the official scourge of the Commissioners. It does not surprise us that such persons or parties should endeavour to defend themselves as best they can against the statements of the Commissioners; and failing in a valid defence, it is very natural they should attack the Commissioners with any weapons at their command. But these charges of exaggeration, unfairness, and inaccuracy, are so common throughout Scotland, and they originate, in many instances, in quarters so unexceptionable, that we must be led to the conclu-

sion that there is good ground for a certain proportion of them at least. Since the publication of the Report, it is understood that a correspondence has taken place between the Sheriffs and the Lord-Advocate, or Secretary of State; and that investigations have been made regarding many of the special cases mentioned by the Commissioners. Neither this correspondence nor the results of these investigations have been given to the public. But, it has been stated, by those who are entitled to speak with authority, that, "up to this time, *not one case* had been found fully confirmed."—[*Perthshire Courier*, July 9, 1857.] It is most unfortunate that the Report was so long in its birth. We can only account for this on the ground of the "tedious labour" necessary safely to bring it forth. It is apt to give a false impression of things *as they are*; for asylums, like many other institutions of the time, are progressive in their nature, and, in some of them, both public and private, many and most important changes, in their constitution and government, have occurred during the last two years. We could point to certain public asylums which are complained of by the Commissioners as lacking a due supply of books and objects to amuse and occupy the patients, which now possess their libraries, museums, bazaars—their classes, lectures, and concerts—their picnics, walks, and games—in addition to gardens, grounds, and workshops, for ordinary or routine labour. We could instance further, the old Montrose asylum, the parent of all the Scotch and perhaps of all the British asylums, whose arrangements are not such as are now approved of by architects and medical superintendents, and to whose deficiencies its directors have been long so fully alive, that they sometime ago voted a sum of L.30,000 for the construction of a new and commodious asylum at a short distance from Montrose, on a salubrious and unexceptionable site, and which is rapidly progressing towards completion. Of this we feel assured, that the condition of the insane in Scotland is far from being so bad as is represented by the Commissioners, who might, consistently with truth, have expressed themselves in much more favourable and encouraging terms, of the existing machinery for their comfort and cure.

It is impossible for us to give any resumé of the many interesting points discussed in the elaborate Report before us. This, however, has been done to such an extent in the public newspapers, that it is here less necessary. What concerns us more intimately and immediately, is the tendency and character of the legislation which is likely to be founded on the suggestions contained in the Report. In connection with the expected legislative measure, we shall briefly review the alterations which it is desirable to introduce in regard to the treatment of the insane gene-

rally—the construction and management of asylums—and the Lunacy Laws, with the mode of their administration, in Scotland.

It is not enough for our legislators to frame measures for the custody and cure of the insane. This is but a small part of their duty towards the community. The subject of the *prevention of insanity* is infinitely more noble, as embracing a wider field of action. Such a subject might well occupy the attention of the Board of Health, or of any other board or minister that may be charged with the care of public hygiene. It has been abundantly proved, that an intimate relation subsists between insanity, on the one hand, and physical deterioration and moral and intellectual degradation, on the other. The influence of imperfect nutrition in the production of insanity, is distinctly enunciated by the Commissioners, who state, that “it never should be forgotten that imperfect nutrition is one of the most frequent causes of insanity among the poor;” and that there is a “powerful affinity between poverty and mental disease,” each being “reciprocally productive of the other, and alternately cause and effect.” It follows, that whatever tends to improve the physical, mental, and moral condition of the poor—to raise their social status, will, *pro tanto*, tend towards the diminution of insanity among them. In this aspect, various evils of our present social system call aloud for redress at the hands of our legislators. Among these we may mention the bothy and truck systems, prostitution, intemperance, intermarriages between near blood-relations, and between persons actually insane, or having a hereditary tendency to insanity. The condition of our agricultural labourers is most unsatisfactory, both in regard to their housing and diet. The bothy system is a disgrace to Scotland; and we are glad to see symptoms of amendment in the institution of an “Agricultural Labourers’ Dwellings Association,” having its head-quarters in Edinburgh. A most instructive but disgraceful case, which occurred in the neighbourhood of Montrose, has been going the round of the newspapers lately. A farm-servant deserted his master’s service on the plea that the bothy was quite unfit for a man to live in. It was deponed by medical witnesses that the hovel in question was almost destitute of air and light, was damp and filthy, and altogether unfit for a human habitation. It is a serious truth, that the cattle and dogs of farmers are better housed and attended to than their labourers. It is manifestly the interest of the farmer to possess well-housed robust labourers; but if selfish interests do not lead to the proper housing and feeding of agricultural labourers, for the sake of society the employer ought to be compelled, by legislative enactment, to make more suitable provision for the preservation of their health. The cots or hovels of the peasantry, in many parts of Scotland, are nearly as unsuit-

able for human habitation as the bothies. In the Carse of Gowrie, for instance, one of the richest agricultural districts in Scotland, the cottars' houses are chiefly mud huts of the most primitive description—huts which are a disgrace alike to the district and to the country. Premature old age and pauperism are among the most common results of residence in such dwellings. Akin to the bothy system, and equally fertile in the production of crime, pauperism, and insanity, is the truck system of the mining districts. The subject of the checking of prostitution and other cognate vices is a most difficult one, but one which is daily becoming more and more important. Too much attention cannot be paid to the better education of the *morale* in all classes of the community, but especially among the poor, with a view to bridling the passions, and directing the mind towards higher and nobler aims and objects. Intemperance is to be abated probably rather by the promotion of intellectual, moral, and physical culture, and the encouragement of rational amusements, than by any compulsory abstinence. The Commissioners show that congenital insanity is greatly more prevalent in the northern than in the southern counties of Scotland, this being due to intermarriage chiefly; and they further point out the deplorable extent to which imbecile females, in consequence of being allowed to go at large, become the victims of unprincipled scoundrels, and give birth to insane children. There is often a distinct physical and mental deterioration observable in the offspring resulting from the union of the Irish and Scotch poor of our large towns. The deprivations to which the parents, and especially the mothers, are frequently subjected, may, in a certain measure, account for this. The defective physical education of the young, the undue and premature stimulation of the intellectual powers, the want of moral training, long hours and unhealthy trades, must also be added to the catalogue of evils to be remedied,—a catalogue which we might easily augment, had we not said enough to indicate our general meaning.

We trust the Lord Advocate will see the propriety of employing a new psychological terminology, and of abolishing the use of terms founded on crude, absurd, and now exploded notions regarding insanity and the insane,—terms which serve only to generate alarm and distrust in the minds of the patients, and prejudice and disgust on the part of the public, in regard to asylums and all charged with their management. We refer to such terms as *madhouse*, *lunatic*, *keepers*, *cells*, *furiosity*, *asylum*, etc. *Madness* is undoubtedly a most unscientific term; *madhouse* instantly calls up visions of the bedlams of old, with their chains and shrieks and dungeons; *lunatic* is founded on an acknowledged error; *keeper* suggests the idea of a jailor and prisoner;

cell implies the notion of a dark, cold, damp dungeon, such as that of a prison; *furiosity* is merely a symptom of some forms of insanity; and *asylum* does not convey the idea of an hospital or home. We would suggest, instead of these objectionable terms, the substitution of such words or expressions as *insanity* or *mental derangement*, *hospitals for the insane*, *attendants* or *nurses*, *apartments* or *bedrooms*, etc.,—terms calculated to inspire confidence and hope, and to give correct impressions of asylums and the insane as they are and ought to be, not as they were in the days, now long gone by, of restraint, brutality, and ignorance.

We take it for granted that the Report of the Commissioners has sealed the doom of the private boarding-houses of the Lillybank and Hillend type; nor do we think their doom has been fixed a moment too soon. The “farming out” of the pauper insane, from motives of parsimonious economy alone, and without the slightest regard to the well-being of the patients, is, as the Commissioners boldly state, a disgrace to all concerned in such proceedings. But we have no hope that the evil will be abated or modified, until the strong arm of the law compels parochial authorities to do their duty to the insane poor. It is granted on all hands, that there is a lack of proper asylum accommodation, especially in certain counties of Scotland; and we assume that additional or district asylums will forthwith be erected. Several important topics suggest themselves for consideration in connection with the erection of new asylums. Let us not be mere copyists, imitating the defects as well as the excellencies of existing Scotch asylums, some of which were built half a century ago, and are anything but models for modern asylums. Let us strive to maintain and advance the hitherto high reputation of the Scotch public asylums, by introducing into their construction and management all the discoveries and achievements of modern science and art; let us make them psychological schools as well as hospitals, industrial colonies as well as asylums or homes; let us secure for their superintendence the highest medical talent, by offering liberal remuneration and rewards; and let their governing bodies take as their motto, “*Salus populi suprema lex*,”—the interests of society and of the insane, rather than the pockets of the rate-payers. We must have no Colney Hatch in Scotland,—huge, overgrown, unmanageable establishments, whose interior rivals the gloom and monotony of a prison. The Commissioners justly, we think, advocate the erection of numerous middle-sized or small asylums in preference to huge central establishments: the former can be scattered over the country, so as to be readily accessible; the latter must be located in the most populous districts, and in the neighbourhood of our large towns. It is further recommended that the new asylums for the pauper insane should

be plain and inexpensive. Certainly they may be erected much more cheaply than any of our existing large public asylums, with the exception, perhaps, of the Southern Counties Asylum, Dumfries. But an asylum may be too plain. We should be sorry to see the multiplication of plain, workhouse-looking masses of building, when a small additional outlay would afford a tasteful ornamentation. But we have objections to the erection of isolated, single, symmetrical masses of building, and should infinitely prefer a series of buildings studded over the grounds, resembling in general character and appearance a large English homestead, or some large industrial community. Our anticipations may be at present regarded as somewhat Utopian; but we look forward to the time when a pauper asylum will partake of the character of a farming or industrial colony; when we shall have a large proportion of its inmates living in cottages under the charge of intelligent and kind attendants; when the establishment will consist chiefly of an hospital for the treatment of acute cases, and of a farm and series of workshops for the occupation of the convalescent and well-behaved industrious inmates. All the buildings, workshops, and lands would be included within the asylum domain; the colony would resemble, in some of its general features, that of Gheel in Belgium: but we would not advocate in Scotland the carrying out of this principle on a larger scale at present. Instead of building additional wings to existing asylums—which are already sufficiently overgrown—for the reception of the pauper insane presently confined in private houses and elsewhere, we would strongly urge on the attention of the managers of asylums the propriety of erecting detached buildings, more of the character of cottages or lodging-houses, such as have been erected by the proprietors of many large factories in England and Scotland for their workmen. To such buildings could be drafted off the convalescents, the quiet, the harmless; while the present hospital buildings would be appropriated wholly to recent or to troublesome cases. There can be no doubt as to the propriety of attaching a large amount of land for farming purposes to every asylum—be it pauper or private,—but especially if the former. By employing insane labour in agriculture, not only would a direct benefit accrue to the patients, but it would prove remunerative to the asylum, and enable it to reduce its rates of board for pauper patients. The “useful and productive labour” of the inmates of an asylum might undoubtedly be vastly increased, by the introduction of a greater variety of industrial employments of a healthful kind. We see no reason why, in the larger asylums, if a sufficient amount of ground were purchased, there should not be a complete farming establishment, including dairy, mills for grinding corn, bakeries,

piggeries, poultry yards, stables, byres, sheep pens ; workshops for carpenters, wheelwrights, masons, plumbers, blacksmiths, painters, printers ; orchards, kitchen and flower gardens, shrubberies, parks, bowling-greens, cricket ground, ornamental sheets of water, fountains, etc. Some of these, however desirable in themselves, are not essentially necessary to the efficient working of a pauper establishment ; but we think it an error to be limited by the consideration of what will “pay” or prove remunerative—what will clear expenses and leave a decent surplus. The managers of asylums should look less to what kind of labour is likely to prove remunerative—“useful and productive” to the institution—than what mode of treatment is most likely to prove serviceable to the individual patient, taking into consideration the future as well as the present. We would, for instance, much rather employ a puny, pale consumptive weaver in agricultural labour than at his loom, although the institution should be a direct loser by such change of occupation ; out-of-door work, abundant exercise, pure air, in such a case, furnishing perhaps the only chance of cure. Even were it universally the case, as some superintendents state, that the cost of employing patients in farming operations exceeds the value of the produce of their labour, we should hold that the curative results ought to have a primary, and the value of their labour a secondary, consideration. The experience of English and continental asylums in regard to farming, however, renders it extremely probable that the experiment of attaching farms to our asylums would prove beneficial alike to asylum and patients. Every asylum, existing or to be, should possess an educational establishment. It is not enough to employ a ploughman as a ploughman, or a weaver at the loom, when he becomes convalescent ; but we would have the ploughman taught to read and write—would place at his command, according to his capacity or inclination, a knowledge of some useful handicraft, and so endeavour to raise his social status, while we would send the weaver to the fields, and engage him in athletic games, so as to improve his *physique*. It may be urged that an asylum is not a suitable place for mental or moral training, that the mind should be allowed a complete and uninterrupted rest, and the body or the hands only should be employed. This we regard as a perfect fallacy, founded on an imperfect and one-sided knowledge of insanity and its proper treatment. The moderate and judicious stimulation or cultivation of the intellectual faculties, and the due development and regulation of the moral feelings, are quite as conducive to the restoration of mental health as mere physical exercise, and much more so than mental rest or inertia.

The education of the insane has been carried out with most

encouraging success in several Scotch asylums, particularly those of Dumfries and Perth. Among the higher or educated classes there are patients in these asylums who have studied French, German, Dutch, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; botany, geology, entomology, and other branches of natural history; English literature and history; theory of music, and the use of the organ, piano, concertina, violin, and other musical instruments; drawing, embroidery, etc.; while, among the lower or pauper classes, patients have made solid acquirements in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and music, besides learning shoemaking, carpentry, weaving, and other trades. We would also strongly advocate the introduction of the æsthetical element in the arrangements of our asylums: we would clothe the walls of the galleries and parlours with pictures; introduce ferneries, Ward's cases, flower-stands, and bouquets; encourage the care of pet animals, such as singing birds, squirrels, rabbits, pigeons; ornament the shrubberies with statuary, and the parks with fountains. This will undoubtedly be regarded, especially at the present moment, as an unnecessary and absurd refinement—as a dissipation of money which might be more profitably expended on stone and lime. We doubt not, nevertheless, that all of these arrangements will find their way, sooner or later, into the Scotch, just as they have already into many of the American, asylums,—establishments in which there is much that our asylum authorities might imitate with advantage.

The existing chartered asylums cannot possibly accommodate the insane poor of their respective districts, under the proposed new regulations, unless considerable additions are made to the present buildings. This could easily be done, by the erection of detached cottages and farm buildings, as we have already suggested. The bill empowers rate-payers either to purchase existing chartered asylums, or to contract with them for the custody and treatment of their pauper insane. Probably, in some cases, the one plan should be followed, as being the most satisfactory alike to the rate-payers on the one hand, and the asylum managers on the other; in other cases, the contract system will be preferred, leaving the directors to erect such additional buildings as to them appears fit. There is considerable difference of opinion regarding the association of the insane belonging to different ranks of life in the same building; it has been supposed that the association of high class and pauper patients must have a bad effect upon both. This would appear to be a mistake. In an asylum establishment possessing several distinct buildings, the high class patients, however, might be placed in one building and the pauper patients in another, while they would associate at amusements and games, at chapel, and on other occasions. Some ex-

isting asylums are better adapted for the treatment of pauper patients; others, again, for the treatment of high class patients.

But it is not sufficient for the proper treatment of the insane in Scotland, that additional pauper or district asylums should be erected. Separate provision should be forthwith made for criminal lunatics, for dipsomaniacs, and for idiots. It were further desirable that establishments of an inexpensive kind, either attached to existing asylums or separate, should be set apart for the reception of chronic and incurable cases, such as are at present confined in workhouses. Homes or retreats for patients of the higher ranks, and especially for harmless and eccentric individuals, and partaking much of the characters of a private home and little of those of a public asylum, would probably complete the requirements of the country in regard to a due provision for its insane. It is generally agreed that criminal lunatics—at least certain sections of them—should be segregated from the ordinary inmates of asylums, and confined or treated in separate establishments. There is no reason why these patients should not have the same advantages in regard to comfort and cure as other classes of the insane. Erroneous views exist regarding what constitutes a “criminal lunatic,” and the very use of this term is a contradiction and an absurdity that ought no longer to be tolerated. The distinction between a criminal and other lunatic is purely a legal one; the psychologist admits no such distinction. The latter would treat him as the subject of disease; but the law at present regards him almost solely as a criminal, associating educated with degraded “criminal lunatics” in wards whose arrangements are, to say the least of it, badly adapted to the treatment of insanity. It admits of question, whether it is advisable that all classes of criminal lunatics should be placed in a national asylum, such as that of Dundrum in Ireland; or whether it would not be preferable, in regard to their comfort and cure, to devote such an establishment solely to the worst classes—the most dangerous and vicious patients—who require greater guarantees for safe custody than in other cases, while those committed for minor offences might, with advantage, be received as ordinary patients into our public asylums. Such an opinion is supported by the Commissioners (p. 166). Another most difficult class to deal with is that of inebriates, or dipsomaniacs. Some eminent authorities, both legal and medical, are of opinion that such persons cannot be legally treated as insane; while it is acknowledged on all hands that there is no class more dangerous to society. There is manifest injustice in associating patients of this class with the other inmates of public asylums, but at present there is no remedy. Institutions for this class of patients should partake more of the characters of private mansions than of

asylums: there is no necessity for most of the appliances required in the treatment of other forms of insanity. The great object in their treatment is to keep from them stimulants, and so to train the moral feelings as to accustom them to bridle and overcome their morbid propensities. They ought to be permitted to enjoy a large measure of liberty, to associate with the sane, and to mix in the temptations and trials of the world to a limited extent, so as gradually to test their increasing powers of self-control and self-respect. There should be ample opportunities for occupation, recreation, and education; professional and other employments might be carried on by the majority of the patients, and the produce of their labour might be applied either towards the expenses of their individual maintenance or to the support of their families. But legal power must be granted to medical men to treat dipsomaniacs or inebriates like other insane patients, so far as detention until cure or recovery is concerned; such patients should not be permitted to be legally removable from medical control, until the superintendent of an asylum, with medical and legal advice and assistance if necessary, pronounce the patient sufficiently recovered to be able safely to rejoin society, and encounter the trials and temptations of the world. Unless this be done, the treatment of this class of patients must remain on its present unsatisfactory footing; and murders, suicides, arson, brutality, pauperism, the total ruin of families, the danger of the community, must continue *pro tanto* without a check.

The great want of, or irregularity in, book-keeping in the private asylums, is greatly complained of by the Commissioners. It is extremely desirable, for many reasons, that an uniform system of book-keeping—or at least a minimum standard—should be forthwith introduced into all asylums, of what class soever. No enlarged deductions in psychological science are possible without statistics; and no statistics can be compiled without book-keeping. It were further desirable that statistics of a certain kind should be regularly collected by some central authority—such as the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, who might compile quarterly or annual tables, showing the proportion, from time to time, of the insane to the sane population; the proportion of males to females attacked; the ages of the insane; the causes of insanity; the duration of the disease prior to the patient's being placed under treatment; the results of treatment and its duration; and various cognate points of great general interest to the community. Why should we not have statistics in regard to insanity, similar to those drawn up by Dr Farre of London in regard to the mortality of the metropolis? Of the ultimate utility of such statistics we entertain no doubt; and it is with confidence and a sense of its great importance, that we

venture to urge this subject on the attention of the promoters of the forthcoming Lunacy Bill. Besides, there is perhaps no more certain method of checking or preventing abuses, and of enforcing economical and attentive management, than by the introduction of a rigid and complete system of book-keeping. The regulation of the rates of board for pauper patients in new asylums is a point of some difficulty. It would appear, from the investigations of the Commissioners, that the rates in some of our existing chartered asylums have either been unnecessarily high, or those of the pauper boarding-houses dangerously low—so low, indeed, as to render it impossible for the proprietor both to treat the patients properly in regard to food, clothing, etc., and to yield himself a reasonable profit. The alternative opinion, suggested by a perusal of the Report, is decidedly the latter; although there is no reason to doubt that the rates charged in public asylums might, by various means, such as the introduction of useful and productive labour, be materially reduced. They should, if possible, be sufficiently low to afford every inducement to lose no time in placing recent cases under treatment, and to underbid, in a legitimate way, the private boarding-houses. Could this be safely done by the purchase of land and the erection of farms, or otherwise, the boarding-houses of the Lillybank and Hillend class would fall in open competition, and could never again raise themselves into public favour. This would be a much more fatal and permanent blow to them than compulsory closure of their doors by Act of Parliament, or by the fiat of a Board or a Sheriff. So far as can be carried out, the interest of the patient and the interest of the rate-payer should be made to harmonize and coincide; then we should have no difficulty in the proper treatment of the pauper insane.

There is a tendency in existing chartered asylums to overwork the medical superintendent, and especially to burden him with an amount of mere clerk's work which occupies probably the major part of most valuable time—time which ought to be devoted solely to the medical care of his patients. A superintendent is too frequently, to a certain and undesirable extent, secretary, clerk, officer of works, farm overseer, house steward, and jack of all trades: this is not only derogatory to his position, but interferes materially with his usefulness as a psychological physician. If he has letters to write, accounts to audit, statistics to draw up, ground to lay out, provisions to examine, he cannot see, converse with, and otherwise properly attend to his patients, especially in establishments containing a population of 400 or 500.

One of the clauses of the "Lunatic Asylums [Ireland] Act, 1856," should, we think, be rendered applicable to the superin-

tendents of Scotch asylums, or, what is equivalent thereto, a similar clause should be introduced into the Lord Advocate's Lunacy Bill for Scotland. We refer to the clause regarding superannuation allowances or pensions, which is perhaps the only redeeming feature in an Act full of objectionable clauses. The superannuation clause of the Irish Act of 1856 grants to any officer who is incapacitated from age, infirmity of mind or body, or otherwise, to discharge the duties of his office, for above 15 and less than 20 years' service, a pension not exceeding two-thirds of his salary and allowances; and for above 20 years' service, a pension not exceeding his salary and allowances. In Scotland there is no such inducement for a medical man to devote himself to the treatment of insanity; little inducement indeed, of any kind, for him to enter upon this department of the public service. A Scotch superintendent, when he becomes old, infirm, and incapacitated, is liable to be turned adrift without a farthing, notwithstanding a long and faithful service, which has exhausted the energies of a valuable life. The legislature or the managers of asylums might well be more liberal to the officers of asylums than the framers of the Irish Bill. It appears to us illiberal and unfair that incapacity should be the only ground for obtaining a pension. We think that men who have spent 15 or 20 years in the unceasingly onerous and responsible duties of the superintendentship of an asylum, should enjoy the option of retiring at the end of that period on full pay, without any further qualification than long and faithful service. Such a step is rendered desirable both for the sake of the patients and the superintendent; for it is impossible that an old man, or one who has spent 20 years in a constant association with the insane, can possess the freshness, firmness, and elasticity requisite for a proper discharge of the duties of superintendent—duties which are as irksome as they are incessant. We would not confine superannuation allowances to superintendents, but would extend their benefits to all the officers of an asylum of every grade and kind.

In regard to the kind and amount of legislation which is at present necessary in order to place the lunacy laws of Scotland—their administration in the treatment of the insane—and the management of asylums in Scotland—on a proper basis, it is perhaps easier to say what should not be done—what should be avoided, than what should be done. It has been all along expected that the Report of the Commissioners, of what nature soever, would lead to legislation; indeed, the Commission would appear to have been instituted directly with a view to facilitate and hasten legislation. Nor has the public been disappointed in this anticipation; for the Lord Advocate has taken advantage of the howl of indignant surprise among the English people.

with which the publication of the Report was greeted, and the unusual excitement produced in Parliament by a narration of the abuses which it disclosed, to introduce a Bill with all possible speed. This speed, it is to be feared, has amounted to rashness: the Bill, in all essential points, so far as we can judge by the sketch given of its provisions in Parliament at its first reading, is that of the late Lord Advocate Rutherford, little if at all modified. Now, it is notorious that the cause of failure of this Bill in 1848, was not that legislation was not at that period generally considered necessary in Scotland, but that the enactments of the Bill were of such a character as to raise up general and strong opposition throughout Scotland. Two of its most obnoxious provisions were compulsory taxation of counties by an irresponsible Central [Edinburgh] Board, and the abolition or abnegation of all real power of local government of asylums, by the imposition of arbitrary interference over even those asylums which had been the fruit of private munificence, and had been managed, locally and privately, in such a way as to have made them an honour to our country. Knowing well that there has existed in Scotland, for a considerable time past, a strong and increasing feeling of antipathy to, and distrust in, government by central Boards and Government interference generally, we should naturally have anticipated that, in re-introducing Lord Rutherford's Bill at the present date, its promoters would have so modified it, by removing or altering obnoxious clauses, as to have rendered it, as a whole, somewhat popular among the Scottish people. It seems to us most unfortunate that such modifications have not been introduced; and such is the determined and general opposition to it throughout all classes in Scotland, that it is not at all likely to pass; nor is it desirable that it should, until radical alterations are made upon it in committee. Already are the press, parochial boards, managers of asylums, and other interested parties, up in arms, organizing uniform opposition; and we much mistake if Government will have the hardihood or power to press and pass a measure so repugnant to the wishes and opinions of the people. As the Bill is not yet printed and circulated, we are not at liberty to criticise its provisions so fully as we should have otherwise desired. We can only, in the present aspect of affairs, review the general tendency or scope of such legislation as is proposed.

With a few exceptions in minor points of detail, we are satisfied that no lunacy laws have been more perfectly framed, no public asylums more admirably managed, than those of Scotland; and no country deserves greater praise and less censure for the enlightened solicitude she has shown, and the voluntary provision she has made, for her insane. We are not imbued

with any extravagant feeling of exultative nationality; we do not make these statements in a boastful spirit; but we feel keenly, and we speak plainly in affirming our belief, that justice has not been meted out to Scotland by the English press and by Parliament in regard to her asylum affairs. The administration of the law has been faulty; the law itself requires some emendation; more asylum accommodation is urgently demanded; and a certain section of the pauper insane has been treated in a manner which reflects disgrace on the parties charged with their care. All this we at once admit: no one could more sincerely deplore such a state of matters, and none can be more anxious to see it remedied. But we differ from the Commissioners as to the extent to which evils exist, and we differ as to the nature of the remedy. We do not at all go into the question, Who is to blame? "Whom shall we hang?" for the abuses that have occurred, for the evils that still exist. The public press has already fully taken up this subject, and has said enough, perhaps too much, regarding it.

We do not altogether sympathize with the outcry which has lately been raised by the press, in season and out of season, in regard to the inefficiency of Central Boards in general, and certain Boards in particular. The press and the public have been, perhaps, unnecessarily severe. But we cannot see the necessity for a new Board in the present instance. It appears to us that a modification of our present machinery for administering the law in regard to the insane, is preferable to any other that has hitherto been, or is now, proposed. The chartered asylums require no further supervision than they at present possess; and the only difficulty is in regard to such pauper insane as are at present kept at home, or are confined—not treated—in private boarding-houses, workhouses, and prisons. The first step ought to be to provide adequate and ample accommodation for all classes of the insane in properly qualified asylums. Then render it compulsory upon relations or guardians to place every insane person under asylum treatment, unless the controlling authority—Sheriff, or Board of Supervision, as the case may be—grant permission, on competent medical testimony, that he be kept at home. We would not be understood to advocate an extension of the power of dispensation at present enjoyed by the Board of Supervision: this is shown by the Commissioners to have worked most unsatisfactorily. We would take the matter altogether out of the jurisdiction of the parochial inspector and parochial medical officer, or of parties interested in detaining the patient, from motives of economy or otherwise, at home. Let every case of insanity, of whatever kind or degree, and in every parish within his jurisdiction, be reported immediately on its occurrence to the

Sheriff, and let him appoint a couple of medical men of eminence, and not connected with the locality, separately to examine and report upon the case; let him examine it afterwards for himself, if necessary, and upon the result of the medical opinion, assisted by his own judgment, let him direct the local authorities as to the future management of the patient. Let him then report all cases occurring within his jurisdiction to some central authority, which may be the Home Secretary, the Lord Advocate, or other officer of the Crown. At present the Sheriffs report to nobody; and in this respect they differ from the English Commissioners, who report annually to the Lord Chancellor. In difficult cases the Sheriff could be empowered to call in the assistance of experts in the treatment of insanity, such as the superintendents of our large public asylums. The law would require to define very rigorously and clearly the respective duties and powers of the Sheriffs and Board of Supervision, should it be considered necessary to continue both these authorities in their present relative positions. But the more satisfactory plan would probably be to confide the whole administration of the law to the Sheriffs, who, with a qualified staff of medical and legal advisers, appointed by themselves, and for whom they would be responsible, might easily fulfil both their own functions and those of the Board of Supervision. There must, however, be uniformity of action among the Sheriffs, and the statutes must admit of no two interpretations.

There is an ambiguity at present as to whether a license refers to a person or place: this ought at once to be remedied. The medical certificates under which the Sheriffs consign patients for treatment to an asylum might be more precise: they should give, as in England, the grounds on which the medical men form their opinion; these medical men should examine and certify separately and personally; and it would be advisable that there should always be two instead of one, as at present. The phrase, "*on soul and conscience*," might with advantage be omitted. There is an awkwardness in adding fines to the "rogue money" of a county, which it would be well to avoid; it looks like classifying the insane in the category of knaves. Dipsomaniacs must be made liable to all the disabilities of insanity. The degrees and kinds of mental aberration recognised by law should be carefully revised and altered by the light of an improved state of psychological medicine, and the legal terms employed should be clearly defined, both legally and medically. No exception should be made in favour of a relative detaining an insane person in a private home, unless with the express sanction of the Sheriff or other constituted authority. Patients should not be confined in prisons prior to being examined by or before the

Sheriff, when seized at the instance of the Procurator-Fiscal, as dangerous to be at large; and steps should be taken to expedite this process of judicial investigation. It should not be necessary to obtain a Sheriff's warrant for the purpose of placing an idiot or imbecile child in a training institution. Dr Brodie, of the Edinburgh School for the Training of Imbeciles, stated distinctly, in his evidence before the Commissioners, that the usefulness of the institution was greatly limited by this unnecessary formality, which deters parents from sending their idiot or imbecile children from home. Every encouragement should be offered for the proper treatment of this unfortunate class of the insane. The labours of Dr Guggenbuhl and others on the continent, and the success of the English idiot asylums at Essex Hall, Redhill, and Highgate, shows conclusively how much may be done to improve both the physical and mental state of idiot children. The introduction of the system of coroner's inquests into Scotland has no unimportant bearing on the treatment of insanity, and it is on broader grounds loudly called for. At present there is no specific legal provision for investigation into causes of accidents, suicides, and sudden deaths in asylums.

Whatever may be the precise form of legislation, it should ever be borne in mind that the scope of all legislation in regard to the insane, should embrace the prevention of insanity on the one hand, and its speediest cure and greatest alleviation on the other; that the laws should be clear and well defined, admitting of no ambiguous interpretations; that their administration should be as simple as is consistent with efficiency, so as to avoid the evils arising from divided responsibility, and complications of relations, powers, and duties; that the administrative agency must first duly ascertain the existence of the insane, and then see that they are properly treated in qualified asylums; and that a complete system of asylums for the insane of all classes of the community is yet a desideratum in Scotland.

Since the above remarks were committed to press, the promised Bill of the Lord-Advocate has been prematurely born. Prematurely, inasmuch as it bears internal evidence of hasty preparation, being even yet comparatively a "*rudis indigestaque moles*" of despotic, impracticable, absurd or contradictory clauses; and because time has not been afforded for the people in general, and parties implicated or interested in particular, to inquire how far the evils set forth in the Commissioners' Report *really exist*, and to decide as to the best means of remedying such evils as are found to exist and to stand in need of remedy. The first Bill, as dimly sketched in Parliament by the Lord-Advocate, like the Highlander's gun, contained so many flaws as to require "stock, lock and barrel." Prior to the printing and second

reading of the Bill, advantage was taken, and properly taken—on many points—of the state of public opinion in Scotland. The alterations were so numerous, and of such a character, that the aspect of the Bill was essentially changed. There can be no doubt, however, that, notwithstanding all the alterations and additions that have been made, the main features of the Bill are still in opposition to the general feeling of the country. Opposition is being organized on all hands; but the chief form it has yet assumed, has been a petitioning for postponement of the Bill for a year. This is certainly a consummation devoutly to be wished: many modifications ought to be made, and we trust will be made, ere the Lord-Advocate's present Bill becomes the law of the land. During the period of postponement the statements of the Lunacy Commissioners may be fully and fairly sifted—established if true, repudiated if inaccurate: all possible objections to the provisions of the Bill—from interested or disinterested quarters—may be brought forward and weighed in the balance both of public opinion and of professional experience; and proper evidence may be taken as to the best means of securing, without bias or prejudice, what ought to be the common aim in regard to the treatment of our insane—the greatest possible good in the simplest and most effectual possible way.

We have left ourselves no space to discuss the merits, or rather the demerits, of the Lord-Advocate's Bill. Provisions, the most stringent and arbitrary, have been framed, evidently for the benefit of the keepers of asylums of the Lilybank and Hillend type. It seems most unjust to subject our existing chartered asylums to the interference of any Government Board. The saving clause, in Section 9, is an *apparent* exemption in their favour; but it is so plainly contradicted by other provisions in the Bill, as to be virtually valueless. Compare, for example, Section 9 with Sections 44 and 45. We might also point to Section 28 as mischievous and unfair, and to Sections 90 and 92 as calculated to lead to evils of a very grave kind; but we must forbear following this subject further. We have already considerably over-stepped the bounds we had originally prescribed for ourselves. Let it not be supposed, however, that we have any capacious dislike to legislative interference. We should be sorry indeed to see prejudice, false economy, personal feelings, or vested interests, stand in the way of a thorough remodelling of our Lunacy Laws.

- ART. VI.—1. *The Art of Elocution*. By GEORGE VANDENHOFF. London: 1855. 8vo.
2. *A History of English Rhythms*. By E. GUEST. London: 1838. 8vo.
3. *The Ancient Rhythmical Art Recovered*. By WILLIAM O'BRIEN. Dublin: 1843. 8vo.

VERSES, good or bad, at one time or another have exercised the power of delighting and impressing all persons. It seems, therefore, somewhat singular that all theories and criticisms of the nature of verse, and canons for its composition, should hitherto have been found the most dreary of reading: prosaic *par excellence*, "prosody," in short—a word scarcely proper to be spoken within hearing of the ladies, a necessary evil of academic days, a subject which pedantry itself seldom dreams of obtruding upon ears polite. The reason seems to be, that in this department of learning investigators have failed to reach, often even to seek, those fundamental truths which, if discovered, must confer connection and unity, and consequently intellectual interest, on all the less general facts.

The adoption, by Surrey and his immediate successors, of certain foreign metres into our poetry, and the unprecedented attempt of that accomplished writer to establish "blank verse" as a narrative vehicle, first aroused conscious and scientific interest in the subject of the mechanism of English verse. From that time to this, the nature of modern verse has been the pet problem of a large part of that peculiar class of enthusiasts who love to dive in deep waters for diving's sake. An infinite mass of nondescript matter has been brought up from the recesses visited, but none of the divers has succeeded, to the complete satisfaction of any but himself, in rendering an account of this secret of the intellectual deep. We have made it our business to ascertain whether any of the musical grammarians, whose science is, in great part, a mere abstraction of the laws of metre, have sounded the depths of this department of their art. The sum total of our inquiries in both fields of criticism, musical and poetical, amounts to this, that upon no other subject with which we are acquainted has so much been written with so little tangible result. Without for a moment questioning the value of certain portions of the writings of Puttenham, Gascoigne, Campion, Webbe, Daniel, Crowe, Foster, Mitford, Guest, and

others, it must be confessed that no one of these writers renders anything like a full and philosophical account of the subject; and that, with the exception of Daniel, the admirable author of the "Civil Wars," and Mitford, none has treated the question, even on the superficial ground in most cases assumed, with the combined ability and competence of information from which alone any important fruit can be looked for in such investigations. George Puttenham's "Art of English Poesy" is by very much the most bulky and laborious of the early metrical essays; but at least nine-tenths of this book consist of as unprofitable writing as ever spoilt paper. His chapter on the arrangement of rhymes to form staves is worthy of the poetical student's attention; and we find in the outset of his work an explicit acknowledgment of the fact, so often lost sight of by his successors, that English verse is not properly measurable by the rules of Latin and Greek verse. Indeed, the early poetical critics commonly manifest a much clearer discernment of the main importance of rhyme and accentual stress, in English verse, than is to be found among later writers. Their views are, for the most part, far from being expressed with that positiveness and appearance of system characterizing the school of critics which received its data from Pope and his compeers; but they are, upon the whole, considerably more in accordance with the true spirit of English verse, as it appears in its highest excellence in the writings of the poets of Elizabeth and James. The dissertations of the second class of critics, of whom Foster was the most notable example, are rendered comparatively useless by the adoption of false or confused opinions as the groundwork of their theories; such, for instance, as Foster's assumption that the time of syllables in English keeps the proportion usually attributed to long and short quantities in Greek and Latin, and that the metrical ictus or stress in English, is identical with elevation of tone;—mistakes which seem also to have been made by Dr Johnson in the prosody prefixed to his Dictionary, and by various other writers of that time. Joshua Steele has the praise of having propounded more fully than had hitherto been done, the true view of metre, as being primarily based upon isochronous division by ictuses or accents; and he, for the first time, clearly declared the necessity of measuring pauses in minutely scanning English verse. He remarked the strong pause which is required for the proper delivery of adjacent accented syllables, and without which the most beautiful verses must often be read into harsh prose. But the just and important views of this writer were mingled with so much that was erroneous and impracticable, that they made little or no general impression. Mitford's careful work on the *Harmony of Language* is perhaps the most significant book

which has appeared upon the subject. This work, though far from containing the whole, or the unmixed truth, has not yet been superseded by any of the several elaborate essays on the same theme which have since appeared. Mr Guest's work on English Rhythms is a laborious and, in some respects, valuable performance; but many of his observations indicate an ear defective to a degree which seriously impairs their value, when they concern the more subtle kinds of metrical effect. The value of his work is further diminished by a singular unskilfulness in the mode of arranging his materials, and communicating his views. He has fallen into the grave error of endeavouring to simplify and abbreviate his statements by adopting, for the indication of different species of verse, a notation which few persons can fairly be called upon to take the pains to comprehend and follow. He throws, however, much new and interesting light upon the history of versification, and no student of the subject will omit to give his volumes a respectful reading. Mr Dallas brings metrical criticism up to the present day. His "*Poetics*" is a clever and amusing volume, made up of much fun, much metaphysics, and a good many observations to the purpose. Indeed the balance between the metaphysics and the fun is hard to strike. When we feel ourselves disposed to object to the style of such criticisms as "the centrifugal force wherewith the mind rushes forth into the objective, acting on the centripetal force of self-consciousness, generates the circling numbers of the revolving harmonies of poesy—in one word, a roundelay,"—we ought, perhaps, to satisfy ourselves as Charles Lamb, in a stutter, is said to have consoled a free-thinking friend who had just been irritated by one of Coleridge's "*properer-for-a-sermon*" philosophical monologues, and to conclude that all such criticisms are only Mr Dallas's *ph-ph-ph-fun*!

The radical faults of nearly all the writers we have mentioned, and of those who have followed in their steps, are, first, the mistake of working in ignorance of the truth declared by Quintilian, "that mere literature, without a knowledge of sounds, will not enable a man to treat properly of metre and rhythm;" secondly, that of having formed too light an estimate of their subject, whereby they have been prevented from sounding deep enough for the discovery of the philosophical grounds and primary laws of metrical expression. No one, with any just sense of the exalted but unobtrusive functions of art, will expect to derive much artistic instruction from the writings of men who set about their work, perhaps their life's work, with such sentiments as Dr Burney was not ashamed to avow at the commencement of that laborious treatise which is still deservedly a text-book of musical history: "I would rather be pronounced trivial than tiresome;

for music being, at best, but an amusement, its history merits not, in reading, the labour of intense application." And again : "What is music? An innocent luxury, unnecessary indeed to existence, but a great improvement and gratification to our sense of hearing."

The nature of the relation between the poet's peculiar mode of expression and the matter expressed has engaged the curiosity of many philosophic minds. Hegel, whose chapters on music and metre, in the third volume of his *Æsthetics*, contain by far the most satisfactory piece of writing we know of on the subject, admirably observes, that versification affords a necessary counterpoise to the great spiritualisation of language in poetry. "It is false," he adds, "that versification offers any obstacle to the free out-pouring of poetic thought. True genius disposes with ease of sensible materials, and moves therein as in a native element, which, instead of depressing or hindering, exalts and supports its flight." Art, indeed, must have a body as well as a soul; and the higher and purer the spiritual, the more powerful and unmistakeable should be the corporeal element;—in other words, the more vigorous and various the life, the more stringent, and elaborate must be the law, by obedience to which life expresses itself. The defective balance of these powers, the failure being on the material side, produces the effect of license in Shelley, and slovenliness in Wordsworth, and of much waste of the great spiritual powers of both; the opposite kind of failure, namely, the preponderance of form, has few examples among the writings of first-class English poets, but very many among those of Germany, whose prevailing error is that of causing form to weigh down and conceal, instead of expressing and supporting spirit. In this we do not allude only to metre, which is often over-elaborated by the best German poets, but to that which may be justly regarded as the continuation and development of the metrical element, namely, a highly and obviously artificial arrangement and unfolding of the subject.

The co-ordination of life and law, in the matter and form of poetry, determines the different degrees and kinds of metre, from the half prosaic dramatic verse to the extremest elaboration of high lyric metres. The quality of all emotion which is not ignoble, is to boast of its allegiance to law. The limits and decencies of ordinary speech will by no means declare high and strong feelings with efficiency. These must have free use of all sorts of figures and latitudes of speech; such latitudes as would at once be perceived by a finely constituted mind to be lax and vicious, without the shackles of artistic form. What in prose would be shrieks and vulgar hyperbole, is transmuted by metre into graceful song. This effect of metre has often been alluded

to, with more or less exactness of thought and expression. "Bacon," says Mr Dallas, "regards metre as a curb or shackle, where everything else is riot and lawless revelling; Wordsworth regards it as a mark of order, and so an assurance of reality needed in such an unusual state of mind as he takes poetry to be; and Coleridge would trace it to the balance struck between our passions and spontaneous efforts to hold them in check." From the truth which is implied alike in these several propositions, it seems to us that an important and neglected corollary follows: metre ought not only to exist as the becoming garment of poetic passion, but, furthermore, it should continually make its existence recognised. Some writers, by a peculiar facility of language, have attained to write perfect metre with almost as little metrical effect as if it were prose. Now this is no merit, but very much the reverse. The language should always seem to *feel*, though not to *suffer from* the bonds of verse. The very deformities produced, really or apparently, in the phraseology of a great poet, by the confinement of metre, are beautiful and noble, exactly for the same artistic reasons that in architecture justify the bossy gothic foliage, so unlike nature, and yet, indeed, in its place and purpose as art, so much more beautiful than nature herself. Metre never attains its noblest effects when it is altogether unproductive of those beautiful exorbitancies on the side of law. Milton and Shakespeare are full of them; and we may declare the excellence of these effects without danger to the poorer proprietors of the lower walks of art, since no small poet can originate them, or even copy them, without making himself obviously absurd. Wordsworth's erroneous critical views of the necessity of approximating the language of poetry, as much as possible, to that of prose, especially by the avoidance of grammatical inversions, arose from his having overlooked the necessity of manifesting, as well as moving in, the bonds of verse. In the finest specimens of versification, there seems to be a perpetual conflict between the law of the verse and the freedom of the language, and each is incessantly, though insignificantly, violated for the purpose of giving effect to the other. The best poet is not he whose verses are the most easily scannable, and whose phraseology is the commonest in its materials, and the most direct in its arrangement; but rather he whose language combines the greatest imaginative accuracy with the most elaborate and sensible metrical organization, and who, in his verse, preserves everywhere the living sense of metre, not so much by unvarying obedience to, as by innumerable small departures from, its *modulus*. The over-smooth and "accurate" metre of much of the eighteenth century poetry, to an ear able to appreciate the music of Milton and the best parts of Coleridge, is almost as

great a defect as the entire dissolution of metre displayed by most of the versifiers of our own time.

The reader will already have discovered that we are writing under a conviction that the musical and metrical expression of emotion is an instinct, and not an artifice. Were the vulgar and infantine delight in rhythm insufficient to justify that conviction, history itself would prove it. The earliest writings of all nations possessing regularly constituted languages have been rhythmical in that high degree which takes the form of verse. "Verse," as Ellis well observes, "is anterior to prose, because our passions are anterior to reason and judgment; because vocal sounds are the natural expression of emotion, not of reflection." On examination, however, it will be found out that the most ordinary speaking involves the musical and metrical element in an easily appreciable degree, and as an integral part of language, and that this element commonly assumes conspicuousness and importance in proportion to the amount of emotion intended to be expressed. Metre, in the primary degree of a simple series of isochronous intervals, marked by accents, is as natural to spoken language as an even pace is natural to walking. Prose delivery, without this amount of metre, is like a drunkard's walk, the irregularity of which is so far from being natural to a person in his senses, that it is not even to be imitated without effort. Now, as dancing is no more than an increase of the element of measure which already exists in walking, so verse is but an additional degree of that metre which is inherent in prose speaking. Again, as there is this difference between prose and verse generically, so the same difference gives rise to specific kinds of prose and of verse; and the prose of a common law report differs from that of an impassioned piece of oratory, just in the same way that the semi-prosaic dramatic verse differs from an elaborate lyric. This is no new doctrine; it is as old as criticism. Cicero writes, "*Mira est enim natura vocis: cujus quidem è tribus omnino sonis, inflexo, acuto, gravi, tanta sit et tam suavis varietas perfecta in cantibus: est autem in dicendo etiam quidem cantus obscurior.*" And again, Quintilian, "*Nihil est prosa scriptum quod non redigi possit in quædam versiculorum genera.*"

The metrical and musical law in prose has been disregarded and forgotten, because its nature is so simple that its observance may be safely trusted to instinct, and requires no aid from typographical divisions. Probably many of our readers will feel as much surprised at learning that they have been talking in metre all their lives, as the *Bourgeois gentilhomme* felt on being told that he was, without instruction, an adept in the art of prose. We certainly cannot expect them to believe so startling a proposition upon our mere assertion: we must allege a few proofs, premising,

however, that the *melody*, or elements of *tone* in language, is so inseparably connected with its *metre* or *time*, that the two things will scarcely consent to be considered separately. By the metre and melody of prose, we of course mean the metre and melody which exists in the common and intelligible delivery of it. Verse itself is only verse on the condition of right reading: we may, if we choose, read the most perfect verse so that all the effect of verse shall be lost. The same thing may be done with prose. We may clearly articulate all the syllables, and preserve their due connection in the words they constitute; and yet, by neglecting to give them their relative tones, and to group them according to time, convert them from prose into something nameless, absurd, and unintelligible. So far is it from being true that the time and tone of prose reading and speaking are without law, that their laws are more strict than those of grammar itself. There are never two equally good ways of reading a sentence, though there may be half a dozen of writing it. If one and the same sentence is readable in more than one way, it is because it has more than one possible meaning. "Shall you walk out to-day?" is a question which may be asked with as many variations of stress and tone as there are words in it; but every variation involves a variation of meaning.

The isochronous division of common spoken language, though quite as natural, necessary, and spontaneously observed as the laws of inflection, is more difficult to prove, by reason of the difficulty which most persons must experience when they for the first time attempt at once to speak naturally, and to take note of the time in which they speak. To those who believe that verse is itself founded on measure, it will be sufficient to point out the fact, that there is no necessary distinction between the right reading of prose and that of verse, as there would be were the primary degree of measure whereby a verse is divisible into a certain number of "feet" or "bars" artificial. Thus, on meeting in prose with such a passage as "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," which is an exquisitely cadenced "iambic tetrameter brachycatalectic," we give the entire metrical effect in the ordinary reading. An argument of wider power of influence is, however, to be discovered from the consideration of a passage like the following, which, while it refuses to be read into verse, differs greatly from the ordinary character of English prose:—"These are spots in your feasts of charity, when they feast with you, feeding themselves without fear. Clouds they are without water, carried about of winds: trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit; twice dead, plucked up by the roots; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, unto whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever." Pro-

bably there is not one unpractised reader in ten but would feel slightly embarrassed by having to read this passage aloud for the first time. The meaning is nevertheless plain; the places of all but one or two of the accents are unmistakeable; so that, if stress and tone without measured time were the only points requiring to be given in prose reading, everybody would read it off properly at once. The peculiarity of the passage, however, consists in its singular departure from the metrical constitution of ordinary English phrases, which exhibit a great preponderance of emphatic and anemphatic syllables in consecutive couples, whereas here the accents fall, for the most part, either upon adjacent syllables, or upon every third syllable,—an arrangement requiring an exceedingly bold and emphatic style of delivery, *in order to sever accent from accent by equal measures of time*. Adjacent accents occur so seldom, that bad readers are apt to sink one of them when they do occur, or at least to abbreviate the decided intervening pause, which the ear, even of the reader who neglects to give it, must instinctively crave.

The dependence of metre upon this primary and natural division of language by accents may be adopted as a fact, which has been recognised with more or less distinctness by all critics who have written on the subject to any purpose. Yet, strange to say, the nature of accent itself has puzzled the brains even of those who have spoken most clearly of its metrical functions.

The word “accent” is notorious for the variety of meanings which have been attached to it. We are of course chiefly interested in its meaning as it is concerned in English and most modern European verse, and it is only in this regard that it is afflicted with apparently incurable ambiguity of significance. It is commonly allowed now that the Greek accent was a matter of tone exclusively. With us, the places of the *metrical* accent or “ictus”—of the accent in the sense of change of tone, and of long quantity, coincide; with the Greeks, the separation of these elements of verse was not only permissible, but sought after; and the ictus, accent, quantity, and verbal *cæsura* advanced, as it were, in parallel order. Hegel rightly says, that “to feel the beauty of the rhythm on all these sides at once, is, for our ear, a great difficulty.” It is indeed a difficulty which seems never truly to have been overcome by any modern reader of Greek verse, and it is probably one which could not be overcome by less than the life’s habituation, which every Greek had. Most people find it hard to believe what they cannot easily represent to their senses; and the fact of the above diversity is sometimes even now shirked, or confusedly admitted, by metrical critics. Mitford, however, very justly remarks, that the difficulty in question, though next to insurmountable, is not greater than that

which a Frenchman ordinarily finds in regard to English versification. It is also worth observing, that although the separation in point is absolutely opposed to the rule of our speech, this rule is nevertheless broken by exceptions which serve at least to render the practice of shifting the metrical ictus from one place in a word to another, and of severing "accent," in the sense of tone, from long quantity, quite intelligible. Thus, our poets claim the privilege of setting the stress on either syllable of the word "sometimes," according to the requirements of the verse; and the vulgar practice of dwelling long on the first syllables of "*prodigious, miraculous,*" etc., may convince the most sceptical that elevation of tone and ictus have no *necessary* association with long quantity; for such pronunciation in no way diminishes the decision of the ictus and the elevation of the tone upon the succeeding syllables.

Here let us call attention to a mistake which seems always to have been made concerning "accent," even under the acceptance of *tone*. The "*acute accent*" is always spoken of as if it had a permanent position in polysyllables; the fact being, that the accent is necessarily "*acute,*" or *high*, only so long as the word stands without context or relative signification, in which case, the acute accent is always used as being, in English generally, indicative of that which is most positive and characteristic in the constitution of the word. But there is no "*acute*" which is not liable to be converted into a "*grave*" by grammatical position. In this question and answer,—"*Shall Mary go?*" "*No, not Mary,*"—the first syllable of the word "*Mary*" is in one case *acute*, and in the other *grave*; but in each case alike, the syllable is fully accented. This significative property of change of tone is evidently not the accident of any language, or group of languages: it lies at the foundation of the idea of music of all kinds, and a permanent tone dwelling on certain words would render poetry and song impossible. It cannot therefore be doubted, that, in every language, ancient and modern, as in our own, grammatical isolation is the condition of the permanent *acute*, and that, consequently, the compound change of tone, called the "*circumflex*" accent, is, in composition, as liable to commence with a fall as with a rise.

Let us now ask, What do we mean by "*accent,*" as the word is commonly used in speaking of its function in English verse? for we may dismiss the Greek meaning as being well defined in its independence of ours, which, whatever it is, is certainly not *pure tone*. Some writers have identified our metrical accent with long quantity; others have placed it in relative loudness; others have fancied it to consist, like the Greek, in *pure tone*; others have regarded it as a compound of loudness and elevation of tone; and others, as a compound of height and duration of

tone; others, again, have regarded it as the general prominence acquired by one syllable over another, by any or all of these elements in combination. Now, it seems to us that the only tenable view of that accent upon which it is allowed, with more or less distinctness by all, that English metre depends, in contradistinction to the syllabic metre of the ancients, is the view which attributes to it the function of marking, *by whatever means*, certain isochronous intervals. Metre implies something measured; an assertion which sounds like a truism; but to a person much read in our metrical critics, it will probably seem a startling novelty. It is one, however, which can afford to stand without any further recommendation than its obvious merits, for the present. The thing measured is the time occupied in the delivery of a series of words. But time measured implies something that measures, *and is therefore itself unmeasured*; an argument before which those who hold that English accent and long quantity are identical must bow. These are two indispensable conditions of metre,—first, that the sequence of vocal utterance, represented by written verse, shall be divided into equal or proportionate spaces; secondly, *that the fact of that division shall be made manifest* by an “ictus” or “beat,” actual or mental, which, like a post in a chain railing, shall mark the end of one space, and the commencement of another. This “ictus” is an acknowledged condition of all possible metre; and its function is, of course, much more conspicuous in languages so chaotic in their syllabic quantities as to render it the *only* source of metre. Yet, all-important as this time-beater is, we think it demonstrable that, for the most part, *it has no material and external existence at all*, but has its place in the mind, which craves measure in everything, and, wherever the idea of measure is uncontradicted, delights in marking it with an imaginary “beat.” The Greeks, it appears, could tolerate, and even delight, in that which, to our ear, would confuse and contradict measure. Our grosser sense requires that everything which gives preponderance to a syllable shall, as a rule, be concentrated upon one, in order to render it duly capable of the mental “ictus.” Those qualities which, singly, or in various combination, have hitherto been declared to *be* accent, are indeed only *the conditions of accent*; a view which derives an invincible amount of corroboration, from its answering exactly to the character and conditions of accent in vocal and instrumental music, of which the laws cannot be too strictly attended to if we would arrive at really satisfactory conclusions concerning modern European metre. People are too apt to fancy they are employing a figure of speech when they talk of the music of poetry. The word “music” is in reality a much more accurate expression for that which delights us in good verse, apart from

the meaning, than the word "rhythm," which is commonly employed by those who think to express themselves with greater propriety. Rhythm, when the term is not meant to be synonymous with a combination of varied tone and measured time, must signify an abstraction of the merely metrical character extremely difficult to realize, on account of the curious, though little noticed, tendency of the mind to connect the idea of tone with that of time or measure. There is no charm in the rhythm of monotones, unless the notion of monotone can be overcome; and, when that is the case, it is not rhythm, but rhythmical melody, whereby we are pleased. If Grétry, when a child, danced to the pulsations of a waterfall, it was because his fancy abolished their monotony. The ticking of a clock is truly monotonous; but when we listen to it, we hear, or rather seem to hear, two distinct tones, upon the imaginary distinction of which, and the equally imaginary emphasis of one, depends what we call its rhythm. In the case of the beat of a drum, this ideal apprehension of tone is still more remarkable: in imitating its tattoo, the voice expresses what the mind imagines, and, in doing so, employs several varieties of tone. In all such cases, however, the original sounds, though monotonous, are far from being pure monotones; they are metrical recurrences of the same *noise*, rather than the same tone; and it is very interesting to observe, that we cannot evoke what we thus erroneously term "rhythm" from the measured repetition of a perfectly pure tone. The tattoo of a knuckle upon the table will lose most, if not all of its rhythm, if transferred to a bell. The drum gives "rhythm;" but the clear note of the "triangle" is nothing without another instrument, *because it does not admit of an imagined variation.*

The relation of music to language ought to be recognised as something more than that of similarity, if we would rightly appreciate either. "The musical art," says G. Weber, "consists in the expression of feelings by means of tones." Now, all feelings have relation to thoughts or facts which may be stated, or at least suggested, in words; and the union of descriptive words with an expressive variation and measurement of tones, constitutes, according to the amount and kind of feeling, and the truth of its vocal expression, song, poetry, and even the most ordinary spoken language. *Perfect song is, in fact, nothing more than perfect speech upon high and moving subjects;* a truth upon which Grétry, one of the soundest, as well as by very much the most amusing of modern musical critics, emphatically insists, when he says, "*Il est une musique qui ayant pour base la declamation des paroles, est vraie comme les passions,*" which is as much as to say, that there is no right melody which is not so founded. And again, "*La parole est un bruit ou le chant est renfermé;*" a statement which

is the converse of the other, and amounts to a charge of imperfection against our ordinary modes of speaking, in so far as, when concerned with the expression of the feelings, they do not amount to pure song. Who has not heard entire sentences, and even series of sentences, so spoken by women (who are incomparably better speakers than men), as to constitute a strain of melody which might at once be written down in notes, and played, but with no increase of musical effect, on the piano? Where is the "bruit" in Rachel's delivery of an impassioned passage of Racine? Her rendering of such passages is not commonly recognised as pure song because, in modern times (it was not so with the Greeks), song, by having been long regarded as an "artificial" mode of expression, has fallen into extravagance and falsehood, and is now very rarely "*vrai comme les passions*." Modern singing and modern declamation, as a rule, are equally far removed from that just medium at which they coalesce and become one. In song, we have gradually fallen into the adoption of an extent of scale, and a diversity of time, which is simply *nonsensical*; for such variations of tone and time correspond to no depths or transitions of feeling of which the human breast is cognizant. The *permanent* popular instinct, which is ever the best test of truth in art, recognises the falsehood of these extremes; and Grétry well asks, "*N'avons nous pas remarqué que les airs les plus connus sont ceux qui embrassent le moins d'espace, le moins de notes, le plus court diapason? Voyez, presque tous les airs que le temps a respectés, il sont dans ce cas.*" The musical shortcomings of ordinary recitation are not nearly so inexcusable as the extravagancies of most modern song. Perfect readers of high poetry are as rare as fine singers and good composers, for the sufficient reason, that they *are* fine singers and good composers, though they may not suspect it in an age of unnatural divorce of sound and sense. What is commonly accounted good reading—what indeed is such when compared with the inanimate style of most readers—falls immeasurably short of the musical sense of really fine verse. The interval between the veriest mouther who ever enraptured a Surrey audience, and an accomplished elocutionist, like Miss Cushman or Mr Macready, is scarcely greater than that which separates these and the *ideal* actor, who should be able to effect for the poetry of Shakespeare, what Rachel does for, here and there, a line of Racine. Hence, few lovers of good poetry care to hear it read or acted; for, although themselves, in all likelihood, quite unable to give such poetry a true and full vocal interpretation, their unexpressed imagination of its music is much higher than their own or any ordinary reading of it would be. Poets themselves have sometimes been notoriously bad readers of their own verses; and it seems not unlikely that

their acute sense of what such reading ought to be, discomposes and discourages them when they attempt to give their musical idea a material realization. In this matter of the relationship of music and poetry, the voice of theory is corroborated by that of history. "These two arts," writes Dr Burney, "were at first so intimately connected, and so dependent on each other, that rules for poetry were in general rules for music; and the properties and effects of both were so much confounded together, that it is extremely difficult to disentangle them."

Mitford, and other writers, who have treated of Latin and Greek verse as being "metrical" and "temporal," and of our own as "rhythmical" and "accentual," have fallen into the strange error of not perceiving that these four epithets must apply to all possible kinds of metre, as far as they really are metre; and that, although the non-coincidence of the grammatical with the metrical ictus, and other peculiarities of Greek and Latin verse, give rise to differences in *kind* between these and the English and other modern European modes of *verse*, the difference of *metre* can be only one of degree. It is not to be doubted that "quantity," in the ancient composition and delivery of Greek and Latin verse, did involve a stricter measurement of the time of single syllables than subsists in our verse, or in our reading of classical verse, and that a real change did occur in the transition from the "metrum" of the ancients to the "rhythmus" of the moderns,—a change represented in Greek verse itself by the famous *versus politici* of Tzetzes; but the only change, as far as regards pure *metre*, which is reconcilable with facts and the nature of the case, is that which consists in rendering "accentual" division of time the *sole*, instead of merely the *main*, source of metre. In modern verse, those collocations of accented and unaccented syllables which we call "feet," are not true measures, as they were, though probably only approximately, in ancient verse. Our verse, for example, delights in the unclassical practice of setting a trochee before an iambus in what we call iambic verse, as

"For one restraint, Lords of the world beside."

In the proper delivery of this line, the same time, or very nearly, is allowed to elapse between the first and second, second and third, and third and fourth accents; but between the first and second there is *one* unaccented syllable; between the second and third, *none*; and between the third and fourth, there are *two*; consequently the trochee, "*Lords of*," and the iambus, "*the world*," are both temporarily deficient when considered as feet, the two unemphatic syllables, *of the*, being pronounced in the time of one of any of the other three unemphatic syllables in the line. Again,

"Come, see rural felicity,"

is a verse having the full time of four dactyls, the first two being each represented by a single syllable. Our liability to error, through an indiscriminating use of the same names for different things, may be illustrated by the fact, that the "feet" which Quintilian says produced the even or common rhythmus, namely, the dactyl and anapaest, with us produce the uneven, or triple, and, on the contrary, the iambus and trochee give our even rhythmus. The word *foot*, however, may be usefully retained in the criticism of modern verse, inasmuch as it indicates a reality, though not exactly that which is indicated by it with regard to classical metre. The true meaning of the word for us is to be obtained from attending to its employment by Prinz, Calcott, and other musical writers, who speak of iambic, trochaic, and dactylic *rhythms*. Thus, a strain in "common time" beginning with the unaccented note, is called iambic; a strain in "triple time" beginning with two unaccented notes, anapaestic, and so forth. Each rhythm, in verse as in music, has a very distinct character; and it is obviously convenient that we should have a distinguishing term for it, since this is by no means supplied by the general terms, "common" and "triple cadence."

The chief source of confusion in modern writings on metre, is the nature of the metrical value of the separate syllables of which feet and cadences are composed. The common notion of an exact proportion inherent in syllables themselves seems to us to be quite untenable. The time occupied in the actual articulation of a syllable is not necessarily its metrical value. *The time of a syllable in combination, is that which elapses from its commencement to the commencement of the succeeding syllable; so that the monosyllables, a, as, ask, asks, ask'st, though requiring five degrees of time for their articulation, may have precisely the same temporal value in verse, just as, in music played staccato on the pianoforte, the actual duration of sound in a crotchet or a quaver note may be the same, the metrical value depending altogether on the difference of the time which elapses before the commencement of the succeeding note.* This may reconcile the fact, noticed by Dionysius and others, that "one short syllable differs from another short, and one long from another long," with the apparently contradictory rule, "*Syllaba brevis unius est temporis, longa vero duorum.*" It is furthermore very necessary to be observed, that the equality or proportion of metrical intervals between accent and accent is no more than general and approximate, and that expression in reading, as in singing or playing, admits, and even requires, frequent modifications, too insignificant or too subtle for notation, of the nominal equality of those spaces. In the present day, it is the fashion, not only in music and in poetry, but in all the arts, to seek expression at too

great an expense of law, and the most approved style of reading is that which ignores the metre as far as is consistent with the possibility of recognising the verse as verse. It is certain that such reading as this would ill bear us out in our assertion of the metrical isochronism in English and other accentual verse, but the constant presence of a general intention of, and tendency towards the realization of this character, will assuredly be always manifest in good verse, well read. Not only may metrical intervals differ thus from their nominal equality without destroying measure, but the marking of the measure by the recurrent ictus may be occasionally remitted, the position of the ictus altered, or its place supplied by a pause, without the least offence to a cultivated ear, which rather delights in, than objects to, such remission, inversion, or omission, when there is an emotional motive, as indicating an additional degree of that artistic consciousness, to the expression of which, Hegel traces the very life of metre.¹

A complete and truly satisfactory metrical analysis of any passage even of classical verse, would include a much fuller consideration of the element of pause than has commonly been given to that subject, even by analyzers of modern metre. In the works of the most authoritative prosodians—in the work of Hermann himself—the various kinds of *catalexis*, and measurable cæsural pause, appear rather as *interruptions* than *subjects* of metrical law. Campion, Joshua Steele, and O'Brien ("Ancient Rhythical Art Recovered"), have indeed noted middle and final pause as being the subject of measure; but the two former have done so only incidentally, and the latter has failed to obtain the consideration which, with all the deficiencies of his little work, the boldness and partial truth of his views deserve. Unless we are to go directly against the analogy of music, and to regard every verse affected with catalexis (or a deficiency in the number of syllables requisite to make it a full dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, etc.) as constituting an entire metrical system in itself, which is obviously absurd,² we must reckon the missing syllables as substituted by an equivalent pause; and, indeed, in reading catalectic verse, this is what a good reader does by instinct. The idea of metrical sequence between verses is equally contradicted by the notion of "hyper-catalectic verse." Mitford was so ignorant of the true analysis of English "heroic verse," that he says, "in setting it to music, the first syllable of the following line would belong to the same bar (meaning by *bar* the space between accent and accent) with

¹ Hermann derives the metrical ictus from an expression of causative force. His opening chapters, in which he professes to give the philosophic grounds of metre, are needlessly obscure, and, to our thinking, far from satisfactory.

² That Hermann falls practically into this absurdity, may be seen from his mode of treating *anacrusis*, or those "times" which precede the (first) "*arsis*:" these "times" he really excludes from the metre.

the last syllable of the former line." The truth is, if the composer really followed the cadence of heroic verse, he would allow a "rest" at the end of the line equal to the whole time of two syllables. So, alone, would the constitution of such verse be fairly represented. The nine-syllable trochaics, in Tennyson's "Vision of Sin," would probably be regarded by prosodians as "hyper-catalectic dimeters;" but the extraordinary pause which is required at the pause of every line indicates clearly enough that such verses are really "trimeters," the time of *three* syllables being filled with a pause. This pause, when properly rendered, affects the ear as excessive; and therefore the verse, though used three centuries ago by Spenser, has never found a place among our recognised metres.

The cæsural, or middle pause, in some kinds of verse, is of such duration that the verse cannot be rightly scanned without allowing for it. Cæsura plays a less refined part in modern than in ancient versification, but still its office with us is far from unimportant. Much over-refinement and many strange mistakes have been fallen into by theorists and theorising poets in connection with this matter. The most common and injurious of such errors, is that of identifying metrical pauses with grammatical stops. Some of the early English poets were at great pains to try the experiment of making these two very different things coincide. Now, one of the most fertile sources of the "ravishing division" in beautiful versification is the opposition of these elements,—that is to say, the breaking up of a grammatical clause by cæsural pause, whether at the end or in the middle of a verse. The great magnitude of metrical, as compared with grammatical pauses, seems not to have had so much notice as its curiosity deserves. In beating time to the voice of a good reader of verse, it will be found that the metrical pauses are usually much longer than the longest pauses of punctuation, and that they are almost entirely independent of them. For example, a final pause equal to an entire foot may occur between the nominative and the governed genitive, and, in the same sequence of verses, a grammatical period may occur in the middle of an accentual interval without lengthening its time, or diminishing the number of the included syllables. In fact, the "stops," or conclusions of grammatical clauses, are rather marked by *tone* than *time*. Even in the reading of prose, the metrical pauses—for so the pauses between adjacent accents may rightly be called—are of much greater duration than is given to most of the "stops."

It is very questionable, indeed, whether English verse has gained by the entire disuse of the cæsural dot, which was always employed, until the middle of the fifteenth century, to indicate the position of the cæsura in those kinds of verse of which a

marked cæsura was an essential quality. Of this metrical sign Mr Guest says, "No edition of Chaucer and his contemporaries can be complete without it." The value of the cæsural dot will be at once manifest to every reader on perusing such lines as the following, which have been attributed to Surrey, and of the like of which plenty are to be found in the writings of him and his predecessors, and immediate successors :—

"And some I see again sit still, and say but small,
That can do ten times more than they that say they can do all."

The reader is almost sure to destroy the metre of these lines in his first perusal, for want of an indication of the strong cæsura, in the first line, on the sixth, and in the second, on the eighth syllable. In a language like ours, abounding in monosyllables to such a degree, that ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or even fifty of them, may follow in uninterrupted sequence, as in a passage in the third Act of King John, quoted by Mitford, this assistance to the accentuation is absolutely required in verses exceeding the length of the common "heroic;" and the consequence of its disuse has naturally been the disuse of such of the ancient English metres, some very fine ones, which required it. Mr Lettsom's excellent version of the Nibelunglied in the original metre, though singularly faultless in its rhythm for a translation of such magnitude, is continually liable to be misread for want of the cæsural sign.

Hitherto we have had occasion to speak only of that primary metrical division which is common to verse and prose. We have now to speak of that which constitutes the distinctive quality of verse. All verse, like all music, is either in triple or common cadence; or, in classical phraseology, comes under either the dactylic or trochaic category. Now, the *triple* cadence is so far removed from the ordinary rhythm of our spoken language, that it is of itself sufficient to constitute verse, without any addition of metrical law. Not so with the *common* cadence, which is that of ordinary prose and ordinary speech, the general rule of the English language being the alternation of a single accented with a single unaccented syllable. Nothing but the unaccountable disregard, by prosodians,¹ of the final pauses in English verse, could have prevented the observation of the great general law, which we believe that we are now, for the first time, stating, that the *elementary measure, or integer, of verse is double the measure of ordinary prose*,—that is to say, it is the space which is

¹ It is difficult to discover how far this general law of English verse has been felt by prosodians. Certainly it never has been fairly expressed by them, though Foster gives the English heroic line the name of its Greek counterpart, whereby he assumes such division.

bounded by *alternate* accents; and that every verse proper contains two of these "bars," or "metres," or, as with a little allowance they may be called, "dipodes." This law, it is to be observed, is strictly according to the analogy of all music in "common time," of which the "strain" is measured by "sections" formed of *pairs* of "bars." All verses in common cadence are therefore dimeters, trimeters, or tetrameters. Monometers cannot stand as consecutive verses, though, as terminations of stanzas and interruptions of measure for peculiar purposes involving extended pauses, the effect of their introduction is often admirable. A few simple considerations will place this sectional admeasurement of English verse in common cadence beyond question. It has been rightly felt by Mitford and others, that "verses" of less than six syllables are essentially absurd and burlesque in their character. The reason is, no doubt, the absurd comparative length of the final pause, required to render a line of five syllables in common cadence into verse; or the equally absurd alternative of the omission of the pause: such lines—and there are plenty of them in Skelton, and the burlesque lyrists—are at once felt to be a *mockery of verse*. It happens, however, that in metre, there is but half a foot between the ridiculous and the sublime. The six-syllable "iambic" is the most solemn of all our English measures. It is scarcely fit for anything but a dirge; the reason being, that the final pause in this measure is greater, when compared with the length of the line, than in any other verse. Here is an example, which we select on account of the peculiar illustration of its nature as a "dimeter brachy-catalectic," which is supplied by the *filling up* of the measure in the seventh line:—

"How strange it is to wake
And watch, while others sleep,
Till sight and hearing ache
For objects that may keep
The awful inner sense
Unroused, lest it should mark
The life that haunts the emptiness
And horror of the dark."

We have only to *fill up* the measure in every line as well as in the seventh, in order to change this verse from the slowest and most mournful, to the most rapid and high-spirited of all English metres, the common eight-syllable quatrain; a measure particularly recommended by the early critics, and continually chosen by poets in all times for erotic poetry, on account of its joyous air. The reason of this unusual rapidity of movement is the unusual character of the eight-syllable verse as *acatalectic*, almost all other kinds of verse being *catalectic* on at

least one syllable, implying a final pause of corresponding duration. We could multiply such proofs as these *ad infinitum*, but must remember our limits.

It is necessary, in connection with this part of the subject, to remark, that although every complete verse, in common cadence, must have the time of two or more *sections* (as we may call these primary accentual divisions of verse), it by no means follows that the verse must begin or end with the commencement or termination of a section. In the quotation given above, the first accentual section begins with the second syllable of the first verse, and the second section commences with the last syllable of that verse; and, taking in the pause equivalent to two syllables, ends with the first syllable of the next, and so on, exactly as is the case with the sections in musical composition, which seldom begin with the first note of the strain or end with the last. When every line in a passage of poetry begins with the beginning of an accentual section, the effect is an increase of emphasis but a great diminution of the impression of continuity, and, in general, of rhythmical beauty. Unmixed "trochaics" or "dactyls" have seldom been written by poets of fine musical feeling.

It will generally be found that in verses which strike the ear as extraordinarily musical, the peculiarity is mainly owing to an unusually distinct and emphatic accentuation of the first syllable in the metrical section, as in the following lines from the "Merchant of Venice:"—

"The crów doth sing as swéetly as the lárk
When néither is atténder ; and I thínk
The níghtingale, if shé should sing by dáy,
When évery goose is cáckling, wóuld be thóught
No bétter a músician than the wrén."

In these blank trimeters, properly read, there is a major and a minor accent in every section. Shakespeare, the most musical of writers, affords more examples of lines of this constitution than any other English poet. Dryden and Pope would have called these verses weak. Their "full resounding line" studiously avoided these melodious remissions of the alternate accents. Curiously enough, Mitford quotes the above lines as an example of *departure* from the modulus of heroic verse, although his own principle of referring the metre of verse and that of music to a common law, should have taught him that they exemplify the most exact fulfilment of that modulus. The lovely song in "Measure for Measure," beginning—

"Take, oh take those lips away,"

Gray's Ode—

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,"

and probably most other pieces which have become famous for their music, will be found, on examination, to depend for much of their mysterious charm upon the marking of the section by extra emphasis on the first accent. Indeed, this indication of the section would seem to be a necessity deducible from the fact of verse being measurable by sections, which would have no meaning, unless their existence were made apparent by at least an occasional marking of them.

If we are right in the foregoing statement of the fundamental principle of English verse, much modern writing, professing to be verse, is, in fact, no such thing. A great deal of Southey's "irregular verse" is nothing but prose, with the accentual and grammatical pauses typographically indicated. On opening the verse books published in the present day, we are almost sure to be struck by the profound aspect of the metres. The left side of the page, where the lines begin, is often more variously indented than the right side, where they leave off. Gulfs and creeks of clean paper alternate with promontories of print, without any visible symmetry; and the mind of the hopeful reader is of course prepared by the view for some mystery of music, some subtle strain of rhythm,

" With many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out ;"

but, if he be a modest and inexperienced reader, he is sadly put out of countenance by finding that the rhythmical motives which he takes it for granted the poet had, in thus leaping from long lines to short ones, and back again, are quite beyond his powers of perception. So far are such pages from seeming to him uncommonly musical, as pages of aspect so pretentious are bound to be, that to his ear they are uncommonly prosaic, and he concludes probably that his metrical comprehension is only of a nursery-rhyme calibre. Now the truth is that, in the great majority of cases, these abstruse-looking variations, have no musical motive at all; and the only intelligible way of accounting for their existence is to suppose, that the incapable and ignorant writer, finding a true metre, however simple, too hard for him, altogether abandoned the primary law of sectional symmetry (obeyed *instinctively* by every good poet), and pursued his slipshod and slovenly course, unfettered by any thing but rhyme, and sometimes not even by that. Occasionally the "poet" assumes a method in his metrical madness, and in succeeding passages, repeats, for the sake of similarity (not symmetry), the forms, which in the commenc-

ing "stanza" were the result of ignorance and meaningless chance.¹

English poetry (including Anglo-Saxon) divides itself into three great classes: *alliterative*, *rhyming*, and *rhymeless*. We believe that the distinctions between these kinds are more real and vital than is commonly imagined; and we shall now state, as briefly as may be, the main characteristics of each.

There could scarcely have been devised a worse illustration of alliteration than the often-quoted example "apt alliteration's artful aid." A young writer who, had he lived a few years longer, would probably have been famous without the monument of the most beautiful elegiac poem of modern times, in one of the thoughtful essays privately printed in his remarkable "Remains," observes justly that, "Southern languages abound in vowels, and rhyme is the resonance of vowels, while the Northern overflow with consonants, and naturally fall into alliteration." Now, alliteration is so essentially consonantal, that, in Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic poetry, in which this assonance has been cultivated as an art, there is properly no such thing as alliteration of vowels; although, when the requisite number of alliterating consonants in each verse or distich cannot conveniently be produced, three words beginning with vowels are permitted to take the place of alliterating consonants, provided *that all these vowels are different*. Like rhyme, alliteration is no mere "ornament" of versification: it is a real and powerful metrical adjunct, when properly employed. If rhyme, as we shall soon show, is the great means, in modern languages, of marking essential metrical pauses, alliteration is a very effective mode of conferring emphasis on the accent, which is the primary foundation of metre. Could any rule be fixed for the place, in modern verse, of that which may be said partly to owe its effect to surprise, as rhyme has been said to appeal to memory and hope, we should allot its position to principal accents only, that is, to the major accents at the beginning of sections, to those on either side of the strong cæsura in "asynartete" verses, that is, verses having a fixed place for the cæsura, and so forth. To certain kinds of metre of the class just named, we can imagine, indeed, that alliteration might be applied systematically with considerable profit, not in every line, perhaps, as in the ancient alliterative metres, but in such lines only, as, on account of the irregular suppression or multiplication of unaccented syllables, leave the

¹ Poets of very high character have made the mistake of adopting an over-elaborate rhythmical form as a recurrent stanza, merely because its movement was inspired by, and suited to, the opening thought; Donne's Epithalamium, on the Count Palatine and the Lady Elisabeth being married on St Valentine's day is an example.

place of the indispensable pause so doubtful as sometimes to require a second reading to determine it. Although superfluous alliteration, like all kinds of superfluous emphasis, is vulgar and disgusting, the verse of the most classical of our poets is often much more indebted for its music to alliteration than is commonly supposed. By a poet, who is a master of his art, and knows how to conceal such assonances by alliterating initial letters with others in the middle of words, or by employing similar consonantal sounds represented by different letters, and so on, the most delicate, as well as the most forcible effects, of emphasis may be given, as if by magic, and the impression of metre everywhere enhanced as if by an invisible agent. Furthermore, as rhyme gracefully used has a certain charm proper to itself, and apart from its metrical value, so alliteration is sometimes a real ornament when it is little else, as in this epitaph "On a Virgin," by Herrick :—

"Hush'd be all things; no noise here,
But the toning of a tear;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering."

But alliteration has served, and in Icelandic verse, still serves, a far more important and systematic purpose. One of the most scientifically perfect metres ever invented, if, indeed, it be not perfect beyond all others, when considered with reference to the language for which it was destined, is the great Gothic alliterating metre, the only metre of which we can affirm that it has been the main vehicle of the whole poetry of any one language, much less of a group of languages. The general law of this metre is, that it shall consist of a series of verses, each of which is divided, by a powerful *cæsura*, into two sections, or hemistichs. Each hemistich contains two accented syllables, and an indefinite number of unaccented ones; the accents being occasionally, though rarely, adjacent, and sometimes, though not less rarely, preceded, separated, or followed by as many as three syllables without accent, that being as large a number as can be articulated without destroying the approximate equality of time between accent and accent, which we cannot too often repeat, is the primary condition of metre in all languages. In the first hemistich, the two accented syllables alliterate, and this alliteration is continued on to one, and that one most usually, though not, as Rask would have it, regularly, the first of the accented syllables in the second. This law, which seems to have been regarded by Mitford, Percy, Rask, Guest, Hegel, and others, as an arbitrary one, is, if we mistake not, *most admirably adapted to fulfil the conditions of a truly accentual metre*, that is to say, of a

metre which, totally abandoning the element of natural syllabic quantity, takes the isochronous *bar* for the metrical integer, and uses the same kind of liberty as is claimed by the musical composer, in filling up that space. Of this metre, which in England outlived the Anglo-Saxon language several centuries, the following lines from "Pierce Plowman's Visions," may serve as an illustration; it being understood that the two distichs are usually written as one line in Anglo-Saxon verse.

"I looked on my left halfe
As the lady me taught,
And was ware of a woman
Worthlyith clothed,
Purfild with pelure,
The finest upon erthe;
Crowned with a crowne,
The king hath no better."

This rule must appear extremely simple even to those to whom it may be presented for the first time. The artistical effect which results from its observance cannot be expected to strike so immediately, but we venture to say that no good ear, when once accustomed to it, can fail to perceive in this law a fountain of pure and beautiful metrical character, or at least to absolve it from the charge of any essential quaintness or oddity, though an appearance of such character inevitably attaches itself at first to what is so far from our daily notions. The meaning of this law, the cause of its just effect, seems, as we have hinted, to have been overlooked by critics. If we do not err, the following is the right account of this interesting matter. It is to be observed, first, that, according to the rule of this measure, the hemistich or versicle of two accents may contain from three to seven, or even more syllables; secondly, that this metre, like all others, depends for its existence on having the metrical accents in easily recognizable positions, a doubtful place for the accent being ruinous to any metre; thirdly, that, in a language consisting, as the Anglo-Saxon does, chiefly of monosyllables, the place of the accent in a series of several syllables must often be doubtful, unless it occurs pretty regularly on every second or every third syllable, as in iambic and anapaestic verse, or unless the immediate recognition of its place be assisted by some artifice. *Now, this artifice is supplied by the alliteration, which marks, as a rule, at least two out of the four emphatic syllables in each pair of versicles, and these two are precisely those which, in asynartete verse, like the Anglo-Saxon, it is most essential that there should be no doubt about, namely, the emphatic syllable which precedes, and that which follows the strongly marked cæsara by which the versicles are separated.* The metri-

cal dot which, in ancient MSS. commonly marks the main cæsura in Anglo-Saxon and other Old English asynartete verse, is unessential in this place, if the alliteration be properly adhered to. The dot was most likely used at first only to distinguish verses,¹ and its further employment to mark the cæsura seems likely to have arisen from the lax observance by some poets, of the alliterative law, which, in Anglo-Saxon verse, is sometimes neglected to a degree for which we can only account, on the supposition that this unartistic use of the cæsural dot reacted upon the practice of the poets, and increased the laxity which it was employed to counteract. This, however, it could only do in very small part; it quite fails to supply the needful assistance to the accentuation in such a metre, although it marks the place of a pause. In fact, *the law of alliteration is the only conceivable intrinsic mode of immediately indicating the right metrical accentuation where the language consists mainly of monosyllables, and the verse admits of a varying number of unemphatic syllables, before, between, and after the accented ones.*

The weak point of Rask's approximate statement of the laws of Anglo-Saxon versification has been pointed out by Mr Guest, but the writer's view of *why* it is the weak point seems to us to be erroneous. Rask says that all the syllables preceding the alliterating syllable in the second hemistich are unaccented, and form a "complement" which must be carefully separated from the verse, of which this "complement" forms no part. Mr Guest rightly thinks that, when, as sometimes happens, the alliterating syllable is preceded by four, five, or more syllables, it is impossible to read them all without accentuation; but the more forcible answer is, that the very notion of a "complement," as stated by Rask, is contrary to the nature of metre. The "anacrusis," or unaccented portion of a foot or bar, which generally commences a verse or a strain of melody, is the nearest approximation to Rask's idea of a "complement" which the nature of metre will admit; but "anacrusis" is always less than the isochronous metrical or musical spaces which succeed it, whereas Rask's "complement," as we understand, and as Mr Guest understands it, may be of indefinite length, to the utter destruction of all metrical continuity. We feel no doubt but that the true account of all those cases in which more than two, or at most three, syllables precede the alliterating syllable in the second hemistich, is, that, when they are not erroneous transcriptions, they are metrical

¹ "Anglo-Saxon poetry," says Mr Guest, "was written continuously like prose. In some MSS. the point separated the sections," i.e. versicles or hemistichs; "in others it separated the couplets," (i.e. verses); "in others the point was used merely to close a period, and the versification had nothing but the rhythm to indicate it."

laxities, from which we have no reason to suppose that Anglo-Saxon poets were singularly exempt.

The view which we have taken of the metrical motive of alliteration in Anglo-Saxon verse, as a means of emphasizing to the hearer, and of immediately certifying to the reader, the places of the principal accents, is further confirmed by the fact, that, whereas, when the Anglo-Saxon poets used rhyme, they lavished it with an abundance which showed that it had no metrical value in their eyes, and was introduced for the mere pleasure of the jingle, and to such an extent, that every word in a famous poem quoted by Conybeare rhymes with some other, it was just the reverse with the alliteration, which is almost invariably limited to three syllables. Now, had it not been for the existence of the metrical motive which we have indicated, the liking for jingle which led to the composition of such rhymes would have also led to a similar profusion of alliteration; but this limitation of the alliteration to the places of the most important accents was strictly observed, and immoderate alliteration only manifested itself in English verse, when the alliterative *metre* had given place to metres regulated by *rhyme*, after which change, rhyme assumed metrical strictness and moderation; and alliteration, when used at all, was confined by no rule, but was sometimes carried through every word in a verse, without any regard to the accentual quality of the syllables.¹

It seems to have afforded matter of surprise to some, that the Anglo-Saxon poets, though fully understanding the metrical use of final rhyme, should have employed it *metrically* only when writing in *Latin*. A little consideration, however, will suffice to show that final rhyme is not only not necessary, but that it is contrary to the nature of Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse, its greatest commendation being the vast variety allowed for the position of the accents, a variety not possible where the accents are not artificially indicated. It is obvious, that this variety would be very much diminished by the use of final rhyme, which, as in the only regularly rhyming Anglo-Saxon poem known, namely, that which Conybeare gives in his "Introduction," both supersedes the object of alliteration, and compels a like arrangement of accented and unaccented syllables in the latter part of each versicle. The accentual variations possible in an Anglo-Saxon verse—(Rask would call it a couplet)—of four accents, are computed by Mr Guest as being 324 in number. Final rhyming of

¹ Welsh poetry, from the earliest times, has made an abundant use of alliteration, the rules for its employment having even been fixed at congresses of the bards; but, as far as we can judge from examination of the verse without a knowledge of the language, the alliteration in Welsh poetry is not *metrical*, but *ornamental*."

the versicles or hemistichs would reduce this variety to probably less than one-tenth.

Before taking leave of this part of our subject, something must be said concerning the question of the cadence of Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse. This question, at first sight, appears to be one of more difficulty than it really is. The actual metrical delivery of any long passage of Anglo-Saxon verse, might puzzle the best Anglo-Saxon scholar, owing to the impossibility of settling, in every case, the right pronunciation of words, and to the fact that the laws of alliteration, as stated by Rask, though they must have afforded most sufficing assistance to those for whom Anglo-Saxon was a living language, are by no means so invariably observed as to afford *infallible* guidance to us. The cadence, however, may be settled theoretically, by a consideration of the constant nature of metre. Indeed, we hold, against the opinion of Mr Guest, that Mitford has settled the question, and has proved that the cadence is triple. Mr Guest maintains that, in our ancient poetry, the common and triple cadences were inextricably mixed, and that "it is not till a period comparatively modern, that the common and triple measures disentangle themselves from the heap, and form, as it were, the two limits of our English rhythm." Our space permits us to do no more than adduce the following considerations in support of Mitford's view:—First, There is a strong natural probability that the verse of a language like the Anglo-Saxon, which, when spoken, would fall into "common" or "iambic" time, on account of the great preponderance of monosyllables, and the consequently usual alternation of one accented and one unaccented syllable, would assume the "triple" or "anapæstic" cadence, as the simplest and most obvious distinction from prose and ordinary speaking. Secondly, The triple and common cadences cannot be mixed, as Mr Guest supposes them to have been, without destroying cadence altogether. The example which Mr Guest gives of this imaginary mixture, tells strikingly the other way, and proves the defective ear, which seems to have led the writer into this and other mistakes. Mr Guest quotes the following lines by Sir Walter Scott:—

" Merrily swim we : the moon shines bright :
Downward we drift through shadow and light :
Under yon rock the eddies sleep
Calm and silent, dark and deep."

The last line, Mr Guest says, is in common cadence. Now, its excellent effect, on the contrary, depends entirely upon the obligation to read it into triple cadence, by dwelling very long on the accented syllables, an obligation which results from its form—

ing an integral part of a passage in that cadence. Forget the three preceding lines, and read the last as if it formed one of a series of seven syllable trochaics, and its movement and character are totally changed. *Thus we see that an entire line may be in common or triple cadence, according to the cadence of the context.* In "Paradise Lost" there are several lines, which, if they stood alone, or in juxta-position with others like them, would naturally read into triple cadence. Thirdly and lastly, much, if not all, the supposed difficulty in the way of regarding Anglo-Saxon verse as altogether in triple time, disappears when we remember that it was originally meant to be sung to the harp, and that its rhythmical movement might very well be obscure, confused, and apparently "mixed," until developed by highly emphatic delivery, and musical accompaniment.

The metrical function of rhyme, like that of alliteration, has never yet been fully recognised. The battle of rhyme was fought with much ability between Campion and Daniel, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Campion, in his "Observations in the Art of English Poesy," violently attacked "the vulgar and unartificiall custome of riming," and supported his destructive with a constructive attempt, giving specimens of several modes of rhymeless English metre, his example of heroic verse being remarkable for its studied, and almost Miltonic science, as compared with the like attempts of Surrey and Grimoald. Daniel meets Campion's vituperation of rhyme, as a superfluous and barbarous excrescence, with solid, and sometimes profound, arguments. He justly says, "Our rhyme is an excellencie added to this worke of measure," and though himself a scholar, in a time of strong scholastic prejudices, declares it to be "a harmonie farre happier than any proportion antiquitie could ever shew us," adding, concerning the classic numbers advocated by his adversary, the following remarks, which are worth the consideration of those who, in our own day, would revive Campion's heresy:

"If ever they become anything, it must be by the approbation of ages, that must give them their strength for any operation, or before the world will feel where the pulse, life, and energie lies, which now we're sure where to find in our rymes, whose knoune frame hath those due staves for the mind, those incounters of touch as make the motion certaine, though the varietie be infinite. Nor will the generall sort, for whom we write (the wise being above bookes), taste these laboured measures but as an orderlie prose when we have done all. For this kinde acquaintance and continuall familiarity ever had betwixt our ear and this cadence, is growne to so intimate a freindship as it will now hardly ever be brought to misse it. For bee the verse never so good, never so full, it seems not to satisfie nor breede that delight as when it is met and combined with like sounding ac-

cent; which seemes as the jointure without which it hangs loose and cannot subsist, but runs wildly on, like a tedious fancie without a close."

This writer was the first to do justice to rhyme as a means of indefinitely extending the limits, and multiplying the symmetry of measure by the formation of stanzas.

"These limited proportions and rests of stanzas are of that happiness, both for the disposition of the matter, and the apt planting of the sentence, where it may best stand to hit the certaine close of delight, with the full body of a just period well carried, as neither the Greeks nor the Latins ever attained unto."

The transcendent genius of Milton succeeded in establishing one kind of rhymeless metre, in the face of the obstacles justly alleged by Daniel; and the ever-increasing familiarity of that metre to English ears, has given rise, in our days, to renewed doubts of the legitimacy of rhyme, and to renewed occasion for insisting on its claim. Rhyme is so far from being extra-metrical and merely "ornamental," as most persons imagine it to be, that it is the quality to which nearly all our metres owe their very existence. The octo-syllabic couplet and quatrain, two of the most important measures we have, are measures only by virtue of the indication, supplied by rhyme, of the limits of the verse; for they have no catalectic pause, without which "blank verse" in English is impossible. All staves, as Daniel remarks, are created by rhyme. It is almost impossible, by even the most skilful arrangement of unrhymed verses, to produce a recurrent metre of several lines long. Campion, in his beautiful lines, beginning "Rose-cheek'd Laura, come;" Collins, in his "Ode to Evening;" Mr Tennyson, in his famous song, "Tears, Idle Tears," and a few other poets, in one or two short poems each, have succeeded in forming the stave without rhyme; but the rareness of these attempts proves the difficulty of succeeding in them, and, after all, the success seems scarcely worth the pains. Sir Philip Sydney and George Puttenham agree with Daniel in regarding rhyme as the highest metrical power we have. Mr Guest, in modern days, does rhyme the justice to say, that "it marks and defines the accent, and thereby strengthens and supports the rhythm. Its advantages have been felt so strongly, that no people have ever adopted an accentual rhythm without also adopting rhyme." Mitford and others have also recognised the function of rhyme as a time-beater, though their imperfect apprehensions of the accentual constitution of our verse has necessarily prevented a clear understanding of that function. Hegel, whose observation on the necessity of the material counterpoise afforded by metre to the high spirituality of poetic thought, has been already quoted, remarks, in comparing ancient

with modern versification, that, whereas in the first, that counterpoise is mainly supplied by the natural length or brevity of syllables, which spiritual expression is not permitted to alter or destroy; in the latter, the verbal accent, conferred by the signification, gives length wherever it chances to fall. *Du liebst* is a spondee, an iambus, or a trochee, according to the signification borne by the words. The material or external element of syllabic quantity, is thus dissolved and lost in the spirituality which produces quantity instead of obeying it; and this loss, he maintains, is not compensated by the law of accentual division which remains. A new power, working *ab extra*, is required; and this is found in rhyme, of which the very grossness, as compared with syllabic quantity, is a great advantage, inasmuch as the greater spirituality of modern thought and feeling, demand a more forcible material contrast. The influence of rhyme upon measure is most remarkably shown in its simplest operation; for, in stanzas of elaborate construction, its powers, though always metrical and decisive, are too intricately involved, and too much connected in their working, with other metrical principles, to be traced and described in this hasty summary. Every one feels that, in a rhymed couplet, there is an accentual emphasis upon the second line, which requires a corresponding concentration of meaning. But this very power of concentration implies a power of distribution. Perhaps the stateliest and most truly "heroic" measure in any language, dead or living, is the "rhythm royal," a stanza of seven ten-syllable lines, with three sets of rhymes so distributed, that the emphasis derived from rhyme in one part, is exactly neutralized by a similar concentration upon another. This, according to Puttenham, "is the chief of our ancient proportions used by any rimer writing anything of historical or grave import." This was the heroic measure of Chaucer and his successors for nearly three centuries, during which period "the heroic couplet" was regarded as fit only for humorous subjects. A rhymed stave has its criterion for length in the length of the period. That which is too long for a period is too long for a stave, which, as a rule, requires that there shall be no full stop except at the end. But the average length of the period will vary with the stateliness of the style. As the "Pope couplet" takes the narrowest, "Rhythm royal" assumes the widest limit practicable for a long poem. The former measure, after enjoying more than a century of unequalled favour, has now relapsed into its old disrepute; and most persons will now agree with Daniel, when he writes: "I must confesse that, to mine own eare, those continuall cadences of couplets, used in long and continued poems, are very tiresome and displeasing." The fault of this couplet is not only its essentially epigrammatic character,

which is but a relative defect: it is furthermore, absolutely faulty, inasmuch as the combination of immediately recurrent rhyme, with the long final pause, gives an emphasis contrasting too strongly with the very weak accentual construction of the line, which, as it is ordinarily treated, has no sectional, *i. e.* "dipodal" division. This measure, having no place for the major accents *unmistakeably* fixed, as is the case with all dimeters and tetrameters, most poets have, throughout their writings, neglected those accents, or misplaced them. The poverty of this metre, no less than its epigrammatic character, fits it, however, for the purposes of satire, which, in most of its kinds, has any property rather than that of "voluntary moving harmonious numbers."

The class of metres which, of all others, is proved, by theory as well as experience, to be the best adapted to the popular mind in all ages, could not exist in modern languages, without rhyme. This is the tetrameter of the trochaic or "common" cadence. Many metres come under this head, and all of them have been really *popular*, which cannot be said of any form of trimeter in the same cadence. The ancient "Saturnian," though described by Hermann as a catalectic dimeter iambic, followed with the division of a powerful cæsure, by three trochees, is, when scanned with allowance for the cæsural pause, obviously a tetrameter, as any one may satisfy himself from this illustration:—

"The Queen was in her parlour, eating bread and honey."

Which Macaulay, in a note to the "Lays of Ancient Rome," gives as an example of 'a perfect Saturnian line.' The "Cid" and "Nibelunglied" are both in this metre, though the authors have adopted the great latitude, falsely called license, in the use or omission of middle pauses and catalexis, which Hermann remarks in the employment of this metre by Livius Andronicus and Nævius. To this head also belongs the once popular "Alexandrine," as it appears in the Polyolbion. We suppose that most critics would call this a trimeter, but we defy any one to read it into anything but a tetrameter, having a middle and a final pause each equal to a foot. The so-called "Alexandrine," at the end of the Spencerian stanza, is quite a different verse, though including the same number of syllables; it is the mere filling up of the trimeter; and that Spencer intended it so is proved by the innumerable instances in which he has made middle pause impossible. Between the true Alexandrine, then, which is loaded with pause and catalexis to the utmost the tetrameter will bear, and the catalectic tetrameter, as represented by the sixteen syllables constituting the half of the eight syllable quatrain, there are as many metres as there are possible variations of the middle and final pause. Of these, none has taken so strong a hold upon the

English ear as the ballad metre of fourteen syllables, with the stress on the eighth, or, what is the same thing, the stave of "eight and six." Here, we may remark, by the way, that Dr Johnson's assertion that the ballad stanza of seven accents "taught the way to the Alexandrines of the French poetry," instead of being, as Mitford says, a proof of his ignorance of French poetry, appears to us to indicate his just appreciation of their heroic verse, as belonging to the tetrameter stock and not the trimeter. This ancient narrative metre, which, though almost excluded from the "polite literature" of the eighteenth century, never lost its charm for the people, has lately recovered something of its ancient credit. Its true force, however, can only be shown in more sustained flights than have been attempted in it by modern poets. Properly managed, there is no other metre so well able to represent the combined dignity and impetuosity of the heroic hexameter. This was felt by the old writers, and, accordingly, we have Chapman's Homer, Phaer's Virgil, Golding's Ovid, and other notable translations in that grand measure. Of these, Chapman was the best poet, but Phaer the best metrist; and as this measure is again coming into fashion, we may be allowed to point out one interesting peculiarity in the versification of the latter. It is the use of what is commonly, but erroneously regarded as elision, as a deliberately adopted mode of relieving the cadence and approximating it to the rhythm of the hexameter. Here are four average lines :—

" Thus, rolling in her burning breast, she strait to Acolia hied,
 Into the cuntries of cloudy skies, where blustering windes abide.
 King Æolus the wrastling windes in caves he locks full low;
 In prison strong the storms he keeps, forbidden abroad to blow."

In these four lines, we have no fewer than six real anapæsts, counting "wrastling" as one. When we say *real anapæsts*, we mean to exclude those which are commonly called anapæsts, as—

" And we order our subjects of ev'ry degree,
 To believe all his verses were written by me."

In this, our common triple cadence, the feet, by temporal measurement of the syllables, are nearer to tribachs or molossi than anapæsts; whereas, in cases of so called elision like the above, two syllables really are read into about the time of one, and such cases constitute the only element of true temporal metre, in the classical sense, of which our language is capable. Many poets have introduced a superfluous syllable for peculiar effects, but Phaer is the only writer we know of who has turned it into a *metrical* element in this way. The poet who may be courageous enough to repeat, in our day, Phaer's experiment (the success of which, in his time, is proved by its never having been remarked), must fortify himself against the charge of being "rough," "un-

musical," and so forth, with the assurance, that, wherever there is true adherence to law and proportion, there is also beauty, though want of custom may often make his law seem license to his readers. A considerable step has been taken towards the recognition of this element, as a regular part of English metre, in the omission, from the pages of our poets, of the comma indicative of an elision which does not really exist. This little digression may be concluded with Foster's remark, made at a time when the mark of elision was always used, that "the anapaest is common in every place (of English iambic verse), and it would appear much oftener, with propriety and grace, if abbreviations were more avoided."

"This tynkerly verse, which we call rhyme,"¹ includes, then, all the forms of the tetrameter, *the major accents of which could not be expressed to an English ear by any other means, except, perhaps, alliteration, which is a sort of rhyme.* We need not inquire into any of the minor and better recognized functions of rhyme in order to secure the student's respect for it.

Campion has given examples of eight kinds of "blank verse;" and with the dogmatism for which his interesting essay is remarkable, he asserts that these are the only kinds of which the language is capable, but it would not be difficult to double that number, reckoning blank staves or strophes as he does. That which limits the number of such measures is the necessity that the lines should be always catalectic, since, in the absence of rhyme, a measurable final pause is the only means of marking the separate existence of the verses, and, furthermore, that the strophes or staves should consist of lines of unequal length, in order to render symmetry possible. The common eight syllable iambic, for example, ceases to be metre in the removal of the rhyme, although the six syllable iambic, which is catalectic on, or has a final pause equal to, two syllables, makes very good blank verse; and a staff of equal lines, like that of Gray's *Elegy*, on the omission of the rhyme, though it may continue to be verse, has lost the means of symmetrical opposition of line to line, whereby it became an independent whole. But, notwithstanding the practicability of various kinds of unrhymed verse, there is only one which has established itself with us as a standard measure; and that is, of all recognised English metres, the most difficult to write well in, because it, of all others, affords the greatest facilities to that mediocrity which neither gods, men, nor columns, can tolerate. Cowper, whose translation of Homer contains a great deal of the second-best blank verse in the language, says, in his Preface, that the writer in this kind of metre, "in order that he may be musical, must exhibit all the variations, as he

¹ Webbe.

proceeds, of which ten syllables are susceptible. Between the first and the last, there is no place at which he must not occasionally pause, and the place of the pause must be continually shifted." This is what is commonly supposed to constitute the main requirement of blank verse; but, it seems to us, that this is very far from a sufficient statement of the "variety" required by the metre in question. In the first place, pause is but one, and, perhaps, not the most important means of "variety." Milton, who first taught us what this kind of verse ought to be, is careful to vary the movement by an occasional inversion of the iambic accentuation in each of the five places: the variation of the vowel sounds is also most laboriously attended to by him; and rightly, for the absence of the emphasis which is conferred by rhyme, when it exists, upon one vowel sound, renders every repetition of vowel sound, within the space of two or three lines, unpleasant, unless it appears to have had a distinct musical motive. But the great difficulty, as well as delight, of this measure is not in variety of pause, tone, and stress, for its own sake. Such variety must be incessantly inspired by, and expressive of, ever-varying emotion. Every alteration of the position of the grammatical pause, every deviation from the strict and dull iambic rhythm, must be either sense or nonsense. Such change is as real a mode of expressing emotion as words themselves are of expressing thought; and when the means exist without reference to their proper ends, the effect of the "variety" thereby obtained, is more offensive to a right judgment, than the dullness which is supposed to be avoided. Hence it is the nature of blank verse to be dull, or worse, without that which only the highest poetical inspiration can confer upon it. We are afraid to say how very small is the amount of good narrative, or "heroic" blank verse, of which our literature can boast, if we have truly stated its essential quality. No poet, unless he feels himself to be above discipline, and therefore above the greatest poets of whose modes of composition we have any record, ought to think of beginning his career with blank verse. It will sound very paradoxical to some of our slovenly versifiers, when we assert that the most inflexibly rigid, and as they are commonly thought, difficult metres, are the easiest for a novice to write decently in. The greater the frequency of the rhyme, and the more fixed the place of the grammatical pause, and the less liberty of changing the fundamental foot, the less will be the poet's obligation to originate his own rhythms. Most rhymed metres have a rhythm peculiar to themselves, and only require that the matter for which they are employed shall not be foreign to their key; that a funeral dirge shall not be set to jaunty choriambics, nor a epithalamium to the grave-yard tune of the six syllable quatrain;

but blank verse has little or no rhythm of its own, and therefore the poet has to create the rhythm as he writes.

At a time like this, when it is as much the fashion to exaggerate the so-called "inspiration" and "unconsciousness" of artistical production, as it used to be to over-estimate the critical and scientific elements, the utility of laws which it is certain will be obeyed, more or less unconsciously, by those who are capable of obeying them at all to any profitable result, is likely to have seemed questionable to some of our readers. The true poet's song is never trammelled by a present consciousness of all the laws which it obeys; but it is science, and not ignorance, which supplies the condition of such unconsciousness. The lives and the works of all great artists, poets or otherwise, show that the free spirit of art has been obtained, not by neglect, but by perfection of discipline. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe, perhaps the highest poetical names of the Christian era, prove clearly enough to any one truly acquainted with their spirit, that the laws of art, as far as those were known at their respective periods, had been studied by them as matters of science, and that it was by working on the platform of such knowledge that they achieved strains of poetry which exceeded the laws and limits of all previous art. The poet is unconscious of the laws by which he writes, just as Thalberg and Benedict are unconscious of the rules by which they exercise their surprising craft upon the pianoforte. This craft has been, in each case alike, the product of years of intensely "conscious" discipline. The poet's discipline is only less obviously legal and laborious than that of other artists, because he alone works with purely intellectual instruments; and we do not fear to assert, that no man ever has, or ever can, become a great poet—that is, one who shall originate laws of his own, which future workers in the same line will have, in their turn, to study—unless he himself has learned to comprehend those which are the legacy of his predecessors. Such learning, indeed, will be more likely to make a pedant than a poet of the man who endeavours to ply this singular vocation without express constitutional aptness for it. Ten lines of the simplest lyrical outpourings of the Ploughman of Scotland are worth more than all the odes and epics that were ever laboured by merely learned metrists; but the faculty which, without laborious culture, is capable of the composition of a good love song or ballad, must have the addition of hard discipline, before it can become the inspiration of a truly great poem.

But poets are the persons, after all, who are the least likely to be directly affected by written criticisms. A good poet can scarcely be other than a good judge of that which concerns his art, though he may not be able, or disposed, to put his knowledge

into writing. It is the large class of little critics who are the chief gainers by the enunciation of sound artistic doctrine; and whatever instructs these, confers at least a temporary benefit upon the man whose fame, and, perhaps, worldly prosperity, for the first years of his career, may, in part, depend upon their ability to appreciate his works. It is especially in the matter of good metre that a good poet is likely to be erroneously judged in these days. Most readers of poetry, and we fear we must add, modern writers upon it, know nothing, and feel nothing, of the laws of metre as they have been practised by all great poets. "Smoothness" is regarded as the highest praise of versification, whereas it is about the lowest and most easily attainable of all its qualities. The consummate perfection of the versification of all Milton and Shakespeare, and much of Chaucer, Spenser, Fletcher, and Cowley, would not now be tolerated in a new writer; we should find it held up to ridicule and contempt; facetious critics, stringing together separate lines or short passages, each a brilliant, but, separately, unintelligible, morsel of some mosaic of harmony, would ask, "Is this music? is this verse?" perfectly safe as to the reply, for it is certain that, in the greatest work of the greatest metrist who ever lived, Milton, there is no long and elaborate strain of verse without one or more lines which, though probably the most effective in the passage, will seem to be scarcely verse at all when taken out of it. "Smoothness" might just as reasonably be called the chief merit of natural scenery as of poetry. A capacity for writing smooth verse is certainly essential in a poet, and, as we have indicated, the artistic versifier will occasionally make his thoughts flow along the dead level of the modulus of his metre—that is to say, he will make it perfectly "smooth," just as a landscape painter will generally manage to get in a glimpse of quiet water or level plain, to serve as the gauge and foil to all the surrounding varieties of hill and dale, rock and forest; but to speak of "smoothness" as anything more than the negative, merely mechanical and meanest merit of verse, is to indicate a great insensibility to the nature of music in language. Such insensibility is, however, the almost inevitable result upon most minds of the un leisured habits of reading into which we moderns are falling. We have not time to feel with a good poet thoroughly enough to catch his music, and the consequence is, that good poets have lately been writing down to our incapacity.

- ART. VII.—1. *A Review of the Divorce Bill of 1856, with Propositions for an Amendment of the Laws affecting Married Persons.* Inscribed, by permission, to Lord Lyndhurst. London: 1857.
2. *A Bill intituled an Act to Amend the Law relating to Divorce and Matrimonial Causes in England.* Presented by the LORD CHANCELLOR. Ordered to be printed 11th May 1857.
3. *The Same*, as amended June 25, 1857.
4. *Hansard's Debates.* Second Session of 1857.

OF all the subjects which have engaged the attention of the legislature during the session of Parliament now wearing to a close, the one which has created the largest amount of general interest is the amendment of the laws relating to marriage and divorce. It is a matter which almost every one understands; in which almost every one is concerned; of which almost every one has something to say. Society has long been convinced of the truth of the opening words of the preamble of the Lord Chancellor's bill, "that it is expedient to amend the law relating to divorce." They who were content with the law as it stood at the commencement of 1857, were the exceptional few. The public voice had long declared that "something must be done." But here, perhaps, the general harmony begins and ends: for when we come to inquire what that "something" should be, we find that there is little concord of opinion.

We cannot be surprised at this. The question is a very delicate and a very difficult one. It is beset with many perplexities. It cannot be discussed without some doubts and misgivings in the writer's mind, and some reservations and qualifications in his expressions of opinion. Two men, propounding widely different views of so complicated a question, may both be right, as far as they go. For when we have determined in our own minds what is best to be done, we are forced irresistibly upon the conclusion, that we have only had a choice of evils. We know and acknowledge, at every step of the inquiry, how much there is to be said upon the other side.

There is good reason in this why we should discuss the subject rather in a suggestive than in an authoritative strain. It is the very last on which any writer is entitled to dogmatise. We have seen some of the best and wisest men in the country differing widely in their views of the question, both in its religious and its social aspects, without any personal or party incentives to the support of one side or the other. We do not doubt that

all who have spoken or written on the subject, have been moved by deep convictions of the truth of their utterances, and a pervading sense of the solemnity of the question and the magnitude of the interests it involves. And we ask that the toleration which we extend to others may be extended to us, by those who have hitherto dissented from the views which we are about to express, and will not, after a patient perusal of our remarks, consent to adopt our opinions.

The subject, viewed in its social and in its legal aspects, divides itself into two branches;—one relating to marriage itself, and the dissolution of marriage; the other relating to the legal processes necessary to the attainment of divorce. But the sprays or offshoots of these branches interlace themselves with each other, and we cannot easily discuss the one division of the subject without sometimes adverting to the other.

In England, there is no law by which a marriage can be dissolved. Marriages *are* dissolved; but a special Act of Parliament is necessary to legalise each dissolution. Such Acts of Parliament, it need not be said, are obtainable only by the rich. They cannot be obtained until an action has been brought, and damages decreed for criminal conversation. The process, therefore, is tedious, costly, and in most cases revolting. The new bill proposes to remedy this. We do not say that it will render divorce easy or cheap; but it will make it easier and cheaper. It will not place the rich and the poor on an equality; but it will place them more on an equality than before. It will not place the man and the woman on an equality; but it will place them, too, more on an equality than before. It will not entirely assimilate the law on the south to what it is on the north of the Tweed; but it will diminish the very wide difference at present existing between the practice of the two parts of the island.

We have, on former occasions, emphatically expressed our opinions in this Journal relative to the existing, but now condemned, laws of marriage and divorce in England; and we have reason to believe that we have not written in vain. Never, certainly, at any former period of our social history has there been so strong a disposition to consider, in a fair and candid spirit, the position of women with reference to these laws, as has been evinced during the last two or three years. Men have roused themselves to the necessity of doing something to remove what has been long felt to be a reproach to our civilization; and sentence of death is now written down against the worst parts of a system, which inflicted such cruel injustice on the weaker half of mankind. There were some wrongs so patent, so abhorrent to reason, and altogether so cruel and iniquitous, that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to look them in the face, and to state

them openly, seemed to be sufficient to secure instant alleviation. For example, it was almost incredible that a man should be suffered to desert his wife, to live in adultery with another woman; and to assert, during the time of separation, a marital right to possess himself, not only of the property acquired by gift or bequest from her family or friends, but the proceeds also of her own industry. So monstrous, indeed, was this, that it was certain such a scandal could not long survive the torrent of indignation which had been poured upon it, even if no more general measure for the reform of the laws of marriage were contemplated by the Legislature. It was possible to legislate for the discontinuance of such an evil as a separate and integral reform; and if nothing else had been done, we should, doubtless, have accomplished this, and been thankful for such an instalment. But the bill before us embraces this. Indeed, any Act for the amendment of the laws relating to marriage and divorce would be most imperfect, if it did not secure to women so circumstanced a right to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their own property. The Lord Chancellor's bill gives to this provision a foremost place; and we shall be readily believed when we say, that there is no part of the bill regarding which there is so little diversity of opinion.

The bill, after constituting a "Court of Marriage and Divorce," to the nature and functions of which we shall presently advert, enacted, that "any wife might present a petition to the said Court, praying for a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, on the ground that she has been deserted by her husband, and that such desertion has continued, without reasonable excuse, for two years or upwards;" and that the Court might decree a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, and make an order for alimony, if it should seem just to do so. The bill then proceeded as follows:—

"XVII. In every case of a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, the wife shall, from the date of the sentence, and while the separation shall continue, be considered as a *feme sole* with respect to property of every description which she may afterwards acquire, or which may come to or devolve upon her; and such property may be disposed of by her in all respects as a *feme sole*; or on her decease, the same shall, in case she shall die intestate, so as the same would have done if her husband had been dead; provided, that if any such wife should again cohabit with her husband, all such property as she may be entitled to when such cohabitation shall take place, shall be held to her separate use, subject, however, to any agreement in writing made between herself and her husband while separate."

It was only right that, in such a case, the necessary responsibility of the husband should entirely cease, except when he had

failed to pay the alimony decreed by the Court. No woman will complain of this; but every woman will recognise in the above provision, what, verbally at least, affords redress for the cruel wrong under which her sex has so long been suffering. But that it should meet the case fully and completely, in fact as well as in word, it was necessary to place the preliminary divorce *à mensâ et thoro* within the reach of the humblest petitioner. Perhaps the most cruel cases of the assertion of the marital right to property, acquired by the woman during separation, occur in humble life. Desertion is more frequent, self-support is more common, among the poorer classes. In such a condition of life the man has more temptation to lay a violent hand on the earnings of the woman, and fewer restraints, physical and moral, to check the consummation of his selfishness and injustice.

“The fear of shame’s a hangman’s whip,
To keep the wretch in order.”

But what is shameful in one condition, is scarcely held to be so in another. Moreover, a woman in humble life can seldom place herself beyond the reach of her offending husband. She can rarely select her place of abode, or fence herself around with any obstacles to intrusion. She is, in most cases, despoiled, without defence, and without appeal. She has not a host of friends to declare her wrongs; nor can she move the world to tears by an eloquent pamphlet. It is the poor sempstress, the poor laundress, the domestic servant, who most needs that her earnings should be secured to her. If the new Act accomplishes this, it will really be a blessing to the people of England. But if the process by which legal separation is to be obtained, and the woman restored to the privileges of the *feme sole*, be a costly one, practically the great mass of the people will be in the same condition as before. The process under the new system must necessarily, as we have said, be less costly than under the old, in all cases of divorce *à vinculo matrimonii*; and we do not doubt that the new Court of Marriage and Divorce will entail fewer burdens on suitors than the Ecclesiastical Courts, under the existing state of things, in cases of mere conjugal separation. But the object of the new bill would have been but imperfectly obtained, if the desired cheapness had not been rendered not merely a comparative cheapness, but one which would place the justice of which we are now speaking within the reach of the poorest woman.

But what is this new Court? It is to be called “The Court of Marriage and Divorce.” It is to exercise the jurisdiction “now vested in, or exercisable by, any ecclesiastical court or person in England, in respect of divorces *à mensâ et thoro*, suits of nullity of marriage, suits for restitution of conjugal rights, and

in all causes, suits, and matters matrimonial, except in respect of marriage licenses." The judges of this Court are to be found in the persons of the Lord Chancellor, the Lords Chief Justices of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and "the Judge of Her Majesty's Court of Probate, constituted by any act of the present session;" the said functionary last named being the Judge Ordinary of the Court, with full authority alone, or with one or more of the other judges, to hear all petitions for separation *à mensâ et thoro*. The exclusive right of practising in all cases where the Judge Ordinary has jurisdiction, without the concurrence of the other judges, is to be vested in the advocates and proctors of the ecclesiastical courts; the principles and rules acted upon being, as nearly as may be, conformable with the principles and rules on which the ecclesiastical courts have heretofore acted and granted relief to suitors. There is nothing on the face of this to render the process by which separation and consequent protection are obtainable, less costly than under the old system. The cost of a separation *à mensâ et thoro* in the ecclesiastical courts, may have ranged between £50 and £500. It need not be said that even this lower amount placed the luxury of separation beyond the reach of a poor woman, living by the labour of her hands. But in such a case she had the privilege of suing in *formâ pauperis*; and we presume that this is extended to her under the old system, care of course being taken to guard the courts against the introduction of frivolous suits. But it is not on this account the less essential that the procedure should be simple and uncostly; for how many there are who, although not of the class to which the privilege of suing in *formâ pauperis* is granted, would be practically debarred from obtaining the protection of the Court, if the process were at all an expensive one.

Considerations such as these appear to have had due weight with the House of Lords. The Chancellor's bill did not sufficiently simplify the process, whereby women, whose husbands have ceased to support them, may secure for themselves the right of property in their own earnings. Indeed, it was felt that the mere transfer of the powers of the Ecclesiastical to the Judge Ordinary of the Court of Divorce, would leave matters very much in their old cumbrous state. Some manifest improvements were, therefore, introduced into the bill. In the first place, the antiquated technical nomenclature—the absurd and, to the majority, unintelligible Latin jargon of the Ecclesiastical Courts, was swept away. The Lords abolished divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, by introducing the following clause into the bill:—

"VII. No decree shall hereafter be made for a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*; but in all cases in which a decree for a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*

might now be pronounced, the Court may pronounce a decree for a judicial separation, which shall have the same force and the same consequences as a divorce *à mensâ et thoro* now has."

This, at all events, is an improvement. The first step towards a simplification of the law, is the simplification of its obsolete nomenclature. Henceforth, husband and wife, not seeking an absolute dissolution of matrimonial bonds, are to be "judicially separated." To accomplish this judicial separation, the same process is necessary as under the provisions of the original bill, relating to divorce *à mensâ et thoro*. But in the bill, as sent down from the Lords, there is this important addition:—

"XVII. Where a wife is deserted by her husband, and that desertion has continued, without reasonable excuse, for one year or upwards, and the wife is maintaining herself by her own lawful industry, *it shall be lawful for the wife to make application to any Justice of the Peace, and show cause that she has reason to fear that her husband, or her husband's creditors, will interfere with her earnings, and thereupon it shall be lawful for the Justice, if he shall think fit, upon hearing the parties, to give to the wife an order in writing, under his hand, restraining the husband or creditors from interfering, or attempting to interfere, with the wife's earnings or property in manner aforesaid; which order shall be in force for six months from the date thereof, unless sooner discharged or varied by an order of two or more Justices of the Peace or Petty Sessions; and while in force, shall protect the wife, and her earnings and property aforesaid, against all actions, suits, executions and proceedings whatever, brought, or taken by, or on behalf of, the husband or creditor; and any such wife shall be at liberty, from time to time, to apply for a renewal of such order, at the expiration of the former order; and any person acting in wilful disobedience to any such order as aforesaid, while in force, shall be liable to a fine, not exceeding twenty pounds; and, in default of payment, to imprisonment for any time not exceeding two months.*"

It appears to us that this entirely meets the case to which we have so often adverted. A woman can protect her earnings by simply going before a magistrate. This will cost her nothing, or next to nothing. The justice sought is, indeed, placed within the reach of the honest woman who lives by the labour of her hands and the sweat of her brow.

But important as is this branch of the question, still more important is that involved in the clauses of the bill which relate to the dissolution of marriage. The nineteenth clause¹ of the Lord Chancellor's bill sets forth that it shall be lawful for any husband to present a petition to the Court, praying that his marriage may be dissolved, on the ground that his wife has been guilty of adultery. To this Court the injured husband is, according to

¹ In the amended bill, Clause XXV.

the provisions of the Act, to carry his case without any preliminary suit for the recovery of damages from his wife's paramour. The scandal of the action for *crim. con.*, which has so long polluted the legal system of the country, is to cease from off the face of the land. This is another tardy instalment of justice to the weaker sex. In these suits the woman was perfectly helpless. She was compelled to remain passive while her character was mercilessly torn to pieces. She stood, indeed, unarmed and defenceless between two fires. It was the interest of both parties to the suit to prove her to be an abandoned woman. The plaintiff was bound to show that she was an adulteress; and as the money compensation was assessed in proportion to the loss sustained by the plaintiff, it was the interest of the defendant to prove that she was an abandoned woman, and that what the plaintiff had lost was really of no value. We do not aver that this was always the practice in these actions, for an adulterer may have some tender compassion for the partner of his guilt, and may take upon himself, at all hazard, the onus of the crime. But we do say that it was the necessary tendency of the system to make the proof of the woman's licentiousness a thing to be established by plaintiff and defendant, and that, if not instructed to the contrary, the defendant's counsel was only too likely to endeavour to prove, in mitigation of damages, that his client was less the betrayer than the betrayed. And yet, with these fearful odds against her, the wretched woman could not appear in person or by counsel; she was not admitted as a witness, and she was not a party to the suit. On the terrible injustice of this we need not comment. The evil is admitted. The scandal is condemned to death; and ere long we shall talk of it, as we now do of the thumbscrew, the "boot," or any other instrument of legal torture.

The clause, however, of the Chancellor's bill, which abolished these preliminary actions, was not a satisfactory one, for it permitted actions for damages to be brought *after* dissolution of marriage had been decreed by the Court. A reversal of the pre-existing system was contemplated in the draft-act submitted to the House of Lords; for whereas, by the old law, no dissolution of marriage could be granted until an action for criminal conversation had been brought, the new law proposed that, "after this Act shall have come into operation, no action shall be maintainable for criminal conversation unless the person bringing the same shall have *first obtained*, under the provisions of this Act, a final decree dissolving his marriage." This did not render the action for criminal conversation compulsory upon the injured person; it simply permitted it. In practice, therefore, the proposed new system might be less objectionable than the old; but

in principle it appears to us to be worse. An action brought, after the great object of divorce *à vinculo matrimonii* has been obtained, can have only two objects, and those the basest, in view,—the gratification of avarice, and the gratification of revenge. Such actions would be brought only by unworthy persons. The proposed law, indeed, would have encouraged and rewarded the exercise of the vilest motives, and would have granted money-compensation only in cases in which the very fact of the action would have proved that no such compensation was deserved. No man, cut to the soul by the infidelity of his wife, would unnecessarily parade his sorrows before the public eye, or turn them into merchandise. Some such considerations as these seem to have influenced the House of Lords. The good sense and good feeling of the majority revolted against these public exhibitions, either as a preliminary, or as a sequence of divorce, and the objectionable compromise was expurgated.

But some may exclaim that the money-payment was not to be regarded solely in the light of compensation to the injured party. It was a punishment, it may be said, righteously inflicted on the guilty one. It was, practically, too often a punishment inflicted on one guilty person for the benefit of another. For many a negligent, unkind husband, whose wife, under gentler treatment, might have been true to him to the end of her days, has been thus rewarded for his culpable neglect. Our own opinion is, that very few good husbands are ever deserted by their wives. But whether this be so or not, any change which inflicts the deserved punishment, without granting the undeserved "compensation," is a change for the better. Under the old system, the law recognised an injury done to the husband whose wife was unfaithful to him; but, the non-existence of the woman being complete, the wife whose husband was taken from her by another woman, was not compensated for her loss. And yet it is true, that although, as before said, good husbands rarely lose their wives by infidelity, good wives often lose their husbands. The principle of compensation was, indeed, but imperfectly carried out in practice, even if it had been one for which any man or woman of right feeling could entertain the least toleration. It was bad in every point of view. The Lords, therefore, wisely and well, swept away the action for criminal conversation, even in the new and mitigated form proposed by the Lord Chancellor's bill, and substituted therefor punishment in a simpler and less questionable shape. It were surely better to allow the Court to inflict a fine on the offender, than to leave it to a jury to assess damages for a doubtful injury. After hearing such evidence as will enable the Court to decide upon the question of a dissolution of marriage, it will assuredly be in a position to estimate the

amount of criminality attaching to the parties whose conduct it has investigated.

The Lord Chancellor's bill having provided that any husband may petition the new Court for a dissolution of marriage, on the ground of the adultery (in *any* form) of the wife, proceeds to state, that the wife may petition, in like manner, on the ground of certain forms of adultery committed by the husband. "It shall be lawful," says the bill, "for any wife to present a petition to the said Court, praying that her marriage may be dissolved, on the ground that, since the celebration thereof, her husband has been guilty of incestuous adultery,¹ or of bigamy, or of adultery, coupled with such cruelty as, without adultery, would have entitled her to a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*, or of adultery coupled with desertion, without reasonable excuse, for two years or upwards." This limitation of the privilege of the wife to sue only in certain aggravated cases of marital infidelity, is considered by many wise and good men to be a serious defect in the bill. It is contended, that justice and morality demand that the man and the woman should be placed on an equality—that what constitutes in the woman a sufficient offence to entitle her husband to sue for a dissolution of marriage, ought to confer the same right on the wife when committed by the man. We have, on a former occasion, expressed ourselves so fully upon this subject, that we do not now purpose to enter at any length into a question so delicate and difficult as that which is involved in this claim for equal privileges.² The author of a recent excellent pamphlet on the Divorce Bill of 1856, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, scouts the dictum of Dr Johnson, that "the difference between the two cases is boundless;" and quotes at some length a speech of Lord Lyndhurst, delivered last year with reference to the bill of 1856, upon which this year's bill is a manifest improvement. In this speech, after citing the passage in Boswell's Johnson, which we recently quoted, Lord Lyndhurst, went on to say,—“I will read to your Lordships the observations made on this passage by a moralist of late years:— ‘The manner in which the earlier years of his (Johnson's) life had been passed, had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age.’ That is the commentary of Macaulay on Dr Johnson's matrimonial doctrine!” Is it? Mr Macaulay, in the passage quoted, appears to us

¹ By incestuous adultery, the bill signifies “adultery committed by a husband with a woman with whom, if his wife were dead, he could not lawfully contract marriage, by reason of her being within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity or affinity.”

² North British Review, Vol xxiii., No. xlv., Article “The Non-existence of Women.”

merely to say that Dr Johnson had some peculiarities of moral character appalling to civilized people. Now, in the first place, moral character is one thing, and opinions on questions of morality another. A man may have a very unsound character, and yet inculcate very sound opinions. In the next place, even if there were no such distinction as this—if Macaulay had written that Dr Johnson had *some* opinions on questions of morality appalling to civilized people, it would by no means be apparent that this “matrimonial doctrine” was one of them. The passage, indeed, is as far off as well could be from “a commentary on Dr Johnson’s matrimonial doctrine.” We confess, therefore, that we are not satisfied with the mode of disposing of the dictum of the “great moralist.”

The author of the “Review” before us quotes also a passage from Mr Macqueen’s *Treatise on the Appellate Jurisdiction* of the House of Lords, a portion of which runs in the following words :—

“ Now, although it cannot be denied that the crime of adultery is very different in a wife, who, by her infidelity, may impose a spurious issue upon her husband, it is equally certain that the protection of his rights as regards spurious progeny ought not to be regarded as the only object of divorce ; and that misconduct of an outrageous nature, such as gross cruelty, living in open adultery with another woman, refusal to cohabit, or such incidents generally as entirely frustrate the very objects of the matrimonial union, ought either to be made severely punishable, or to be allowed as grounds of divorce to be obtained by the wife.”

Now, it need not be said that this passage tells not against, but in favour of our argument, which goes no farther than that simple adultery on the part of the husband, without the aggravating circumstances of cruelty or desertion, does not constitute sufficient ground for divorce on the petition of the offended wife. The bill introduced this session into the House of Lords, and thence sent down to the Commons, contemplates the admission of aggravated cases of marital adultery as grounds for divorce ; some of the circumstances, indeed, glanced at by Mr Macqueen in the above passage, are taken into account. Whatsoever acts of cruelty, as, *per se*, would have afforded grounds for separation *à mensâ et thoro*, superadded to marital adultery, make up a *gravamen* sufficient to entitle the wife to petition for dissolution of marriage ; and two years of desertion, coupled with adultery, will also, under the new Act, authorize the petition of the wife. All this is so much gained to the woman.

Still it may be said that she is not on an equality with the man. Granted ; but, contrariwise, it may be said that the man is not on an equality with the woman. There are some eager

disputants, whom we cannot but respect—for they are led away by a zeal which runs in the right direction, and their very excesses are the growth of a plenitude of warm, good feeling—disputants, who would give to the woman every privilege enjoyed by the man, and many others peculiar to herself. We doubt whether any sensible, reflecting woman will argue for her sex in this wise. But the zeal of some warm-hearted statesmen, in behalf of the weaker sex, passes the love of woman for her own case; and they battle stoutly to render the conjugal position of the wife far better than that of the husband. No one denies that the wife, as the weaker vessel, is entitled to the support and protection of the husband. If the husband ceases to perform these duties, the law can compel him to do so: the law can compel him to maintain his wife according to his means. If he desert her in person, he cannot desert her in purse. If the wife be faithful, he is compelled to support her; and even if she be unfaithful, it is decreed by the Lord Chancellor's bill that the Court may compel her husband to grant her an allowance. Clause XXIII. of the bill, as introduced into the House of Lords,¹ enacts, that "the Court may, if it shall think fit, on any such decree made on the petition of a husband, make it a condition that the petitioner shall, to the satisfaction of the Court, secure to the wife such gross sum of money, or such annual sum of money, for any term not exceeding her own life, as, having regard to her fortune, if any, to the ability of the husband, and the conduct of the parties, it shall seem reasonable." Now, this is surely an advantage in favour of the woman. It is based upon the supposition of the natural superiority of the man, which, while it fixes upon him larger responsibilities, accedes to him larger privileges. If, as the weaker vessel, the woman can claim the right of being supported and protected by her husband, he, in his turn, is entitled to claim from her, as a superior, fidelity and allegiance. She cannot assert inferiority in one instance, and equality in another, just as may be convenient at the moment. There are things not expected from the woman, and there are things not expected from the man. And there are other duties, with which we are more immediately concerned, obligatory, in a moral point of view, on the man, but not constituting, by their infraction, so gross and unpardonable an offence against the woman, as, if violated by the woman, they would be against the man. The very assertion, so often put forward by those who would render simple marital infidelity a sufficient ground for divorce, on the petition of the wife—that wives would seldom avail themselves of the privilege of petitioning—goes far to establish this point; for if the offence against her were felt by the

¹ Clause XXX. of the amended Act.

woman to be as rank, as it is felt to be by the man when committed against him, there would not be more willingness to condone. It is idle, indeed, to talk about equality in this matter, when equality there is, and can be, none, so long as the infidelity of the wife inflicts upon the husband so much larger an amount of suffering than, in ordinary cases, the infidelity of the husband inflicts upon the wife.

The equality sought for the woman must be looked for, then, in another direction. It is not by endeavouring to assimilate, where, in reality, there is no similarity, but by compensations peculiar to her condition, that justice is to be done to the woman. The new Act contemplates some such compensations, and it has been much considered and discussed whether others might not be conceded to her. The Chancellor's bill provides that two years' desertion, with adultery, by the husband, constitute grounds for dissolution of marriage, on the petition of the wife. A question has arisen, whether a certain period of simple desertion ought not to afford a plea for divorce. A man forsakes his wife, ceases to support her, abandons his country, places himself beyond the decrees of the Court, and leaves his wife, in the midst of trial and temptation, to battle with the world. He may be living thousands of miles across the ocean in a state of sin; he may have given to a mistress the name of his deserted wife; or he may have changed his own name, and in his own proper relations to society, ceased from off the face of the earth. But how is the poor woman to establish this to the satisfaction of the Court—how is she to prove the wrongs done to her in another quarter of the globe? She has, as far as we can see, no remedy. She is a wife without one privilege of wifehood. She is a lone woman—a *feme sole*—with all the sorrows, and none of the rights of widowhood. Can the law do nothing for this poor forsaken creature? The case, we believe, is not an uncommon one. In some instances, there may be, from year to year, indications of the existence of the fugitive husband. He may have been seen or heard of, or his name found in a newspaper. But, in others, year follows year, and there are no tidings of the absent one. His fate is enveloped in absolute obscurity. He may be alive, or he may be dead. But, upon the mere possibility, or the assumption, however reasonable, of his death, a woman may not marry again. An attempt was made to remedy this, but it was not successful, in the House of Lords. We perceive the difficulty of dealing satisfactorily with this phase of the question. If a woman, who has received no support and protection from her husband for a certain number of years (say five or seven), who has had no commerce with him, nor heard from, nor even of him, were to be permitted to marry again, on the mere assumption that he is dead, the assumption

might prove to be an erroneous one. The absentee might have been kept from home by unavoidable circumstances; he might have been thrown into captivity in a strange country, or otherwise physically prevented from returning to his wife. Such a contingency is possible; but, sufficient time being allowed, it is so extremely improbable, that it is scarcely worthy of being taken into account. If, on the other hand, his death be not assumed—if there be reasonable supposition that his desertion is wilful—if he be within reach of protest and appeal, and yet rejects all solicitation and remonstrance, and, therefore, it is held that he has designedly forfeited all marital rights by a practical abnegation of marital duties, it is still said that he may repent and return to his wife, and that, therefore, a *locus penitentiae* should be left for him. It is always possible that an offending husband may repent, especially when he finds old age creeping upon him. But is it worse that this repentance—often a repentance rather of convenience than of conscience—should sometimes be found to have come too late, than that the woman should be left to pine in solitude during the best years of her life, toiling early and late to find for herself the bread that ought to be found for her, and yet forbidden to link herself with another who would cheerfully bear her burdens? Is it possible to imagine a sadder case than that of a woman so deserted, or a position more beset with grievous temptation? Who would not pity and pardon a woman who, in such a strait, forbidden to form a legal connection with a truer and better man than her errant husband, were to form a connection unsanctified by the law? And who does not honour, as one of the noblest spectacles on earth, the woman who, thus left, perhaps with her youth and beauty, to struggle with poverty in a country where honest woman's work is hard to find, and where pitfalls surround her on every side, still preserves her independence and her respectability, toiling much, murmuring little, erring not at all; whilst the degraded husband on whom she wasted herself in girlhood, is following his own erratic courses in a strange land, perhaps in fellowship with a strange woman, careless of the fate of the wife he has abandoned? Such a spectacle may be seen—we wish that we could think it a common one. The other side of the picture, we fear, is much more common; and if it be, can any of the remote contingencies of survival or repentance afford sufficient reason for perpetuating a state of things which must be a frequent source of prostitution?

The author of the "Review of the Divorce Bill of 1856" throws out a suggestion, in connection with this point of the inquiry, which is worthy of consideration:—

"It seems reasonable (he says) that some period should be limited by law for the duration of the matrimonial obligation, after a wife has

been deserted by her husband, whether she be provided with evidence of adultery having been committed by him or not. If this proposition were entertained, even so far as to elicit discussion, it might be proper to require that, during the limited period, all reasonable means should be taken to ascertain whether the husband were living or dead. An annual or semi-annual notice might be required to be published in the London Gazette, or in some public journal, and also to be delivered to some near relative of the absentee, if any such relative were known, in order that the Court might, as far as possible, be satisfied that the applicant came within the terms of the provision."

This is a good practical suggestion, because it is one of very easy application. On the subject generally of desertion, as a ground of divorce, the writer proceeds to say:—

"Archbishop Cranmer and his coadjutors would have administered more summary justice. A recusant deserter, resisting advice and exhortation, careless of punishment, and deaf to reason, they would have declared to be contumacious, a contemner of all laws, divine and human, and they would have cast him into prison. They would have permitted the deserted person to enter into new nuptials. An absentee who could not be found, they would have publicly summoned; and, on non-appearance in person or by proxy, they would have allowed *two* or *three* years to return, at the expiration of which time, a sentence of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* would have been pronounced, granting liberty to the deserted person to marry again."

It is sometimes contended, that, if mere desertion constituted a ground of dissolution of marriage, there would often be collusion between the man and the woman—in a word, that the absenteeism might be the result of a family arrangement. But if the deserter were not allowed to marry again, proof being afforded that his desertion of his wife was voluntary and premeditated, there would be little likelihood of collusion. Moreover, the Lord Chancellor's bill allows *two years'* desertion, with adultery, to constitute a ground for the petition of the wife—a shorter cut to the desired end. It need hardly be added, that the man who deliberately deserts his wife, is not very likely to hesitate at the performance of the other part of the offence.

Impressed with the force of these considerations, we should rejoice if, to the extended privileges granted to the woman under the Chancellor's bill, there had been added the right to petition for dissolution of marriage upon the simple plea of desertion by the husband. Is a wife, deserted by her husband, to have no remedy? As we read the new bill (as originally introduced into the House of Lords), the position of a woman, deserted by her husband, is in no degree benefited by it. It is a mere mockery to say, that the Act provides that "any wife may pre-

sent a petition to the Court praying for a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, on the ground that she has been deserted by her husband, and that such desertion has continued without reasonable excuse for two years or upwards; and the Court, on being satisfied of the truth of the allegations of such petition, may, if it shall see fit, decree a divorce *à mensâ et thoro* accordingly, and may make any order for alimony which it may deem just."—(Clause XV.) It is a mockery, we say, to assert that this provides for the case. If a man deserts his wife, and takes a lodging in the next street, the Court may make an order for alimony, and compel him to pay it. But if he betakes himself, as often happens, to a distant country, of what use to the deserted wife are the decrees of the Court? The divorce *à mensâ et thoro* has been accomplished in the most effectual manner; and you may as well draw a cheque upon Aldgate Pump as give an order for alimony, payable by one who has betaken himself to the backwoods of America, or the diggings of California. Thus the worst cases are left untouched. The practical effect of the proposed law is, that a man may not desert his wife for two years, and keep within reach of the Court, without suffering for the act of desertion; but that, if he leaves the country, and deserts her for life, he enjoys perfect immunity from punishment, and she is without a remedy. If any aggravation of such a case were needed to excite general sympathy, it would be found in the fact, that a husband thus deserting his wife, and either living in a foreign land or concealing himself in his own, may die, without proof of his death being afforded to his wife; and thus she may be practically debarred from re-marriage after she has been released from all legal restraint by the decease of her husband.

It may be said that cases of deliberate desertion of this kind are not common. But we believe that they are very common. In the lower ranks of life, it is especially easy for a man to shake off his domestic encumbrances. The lower the rank, the more easy it is for a man to rid himself of the old, and to invest himself with new, social environments. A man who lives by the work of his hands readily fuses himself into a new mass of humanity. He may join a railway gang in another country; he may go for a soldier; he may work his way to a distant colony—and few questions will be asked. There is nothing about him to excite remark or to call for inquiry. He is nothing in himself; he is merely an atom of some social mass; and his insignificance is his defence. Our belief is, that the number of married women in England, who are in no wise supported by their husbands—who have long ceased to have any sort of intercourse with them, and even to have no assurance of the fact of their existence, is much greater than is commonly supposed.

We have said that it might be desirable, in cases of deliberate desertion, to prohibit the re-marriage of the deserter. We believe that it very often happens that, in such cases, the re-marriage of the deserter actually takes place, so that the woman has legitimate ground of divorce in the perpetration of bigamy by the husband. It may be fairly assumed, that the man who would deliberately desert his wife would not hesitate to commit bigamy. But, in the cases supposed of concealment following desertion, the proof either of adultery or bigamy is difficult, and often impossible. We are doubtful whether the prohibition of re-marriage would go far to check desertion; but it would furnish sufficient answer to those who object to the recognition of that offence as sufficient ground for the dissolution of marriage, on the score that such a privilege would encourage collusion, and operate as a premium upon wrong-doing.

We hold that this case of continued desertion—a cruel, heartless, deliberate offence, persevered in, from year to year, mercilessly and remorselessly—is very different from a crime committed under the influence of strong temptation and momentary passion. And, saying this, we may here proceed to state that we do not sympathize with those excellent persons, who have conscientiously opposed the re-marriage of adulterers. We can understand the assertion, that the law should on no account encourage crime. But it is on this very truth that we take our stand, when we declare ourselves in favour of the re-marriage of adulterers. In the first place, we have an irresistible conviction that adultery, though a very heinous, is rarely a calculating offence in the man, and, perhaps, never in the woman. But let us assume, *argumenti causâ*, that the man calculates the consequences of the commission of the crime before he commits it. If he does so, we may be sure that he is a very bad man; that he cares little for anything else but the gratification of his own selfishness; and that no consequence will be more alarming to his mind than the marriage of his victim. If the marriage of the victim be not allowable by law, the man may pursue his pleasure without the least apprehension of being saddled for life with a woman, for whom, although an object of temporary passion, he may have no genuine affection. Such a man would probably say, under a prohibitory law,—“I am very sorry. It is not my fault. The law forbids me to marry you, or, having deprived you of one husband, I would offer you another. As it is, we had better deplore the past, make the best of a bad business, and amend our ways.” A calculating person would find, therefore, in the prohibition, an encouragement to the commission of the crime. It is true that, under any circumstances, he would not be *compelled* by the law to re-marry his victim; and it may be

said that a heartless calculating person would refuse to do so. But such persons are very much acted upon by public opinion ; and we suspect that public opinion is inclined to declare itself very strongly against the man who, having corrupted the fidelity of a wife, and divorced her from her husband, refuses to make her the only real compensation in his power. It is, indeed, part of our conventional code of honour to make such reparation, when not expressly forbidden, and even worldly and selfish men yield to the social necessity. We have not, indeed, the shadow of a doubt that it is the allowance, and not the prohibition, of the marriage of adulterers, that will deter the worst class of seducers from the commission of the crime.

And the better class—the men, nay, the men and women, who are not systematic profligates ; who do not calculate, but fall—persons, in whom passion for a time is stronger than principle, who love, perhaps deeply, devotedly, in disregard of all obligations human and divine ; who are cruelly tempted, sorely perplexed and bewildered ; in whom reason is unseated, religion is dead—what is there, we ask, in any law, to encourage or to deter ? Such persons do not think of consequences. They are incapable, indeed, of calculation. Whether the law permit them, or do not permit them to marry, makes not the difference of a feather in determining the balance of good or evil. Such persons go down blindfold and headlong to perdition. Accident, opportunity—something the growth of a moment—determines the final issue. It is utterly useless to think of deterring such persons ; and it is idle to admit a fear of encouraging them, by any legal enactments, to or from the commission of crime. You might as well attempt to stay the downward course of one who is toppling over a precipice, by talking to him about the laws of gravitation. The only persons, indeed, who take consequences into account in such matters, are those who would be deterred, not encouraged, by the legalisation of the marriage of adulterers.¹

¹ We feel and frankly acknowledge the great difficulty involved in the question of legislative sanction of the re-marriage of the criminal parties. The Scriptures are held to be against it. This was strongly and effectively put by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the recent discussions in the House of Lords. The views given above deal with the question rather in its social and moral aspects, than with its purely scriptural ones. The subject has, from very early times, engaged the anxious attention of the leading minds of this country. It was among the first of those great social questions which attracted the notice of the Scottish Reformers, when they found themselves set at complete liberty from the trammels of Rome. A commission, composed of the chief promoters of the great social and religious movement of that time, was appointed to draw up a "Book of Policy," which should become a standard of ecclesiastical government. Among the commissioners were, Winram, Row, and John Knox. The result of this commission was, "The First Book of Discipline," submitted to, and approved of by, the General Assembly of May 1560. The thirteenth chapter is devoted to marriage, and questions connected with it. "Marriage," we are told in Section 6, "once lawfully contracted, may not be dissolved at man's

The opponents of the marriage of divorcees have thus failed to establish their premises. The experiences of the human heart falsify their theory. Their argument of encouragement is not worth a jot. Prohibition would be utterly worthless as a preventive of crime; of what value would it be as a punishment? Nay, what is the very nature of such a punishment? Why, assuredly, to encourage crime. It forbids the man to make reparation for the injury he has done to the woman; and forbids *her* to become "an honest woman." It is, in fact, a premium on prostitution. The woman who has gone astray with the man she loves—perhaps the only man whom she has ever loved—is not necessarily depraved. She may have virtuous longings—pure desires—an instinct for good. Violence, perhaps, in her early youth, has been done to her loving nature, by the unholy greed of selfish and unsympathizing parents. The "daughter's heart" has been "preached down;" and she has gone to the sacrificial altar. She lives, for months, perhaps for years, a weary life, unloved and unloving—and then the opportunity comes; the temptation assails her; little by little she yields herself to the *suave svelus*; and falls, before she knows that she is on the brink of destruction. The poet has written that,—

"The woman who deliberates is lost."

But the truth is, that most women are lost because they do not deliberate; or at all events, they are lost without delibera-

pleasure, as our Master Jesus Christ doth witness, unless adulterie be committed; which, being sufficiently proved in *presence of the civil magistrate*, the innocent, if they so require, ought to be pronounced free." Again, "If fruits of repentance of long time appeare in them, and if they earnestly desire to be reconciled with the kirk, we judge that they may be received to the participation of the sacraments, and other benefits of the kirk; for we would not that the kirk should hold them excommunicate whom God absolved, *that is*, the penitent." In chap. XIII., sect. 7, the question of liberty to re-marry is treated. The mode in which the matter is put, shows that the commissioners felt very strongly the difficulty connected with it. "If any demand, whether that the offender, after reconciliation with the kirk, may not marry again? We answer, that if they cannot live continently, and if the necessity be such, as that they feare further offence of God, we cannot forbid them to use the remedy ordained of God. If the partie offended may be reconciled to the offender, then we judge that in noways it shall be lawfull to the offender to marry any other, except the partie that before hath been offended. This we do offer as the best counsel that God giveth unto us in so doubtfull a case." Our readers will notice, in connection with the views brought out in this Article, that the re-marriage *with the offended party* is insisted on, only where there is reconciliation; leaving it, as we think, to be assumed, that the commissioners held it lawful for the *offending parties*, to marry. This is manifestly the drift of the suggestions. We are well aware, however, that, very soon after this, the Church appealed to the State against the marriages apparently sanctioned in the first book of discipline; but there were circumstances connected with these appeals, which showed that both the Church and the civil magistrate felt the difficulty of the question.—*Ed.*

tion. It was with a far profounder insight into human nature that the greatest novelist of the present age wrote that touching history of the fall of the miserable wife of Barnes Newcome. We do not know what better illustration of our argument can be found in the whole range of our literature than the following, though many, with a deep insight into the workings of the human heart, have written in the same strain :—

“The fates did not ordain that the plan should succeed, which Lord Highgate's friends had devised for Lady Clara's rescue or respite. He was bent upon one more interview with the unfortunate lady; and in that meeting the future destiny of their luckless lives was decided. On the morning of his return home, Barnes Newcome had information that Lord Highgate, under a feigned name, had been staying in the neighbourhood of his house, and had repeatedly been seen in the company of Lady Clara. *She may have gone out to meet him but for one hour more. She had taken no leave of her children on the day when she left her home; and, far from making preparations for her own departure, had been engaged in getting the house ready for the reception of members of the family, whose arrival her husband announced as speedily to follow his own.* The little ones had been consigned to bed early, and before Sir Barnes' arrival. He did not think fit to see them; nor did their mother. *She did not know, as the poor little creatures left her room in charge of their nurses, that she looked on them for the last time.* Perhaps, had she gone to their bed-side that evening, had the poor panic-stricken soul been allowed leisure to pause, and to think, and to pray, the fate of the morrow might have been otherwise, and the trembling balance of the scale have inclined to right's side. But the pause was not allowed her.”

“The pause was not allowed her”—and she fell. Outraged and insulted by an unworthy husband, she left her miserable home with the only man whom she had ever loved. The Queen's Bench and the House of Lords had their judicial dramas; and Sir Barnes Newcome was relieved of his wife. What followed? Lord Highgate took the divorcée home and married her; and, in the language of the nursery stories, it may be surmised, “lived happy ever afterwards.” “Here,” it will be exclaimed, “is a premium on adultery! The sinful woman ends her days in happiness and peace.” Not at all. The marriage might have been a very happy one, but for the interlude of Barnes Newcome. It has been said, that more than half of the misery of life is included in the little words, “too late.” The marriage was too late for their happiness. Severe moralists need not be afraid upon this score;

“For 'tis the eternal law, that where sin is,
Sorrow shall answer it.”

Let Mr Thackeray himself relate how sorrow answered the sin of poor Lady Clara Barnes:—

“ So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant: but to what a rescue? The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplors her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. Ah! the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad, she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through it; and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man whom she loves best; that his friends who see her treat her with but a doubtful respect; and the domestics who attend her, with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the county town, neighbours look aside as the carriage passes in which she sits splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband come to her table: he is driven, perforce, to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort: his equals, at least in his own house, will not live with him. She would be kind and charitable to the cottagers round about her; but she fears to visit them, lest they should scorn her. The clergyman, who distributes her charities, blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of the children. . . . No wonder that he is always away all day; how can he like a home which she has made so wretched? In the midst of her sorrow, and doubt, and misery, a child comes to her: how she clings to it! how her whole being, and hope, and passion, centres itself in this feeble infant! . . . If Barnes Newcome's children meet yonder solitary lady, do they know her? If her once husband thinks on the unhappy young creature whom his cruelty drove from him, does his conscience affect his sleep at night? Why should Sir Barnes Newcome's conscience be more squeamish than his country's, which has put money in his pocket for having trampled upon the poor, weak, young thing, and scorned her, and driven her to ruin? When the whole of the accounts of that wretched bankruptcy are brought up for final audit, which of the unhappy partners shall be shown to be most guilty?”

Truth answers, “the injured husband.” But it is not for the purpose of squaring accounts between the offended and the offender, as law and society account them, that we have quoted this touching passage, but simply to show what is the “reward” of crime, so often spoken of by those moralists who oppose the marriage of divorcees. Heaven help the poor things; there is little earthly happiness in store for them. They must find their solace in the thought, that in their repentance they have the pity of the uncondemning One, whose word, by going their way and sinning no more, they have obeyed. Perhaps the shadows of this picture may be somewhat softened—we hope so—when that vile pro-

cess, by which alone, under the old law, divorce could be obtained in England, is abolished, and all the unhappy circumstances of womanly infidelity cease to be matter for touching appeals to jurymen by "Sergeant Rowland," or "Oliver, Q. C.;" and for detailed reports "in the papers—especially the Sunday papers"—as though these miserable stories were the best things in the world for Sabbath reading,—more to be cherished and dwelt upon than the instructive legend of Him who stooped and wrote upon the ground, and, looking up, found himself alone with the guilty woman. We do not desire—and if we did, we should feel in our inmost hearts how impossible it is—that sorrow should not answer sin, as face answers to face in the glass; but the punishment, as we here see it inflicted by man, is greater perhaps, we humbly submit, than God would inflict on the penitent sinner. It may be less, when the laws which have so long disgraced us are modified; but it will still be very great—so great, that it need never be feared that any woman will deliberately darken her future with it, or any man in a cool calculating spirit lay up for himself his share of the sorrow.

We had intended these remarks on the marriage of divorcees to form a substantive and not unimportant part of this article, but they appear in this place as a digression; and we return now to consider other proposed grounds of divorce on the petition of the wife. Over and above those recommended in the Lord Chancellor's bill, it has been considered whether the following ought not to be legally treated as grounds of divorce:—

1. Rape.
2. Adultery and transportation.
3. Adultery and penal servitude for four years.
4. Adultery—the mistress obtruded into the common residence of husband and wife.
5. Transportation for fourteen years, or for life.

The first four of these were proposed by Lord Lyndhurst to the Select Committee of 1856. The fifth is, we believe, an original suggestion by the able writer of the "Review" before us. We purpose to consider them *seriatim*, premising only that the four submitted to the Committee were thrown out.

The author of the "Review" observes of the first, that it is "quite as heinous a crime, in a moral point of view, as incestuous adultery;" that it "is punishable by the criminal law, and, until of late, was a capital offence." True; but the question is, not what is the greater offence against morals, or against law, but what is the greater offence against the wife. The most serious offence against the wife is infidelity, of a deliberate and sustained character. Now, the crime asserted above to be one which ought to furnish ground of divorce, is generally impulsive,

committed under the influence of violent passion, when the criminal is not master of himself; and it may be presumed that it is never repeated. It is a single exceptional act. Heinous as it is in the eye of the law, and in the eye of society, it is more venial in the eye of the wife than continued infidelity with a consenting paramour. It is the estrangement of the affections, more than the bodily impurity, which strikes the loving wife to the core of her heart. She may forgive one who, perhaps, "flown with insolence and wine," is suddenly overtaken with a gust of passion, which impels him to the commission of crime; but deliberate, systematic treachery—the transfer of the affections from the legitimate to the illegitimate object—in a word, the desertion of the heart, is not to be forgiven. And we need not add, that the wife who petitions for a divorce, has not to show the degree in which her husband has offended against the law, against morality, or against society; but the degree in which he has offended against herself.

The same line of argument is applicable to the *second*, *third*, and *fifth* of these propositions. If simple adultery, on the part of the husband, do not furnish sufficient ground of divorce, we do not see how "adultery with transportation can furnish it;" for in the act, punished by transportation, there is not necessarily any offence against the wife. Nay, on the other hand, to the husband's crime the wife may be a consenting, if not a co-operative party; or it may be committed, without her consent or knowledge, for her benefit; or even in the *fifth* case, where adultery is not supposed, out of very love for the wife. A man may commit a robbery—nay, often has committed a robbery—that his wife and children may not starve. Men have committed murder, too, in defence of the honour of their wives. But assuming that no such motive impels him to crime, he is not necessarily a bad husband because he is a bad man. He may break the law without breaking his marriage vows; and his wife, who has taken him for better or for worse, has no claim to sue for nullity of marriage because he has committed a penal offence. We could name a man, now under sentence of transportation for fourteen years, whom, with some knowledge of his domestic circumstances, we believe to have been an excellent husband. We can see no sort of ground for admitting simple transportation for fourteen years, or for life, as a sufficient plea for divorce on the petition of the wife. We admit the case of the wife to be a hard one, as it would be if the husband were thrown into captivity by the enemy, or if he were bed-ridden by paralysis, or blind. But every plea for the dissolution of marriage must be based upon some proof of injury voluntarily done to the petitioner: it is nothing to the point that the husband has injured anybody else.

It is partly, we presume, upon this consideration, that the law is unwilling to admit hopeless insanity as a plea for divorce, either on the petition of the husband, or the petition of the wife. Insanity is a dispensation of Providence, not a violation of conjugal duty; and it is only by a voluntary act of a free agent that man or woman, having once entered, in a competent state, into matrimonial relations, can forfeit the right to retain them. And yet the case of husband or wife linked by legal and indissoluble bonds to a maniac, is a very pitiable one,—so pitiable, that we have often thought whether the law might not be strained to grant relief to persons so mated, by treating the lunatic, in this as in other matters, as one legally dead. The question is one which has elicited great difference of opinion; but, on the whole, we are of opinion that the balance of testimony is against the admission of lunacy as a ground of divorce. Some of the adverse arguments appear to us to be of no great weight. It is said, for instance, that a wife may be driven to madness by the unkindness of the husband,—reference being made to the memorable Talbot case, which has been forced into such unhappy notoriety. But the petitioner, in all cases, must prefer his suit with clean hands. The proposed Act, as introduced into the House of Lords, provides that, “upon any petition for the dissolution of a marriage, it shall be the duty of the Court to satisfy itself, so far as it reasonably can, not only as to the facts alleged, but also whether or no (*not*) the petitioner has been in any manner accessory to or conniving at the adultery, or has condoned the same, and shall also inquire into any counter-charge against the petitioner. In case the Court, on the evidence in relation to any such petition, shall not be satisfied that the alleged adultery has been committed, or shall find that the petitioner has during the marriage been guilty of adultery, or has been accessory to or conniving at the adultery complained of, or has condoned the same, then, and in any of the said cases, the Court shall dismiss the said petition.” Of course, a similar inability to prosecute a petition to a successful issue would exist, in the case of a plea of insanity, if the party preferring the petition were shown to have been “accessory to or connived at” the insanity of the other; and cruelty would in all cases be admitted as a “counter-charge,” which, if proved, would enable the Court to reject the petition. We should have no apprehensions, therefore, of any such connivance, if the law were to be relaxed, in favour of the husband, or the wife, linked to an insane consort. The more common argument, that insanity is, in these times, rarely hopeless, and that the maniac may in time be restored to society, is more potent—at least in theory. But the rationale of divorce appears to be this, that nothing but the voluntary act of the husband or the wife,

and *that* an act constituting an offence against the other, can properly afford a ground of divorce. Nothing inflicted upon (as transportation), or suffered (as disease, mental or bodily), by husband or wife, ought ever to invalidate the bond on the petition of the other.

We have considered all the pleas which have been urged for the dissolution of marriage on the suit of the wife (the plea of insanity being common to both parties), with the exception of that which stands fourth on the list given in a preceding page, viz., "Adultery; the mistress obtruded into the common residence of husband and wife." This was last year proposed by Lord Lyndhurst; and the proposition is supported by the author of the "Review" before us, who says that "it is so gross an outrage, that a remedy ought to be provided. No greater insult," it is added, "can be offered to a virtuous wife; and those who with the Lord Chancellor argue that, 'if a husband repent and treat his wife with kindness, the sin on the part of the husband is not an unpardonable offence,' and that 'there are cases in which a wife might and ought to condone,' will scarcely contend that the reckless desecration of a home, sacred to the virtues of wedded love, and to the purity of innocent children, by the offensive obtrusion of an adulteress, is either a pardonable offence, or one which a wife ought to condone." We entirely concur in this. It is, assuredly, an unpardonable offence, if we read it aright; but it is somewhat vaguely stated, and therefore scarcely a fit subject, as it stands, for specific legislation. We do not know whether Lord Lyndhurst designed to include, under this head, all acts of infidelity committed under the domestic roof, or only the open installation of an avowed mistress. Adultery may be practised so long and continuously in "the common residence of husband and wife," as to invest the paramour in reality with the character of a mistress, and yet the offence may be committed without the cognizance of the wife. There is less absolute cruelty in this, less unfeeling disregard of the sufferings of the wife, than in the shameless setting-up of a mistress in the presence of the lawful consort, careless of the torture and the humiliation inflicted upon her. We believe that cruelty of this latter kind is very rare. Men are, doubtless, often very selfish and immoral; but they do not go out of their way to torture and humiliate their wives. On the contrary, the general practice of infidelity is scrupulous concealment,—partly for the sake of the sinner himself, and partly too for the sake of the one sinned against, the injured wife.

But there are exceptions to all rules; and we know that, ere now, men have shamelessly blazoned their vices in the face of the world, wantonly outraged the feelings of their wives, and delibe-

ately polluted the sanctity of home. We confess that we think that this is a case of "adultery with cruelty," and cruelty of the worst kind. It is insult in the most humiliating shape; it is torture of the most refined description. It can hardly, perhaps, be defined as "such cruelty as, without adultery, would have entitled her (the wife) to a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*;" for it presupposes adultery. But we conceive that it would be in the discretion of the Court, and that it would necessitate no violent straining of the law, to declare such an offence to be the bringing of a prostitute into the family home; and *that*, without proof of actual adultery, would, we believe, entitle the wife to a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*. If this be correct, the case would be met by the Chancellor's bill, without a special clause concerning it.

¶ We have now examined all the grounds of divorce, either set forth in the Lord Chancellor's bill, or recommended by other legislators during the sessions of 1856 and 1857. And our conclusion is, that over and above the recommendations of the bill, it would be expedient to add, wilful desertion for seven years, as a legitimate ground of divorce on the petition of the wife; and that it would be also advisable to give, if not already given, considerable discretionary power to the Court with regard to its construction of the word "cruelty." With these additions, we should not question for a moment the benefit which women will derive from the proposed alteration of the law. The benefit to men will result from the alteration of the mode of procedure by which divorce will henceforth be obtained; the process being shorter, easier, less costly, and freed from the necessity of that revolting abomination, the action for *crim. con.* For these things we must be thankful. We do not say that there will not yet remain many defects and shortcomings in the law, and that many cases of extreme hardship, which the Act cannot reach, will not continually be presented to us. But we must be content to get all reform by instalments, and must not complain because a good thing is not so good as we might desire to have it.

It has been so generally assumed that the intent of the bill is to afford greater protection to women, that little or nothing has been said about the case of the husband, and nothing has been done (except, as we have said, by simplifying the procedure) to give him greater facility of ridding himself of a bad wife. Yet, there are such things as bad wives, and a wife may be very bad who yet is not convicted of adultery. Lechery may not be her besetting infirmity. She may be neither tempting nor tempted. But a woman may effectually ruin and disgrace her husband without breaking the seventh commandment. She may be a drunkard, a brawler, a thief, a blasphemer. She may corrupt his children; she may make his house a hell; she may sell his

goods, his chattels, the very implements of his craft, to buy drink withal, and yet she must still be his wife. When we spoke of this, on a former occasion, we derived an illustration from fictitious literature. The case was that of Stephen Blackpool, in Charles Dickens's *Hard Times*. But whilst this article has been growing under our pen, the truthful annals of the Police Courts have fortuitously afforded us as striking an example as any that fiction could invent for a purpose of its own. We give the painful story entire, with the comments of the sitting magistrate:—

"WESTMINSTER.—On Wednesday last Charles Cannon, a very respectable-looking middle-aged man, described as a law writer, was charged with having violently assaulted Ann, his wife, a woman whose slatternly and dissipated appearance, unimproved by a severe black eye, denoted a person commonly addicted to drink.

"Complainant said, that she had been married to the defendant upwards of twenty years. On the previous night she was with her husband in Princes Street, Westminster, when he gave their little boy 6d. to buy some bread with; but, as she did not exactly want bread at that moment, she stooped to take it away from the child, when her husband struck her a blow on the eye with his stick, which knocked her down, and he then kicked her. He had fractured two or three of her ribs some weeks ago.

"The policeman proved a portion of the assault.

"The defendant said, that his was a most pitiable condition. He wished to maintain his wife and family in credit and respectability; but she was so inveterate a drunkard, that she was not sober one day in a week. He entreated the magistrate to send to his home, and he would find that chairs, tables, cups and saucers, and everything he had possessed, had been disposed of by his wife to procure drink. Whenever he took off a dirty shirt she immediately sold it, and he had to replace it with a new one. After squandering a sovereign which he gave her for the family, she came to him for 6d. to buy bread, and he had no sooner given it to one of the children, when she attempted to take it away from him to get more gin with, when, maddened by her disgraceful conduct, he forgot himself and struck her.

"Complainant, who in consequence of her noisy interruption had been ordered to leave the court, was recalled by the magistrate, but was found in a public house in the neighbourhood, instead of remaining in attendance in the waiting-room. She coolly admitted that she got drunk sometimes.

"It was proved by the police-sheet she was frequently seen in a state of intoxication, but was sober on Tuesday night.

"Mr Arnold confessed that he had great difficulty in knowing how to act in this case. The present defective state of the law did not enable poor persons to obtain a separation, which could be done by the rich, or the defendant would certainly be entitled to be removed from the society of such a woman as the complainant, and she from his

violence, provoked, as it might be, by her misconduct. Until some power was given to magistrates, or other tribunals, to separate persons in the humbler walks of life, there was no chance of putting an end to such cases as the present, which sooner or later terminated in fatal results.

"Defendant was ordered to find bail till the police had made some inquiries which the magistrate directed."

It will be said, perhaps, that in such a case as this, a separation is obtainable even by a poor man. Let it be granted that, if the Lord Chancellor's bill becomes the law of the land, and the Court which is to do the work of the doomed Ecclesiastical Courts exacts no large money-payments from the poor man or the poor woman, that a "judicial separation" might be decreed; but what would be the result? The Court would not leave the wretched woman to starve, and would, we presume, decree alimony to her. The husband would be left without a help-mate for himself, or a mother for his children (practically he has long been without both), and yet he is not permitted, by the law, to take to himself another partner. He may expel the drunkard from his house, but he cannot release himself from his wife. He can form, honestly, no new connection. In this emergency, unless he be a man of rare principle and self-denial, like Stephen Blackpool in the story, he takes to himself another companion, without the consent of the Church; or else calls in the aid of the Church, and commits bigamy with scarcely a pang of conscience.

But, after all, whatever may be conceded for the sake of argument, it really matters very little to the poor man what is the state of the law, if, by reason of its costliness, it is not within his reach. Beset as is this question of divorce with doubts and difficulties, many as are the conflicting opinions, there is one point at which all consent to meet; all willingly admit that divorce is not for the rich alone, but, in certain cases, an act of justice to which rich and poor have an equal right. A good wife is a greater blessing, a bad wife a greater curse, to the poor man than to the rich. Every one says that the poor ought to have the same facilities as the rich for getting rid of a bad wife. But will these facilities be granted to the poor man with the alteration of the law? There are those who think that there is no prospect of this, so long as it is necessary in all cases, either of separation or dissolution of marriage, to appeal to a special Court, and that the ordinary judicial tribunals of the country should be competent to do all that is required.

We are not surprised, however, that there should be considerable jealousy on this score. The putting asunder of man and wife, "whom God has joined," is held to be a very solemn mat-

ter; and there are many in England who have reconciled themselves to the proposed changes in the law, only in consideration of the extreme dignity and gravity of the contemplated tribunal. And, considering the great conflict of opinion regarding many points of this great question of divorce, we must be content, in the present state of affairs, with some compromises. We think the case is very fairly met by the author of the "Review of the Divorce Bill of 1856," who has touched upon this important matter; and suggested a practical remedy for the admitted evil of the unequal operation of the law. "In order," he says, "to exempt this branch of jurisprudence from the oft-repeated slur, that there is law for the rich, but none for the poor, it is proposed that, in all cases arising in humble life, and where the parties are poor, it shall be competent to a stipendiary magistrate, and to a municipal or other justice of the peace, to hear the complaint, and to summon the alleged delinquent before him; and if, in his judgment, the party complaining shall make out a *prima facie* case for relief, to remit an information on oath, with the deposition of witnesses to the Court of Divorce; and that thereupon the Court shall, if it think fit, order the complainant to proceed in the usual way; but *in formâ pauperes*." A further suggestion respecting this matter is also worthy of consideration. It is "that the Court of Divorce should be empowered to appoint a salaried solicitor, by whom all cases transmitted by magistrates should be conducted, and to whom the cases of other petitioners should be referred for inquiry, on its being suggested 'that they had no means of meeting the necessary expenses of having their complaints heard,' to the end that the solicitor of the Court might also conduct such other cases, if it should appear to be fit and proper; and, further, that the Court should appoint a salaried barrister to act as counsel in the same cases. Every petition presented by a husband, praying for the dissolution of marriage, should be served on the accused adulterer, with liberty to appear and defend himself."

There are excellent people, especially in the English Church, with a profound horror of "easy divorce." The debates on the Chancellor's bill, in the House of Lords, have evinced the alarm not merely of the bishops respecting the proposed innovation, by which the dissolution of marriage becomes a law of the land; and many English clergymen are eagerly protesting against being compelled to perform the ceremony of marriage over persons who come to the altar simply by right of divorce—that is, by right of adultery. Nay, at one time they went even further than this; and an attempt was made to obtain a clause in the bill, exonerating the clergy from the necessity of solemnizing marriage over *any* divorced person—guilty or innocent—upon

the ground that the marriage tie is scripturally indissoluble. This was eminently unsuccessful. If the clergy are entitled to this exemption now, they have always been entitled to it. For marriage, though not soluble by the law of the land, has hitherto been soluble by the Legislature; and it surely matters not, in a scriptural view of the case, whether man or wife are put asunder by the Court of Divorce or the House of Lords. Few, indeed, could see the justice of depriving the injured person of the benefit of clergy, on his entering into new matrimonial relations, which might, in every respect, be as pure and sacred as any that ever claimed the offices of the Church. But, with respect to the marriage of adulterers, the case was different; and many contended that such persons ought to be contented with the legal contract made before a registrar, which is as binding as the religious ceremony. An attempt was subsequently made, by Lord Redesdale, to carry through the House of Lords a bill, enacting that the marriage of persons who had been divorced on account of their own adultery should take place at a registry office. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who, throughout the discussions on the Divorce Bill, has set an example of tolerance and moderation to many of his Episcopal brethren, put the case of the clergy in the only light in which it can command our sympathies, when he said that "it became much stronger by the nature of the marriage service." "He was unwilling to allude more particularly to that service; but their Lordships would remember that it assumed, in solemn terms, the Divine approval of the marriage, and that it was divinely ordained. It was true that charity hopeth all things; but it passed even the bounds of charity to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, the Divine approval of a marriage which had its origin in a guilty passion, and was brought about by a heinous crime. For these reasons, he trusted that the consciences of the clergy might not suffer under this trouble, but that, either through this present bill, or in some future clause of the Marriage and Divorce Bill, a remedy would be found." The Lords, however, were not inclined to find a remedy, and Lord Redesdale's bill was thrown out by a large majority.

We confess that we are sorry for this, and for more reasons than one. We respect all scruples of conscience, and we can readily believe that many clergymen of the Church of England, considering the terms of the service which they are called upon to perform over all persons thus admitted into the "holy" bonds of wedlock, may feel their consciences outraged by the compulsory performance of the ceremony over persons brought together primarily by guilt; but we lament it still more, because it will turn the hearts of many against a measure, which, but for this, they might have approved and supported. A Bill intended to confer,

and actually conferring, substantial benefits upon one class of persons, should not inflict injury upon another. There are difficulties and delicacies enough necessarily involved in this question of divorce, and it is a grievous pity, therefore, to encumber it with any extraneous embarrassments. It may appear, *prima facie*, that if the House of Lords, the members of which (the bench of bishops included) are ordinarily more encumbered with scruples of conscience than the Commons, consent, in spite of Episcopal and other remonstrances, to compel the clergy to marry adulterous divorcees, the members of the Lower House will not interfere in behalf of the scandalized ecclesiastics. But we are not by any means sure that this will be the result. The House of Commons is just now in the right frame of mind to retaliate upon the Upper House, especially upon a point of conscience. The Lords having rejected the Oaths Bill of the Commons, the Commons are naturally predisposed to reject a Bill sent down to them by the Lords. They have such a Bill, full of debateable points, in the Divorce Bill; and if the issue be tried this Session (which, as we write, appears to be extremely doubtful), we should, in no measure, be surprised if the Commons rejected the Divorce Bill of the Lords, or at all events, of some of its most important provisions. It is said that the legal element will be arraigned against it in the Commons, as was the Ecclesiastical in the Lords.

There seems, indeed, to be a fatality attending our attempts to reform the laws of marriage and divorce. Much was thought, said, and written upon the subject in 1856. The Legislature was not inactive, but the year produced no legislation. Much already has been said, thought, and written on the subject in 1857, but we are beginning to apprehend that this year, like its predecessor, will witness no specific legislation. If this be the case, we shall lament that the Bill sent down from the Lords was of so comprehensive a character. There are parts of it, and important parts, which, in a separate Act, would, in all probability, escape unquestioned. The matter of judicial separation, and the protection of the earnings of married women, are altogether distinct from those of the dissolution of marriage and the re-marriage of adulterers. But there is always some fear in these complications, that one part of a mixed measure will bring discredit on another, and the whole will be involved in indiscriminate ruin on account of the defects of a part.

We admit that we are well contented with the Bill as it has been sent down, really amended, to the House of Commons. It is capable of improvement, but still we cannot but rejoice in the prospect of so large a measure of social reform. We cannot share the apprehensions of those who believe that the increased facilities for the dissolution of marriage afforded by the Bill, will have the

effect of "unhinging the domestic relations." Nothing, indeed, can be more preposterous than the idea that married people will, if the Bill be passed, live in a state of perpetual anxiety to take advantage of its provisions. The fact is, such is the perversity of human nature, that people are seldom much inclined to do what they may do every day of the week. How many Londoners ever visit the tower, ascend the monument, or explore Westminster Abbey? If you want a man (we include both sexes in the word) not to do a thing, let him know that he may do it. It is after forbidden things that we hanker—distance lends enchantment to the view—difficulty enhances the ardour of the pursuit. But there is another and more amiable view of the case. We cannot state it better than in the words of the intelligent writer, whose pamphlet is before us—"There need be no apprehension," he says, "that a Court of Divorce would be inundated with the complaints of wives, if it were open to them. The knowledge that a law was in existence enabling a wife to apply for divorce—either *à mensâ et thoro*, or *à vinculo matrimonii*, in case of extremity—would shed a wholesome influence over the mind of husbands disposed to err, or who had entered on the paths of error. The natural love of home—the welfare of a family—the dislike of publicity—the dread of a worse future—and the clinging of a mother to the father of her children, even through evil repute, would go far, as those amiable feelings always have gone, to encourage forbearance, to suggest mild remonstrance, and to cherish the still-lingering hope of better days." The poor creatures, indeed, hope on against hope, make excuses as long as they can, and flatter themselves that it is only a temporary aberration, and that the wanderer will return again to the ark of conjugal love and fidelity. And in the case of the offended husband, there are other considerations to check any very strong desire publicly to expose the guilt of his wife. He cannot do so without bringing at least some conventional disgrace upon himself, and, moreover, he will seldom be able to appear in Court with clean hands. But there is little need of speculation on these points, when we have the practical evidence afforded by the records of our own Scotch courts. The statistics of Divorce in Scotland, as cited in a former article, show how little there is really to be apprehended from any relaxation of the law in England. There is, indeed, no fear of any but extreme cases being brought before the Court of Divorce—cases in which it would be grievous cruelty to throw difficulties in the way of dissolution of marriage—cases which cry out piteously for the saving hand of the law. Having, therefore, no fear upon this point, and much hope upon many others, we earnestly hope that the Bill, as amended by the Lords, will become the law of the land.

Judging by present appearances, we believe that there is a prospect of this long-pending, well-considered, and much-discussed question being settled before the close of the session. The second reading of the bill was moved in the House of Commons on the 24th of July, when Mr Henley made a futile attempt to cause the postponement of its consideration, on the ground that the House required more time to form a deliberate opinion on so grave a question. Of the gravity of the question there can be no doubt. But as no subject, during the last two years, has been more prominently before the country than this, we conceive that, if the House has not yet had time to consider it, there is little chance of its being sufficiently instructed at the end of another session. The House itself was of this opinion, and Mr Henley's proposal was rejected by a large majority. The Commons, indeed, in this instance had an advantage, rarely enjoyed by that body, in the foregone discussions of the Lords—"repeated and elaborate discussions" (to use the words of the Solicitor-General), "which were shared in by the most eminent lawyers in England, in which their Lordships had the assistance of Bishops of the Church, and which followed upon the report of at least one Commission." The postponement of the measure last year was a disappointment to many; a second postponement would be a disappointment to many more. If the bill, as there is now every reason to anticipate, be carried through before the rising of the Parliament, the first session of the new House of Commons will be distinguished by at least one beneficent measure.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Select Metrical Hymns and Homilies of Ephraem Syrus*. Translated, with Notes, etc., by the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, Ph.D. 1853.
2. *Sacred Latin Poetry, chiefly Lyrical; with Notes and Introduction*. By the Rev. R. C. TRENCH, M.A. 1849.
3. *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences*. Translated by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. 1851.
4. *Hymnal Noted*. 1851.
5. *A Short Commentary on the Hymnal Noted, from Ancient Sources, intended chiefly for the use of the Poor*.
6. *The Ecclesiastical Latin Poetry of the Middle Ages*. By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. (forming part of the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*). 1852.

PSALMS and hymns and spiritual songs have thrilled for ages through the Church on earth, as they shall thrill for endless ages through the Church in glory. From the time that the hymn arose which ended the first Lord's Supper, they have gone up to God, almost without cessation, from palaces and cathedrals, from cottages and churches, from the caves and solitudes of the wilderness: the flood of melody has been swelled by rivulets of song from the lips of dying saints, and by mighty gushings from the hearts of congregated thousands. Wherever the trumpet of Christianity has been sounded, the echoing anthem has replied; wherever the voice of God's messengers has been heard, the song of praise has followed, like the carol of the lark which heralds the dawn.

The range of Christian song is a wide one: their authors were neither of a single country nor a single era. Since Christ left earth for heaven, they have been found in every age among the followers of every Christian creed. Kings and monks, apostles and martyrs, saints and bishops, have united in their composition: Charlemagne and Alfred, Bernard and Abelard, Watts, Doddridge and Heber, here meet on common ground: controversialists have laid aside their polemics, and philosophers their dialectics, to produce that grand aggregate of Christian psalmody which is the joy of all true believers. And hence we shall do well to regard hymns, not so much as the compositions of this or that writer, but as the utterance of the Christian life of a Christian man. They are part of our heritage as members of the Catholic Church, which is gathered from all ages and climes, and not as members of the particular body to which we may nominally belong.

It is probable that, while the miraculous influences of the Spirit continued upon earth, no uninspired songs were admitted into the public or private devotions of Christians. The Psalms, which had daily thrilled through the temple courts from the vast chorus of singers, responding to each other in alternate song from each side of the brazen altar, found an echo in the assemblies of the infant Church, and formed the staple then, as they have done ever since, of the sacred songs of Christians. But besides these, in the early dawn of Gospel light, there probably arose the songs which the Spirit Himself breathed—the *ᾠδαὶ πνευματικαὶ* of Coloss. iii. 16—which went up to heaven in all the freshness and fulness, as some think, of ecstatic inspiration. The traces of the first written hymns are very indistinct: one landmark only is left to us in a fragment of the second century, preserved by Eusebius,¹ which states, that “whatever psalms and hymns were written by the brethren from the beginning, celebrate Christ, the Word of God, by asserting His divinity.” And this statement is borne out by the earliest hymn which has come down to us—the angelical doxology, as it is termed—a wonderful assemblage of triumphant praises, which burst forth from the heart in all the grandeur of their unadorned pathos:—“We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us. For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father.”² And if we bear in mind what historians tell us of it, this hymn will be invested with a charm which few others can claim, for it was the song which martyr after martyr sang so cheerfully as they marched from their prisons to their death-place.

The Eastern Churches were extremely cautious with regard to the hymns which they admitted into their worship; but those which received their sanction are very sublime. They have the peculiarity of not being arranged in regular metre, but this only adds to their grandeur.

With regard to the mode of singing, we may observe that ecclesiastical writers are nearly unanimous as to the early practice of antiphonal singing—a practice probably transferred from

¹ Eusebius, *Eccles. Hist.*, v. 28.

² We quote the translation which is found in the English Book of Common Prayer, at the close of the Communion Service.

the Jewish ritual, and especially employed in the case of the Psalms, many of which are indisputably composed to suit such an arrangement. Socrates, the Church historian, however, claims a higher authority for its adoption in Christian worship, relating that Ignatius of Antioch was once caught up in ecstasy to hear the anthems of the angels, and beheld their "trinal triplicities" answering each other with voices of celestial sweetness, throughout the plains of heaven.¹ The Church on earth wished to echo, as far as possible, the hymns of the Church above, and thus, according to this historian at least, antiphons were universally adopted. But the case does not require such a "deus ex machinâ:" we know that the Christians of those days continued frequently for whole nights in the devotional exercises of prayer and praise, so that we can well understand how human weakness would prompt them to take some such measure as this for preventing too speedy exhaustion and weariness. For they could not have consented to let their solace become itself a burden; they could not have allowed earthly frailty to stay the current of their songs, without an effort to prolong its strength.

The remark we made just now, that hymns were the Church's strength in the time of trouble—her comfort in the weariness of her pilgrimage, is especially true of the periods when she had to combat, not her enemies without, but her recreant children within. Her troubles ceased not with the cessation of persecution from the world; a still bitterer cup was stored up for her in the conflicts of her inward foes. And we must note this fact well.

The Church in Syria affords us an apt illustration of the consoling power of Christian psalmody: when, for example, the faithful were ejected, by the preponderance of Arian influence, from the Church at Antioch, their pastors, Flavian and Diodorus, led them from place to place, like a literal flock in the desert, resting beneath the open sky, near the foot of a mountain, everywhere making their songs their solace. "At length" (to use the simple words of Theodoret) "they led the flock beside the banks of a neighbouring stream. They did not, like the captives of Babylon, hang up their harps on the willows; for they sang praises to their Creator in every part of His empire."²

But although we might feel tempted to linger over a scene like this, our space reminds us that we have to do rather with the subject-matter of hymns, than with their history. We therefore pass—and the transition is but from one part of the Syrian

¹ The language of the Alexandrian liturgy also speaks of the angels singing antiphonally: there is a magnificent anthem to Him around whom "stand the cherubim and seraphim, crying one to another with voices which never cease, and doxologies which are never silent."

² Theodoret, *Eccl. Hist.*, iv. 25 (ed. Gaist.) Oxon: 1839.

Church to another—to the more immediate consideration of the first of those volumes which lie before us—the Hymns of Ephraem Syrus. What we have just said has brought us to this point; and we need only add, by way of further preface, that the first hymnographers of the Syrian Church had clothed Gnosticism in a veil of splendid imagery, and captivated the hearts of many by their beautiful Oriental mysticism. It was then that Ephraem of Edessa applied himself to the work of purging Syrian sacred literature from its corruptions, by the infusion of better and holier poetry. His songs are said to have been twelve times as numerous as those of Solomon, but they are quite free from the tenuity which usually accompanies poetic exuberance. They consist partly of hymns, partly of metrical homilies—both, so far as we can understand, rhythmical and not metrical. We have merely to do at present with that small portion of them which is contained in Dr Burgess' volume.

The first point which strikes us is their remarkable union of the highest poetry with the simplest piety: we seem to tread new ground—we seem to stand on the spot where philosophy and poetry and religion have met together, each in its own beauty, each discharging its proper function. We are carried back to the palm-groves of ancient Syria, and breathe their fresh, free atmosphere, away from the turmoil and conflict of later days. Turmoil and conflict there were indeed then; but there were oases in the desert, where apostolic Christianity grew in strength—where the pure faith lived in all its first purity. Alas! there are few such oases now; and the truth presses on us, that there were few such oases even then. This makes us the gladder when the voices of Christ's real soldiers in the fourth century are borne above the battle din of ages, to comfort and instruct us as we fight the same fight in these modern times. All that, without a knowledge of the corruptions which have sullied the Church of Christ since her Lord ascended, we might have *à priori* expected from early Christian poetry, is found in the hymns under our notice. For instance, we should have expected simplicity—we have it here; we should have expected charity—we have it here. The spirit of charity, indeed, which runs throughout them, is shown to be genuine by its multiforimity: in one place it assumes the shape of deep and earnest longing for another's salvation; in another place it displays itself in warm and tender affection, comforting the mourner with sweet thoughts of heaven, healing the broken-hearted with the balm of Christian love. To take one short example, how much precious consolation is wrapt up in simple words like these:—

“ The Just One saw that iniquity increased on earth,
And that sin had dominion over all men ;

And sent His messenger and removed
A multitude of fair little ones,
And called them to the pavilion of happiness.

“ Like lilies taken from the wilderness
Children are planted in paradise;
And like pearls in diadems
Children are inserted in the kingdom;
And without ceasing shall hymn forth praise.”

The second great feature which we especially admire, is the manner in which early Christian ideas are treated in these hymns. Christian poets are often fonder of their poetry than of their piety: they give us elaborate thoughts and exquisite metaphors, which are both usually rather adapted to Christianity than taken from it. We hold that a Christian hymnographer will find scope enough for any powers which he may possess, if he makes his faith in some one of its infinite phases the groundwork on which to build his thoughts or his fancies. We expect from him not so much new matter, as old matter in a new dress, under new aspects: we want poetry brought into the service of religion, and we do not want to see Christianity standing as a mere liegeman of poetry. Ephraem Syrus has almost invariably kept the golden mean: a pure spirit seems to have accompanied his imagination on its every flight: he writes as if borne aloft on angels' wings; as if he heard the inner harmonies of nature, and listened to that jubilant voice which is ever rising up from all creation to its God. The notions of Neo-Platonism found much of their success in the way in which the most comforting aspects of Christianity were clothed by Oriental imaginations, and suited to the religious sentiments of the Oriental mind. Ephraem availed himself largely of this. To illustrate what we are saying, let us take the thought which gladdened so many in the midst of their affliction or persecution; which inspired so many to fight manfully for Christ—the thought of the happiness of departed spirits. The Christians of those days were often brought by their faith into a battlefield of carnal warfare, where they were daily liable to death; their pilgrimage was often so wearisome, that the pilgrims dropped down on the road, and passed at a moment's notice to their rest. And thus with death around them on every side, mowing down the most loved ones like grass, they began to look upon themselves as, in a sense, already dead, as already sharers in the communion of the saints in light. Their interpreter, Ephraem, in these hymns, proceeds upon the basis of a Platonic, or rather Neo-Platonic, psychology, imagining the soul to be furnished with wings, with which, when purified, it is able to rise above the world of sense; and that the object of a holy

life is to give these wings their pristine strength, so that when the soul is finally released from its prison-house it may literally rise to the life immortal. On leaving the body, it is conceived as finding itself suddenly naked in the wild wastes of infinite space, tossed hither and thither in the unutterable anguish of terrible distraction. And then angels' wings were crossed to bear it, and the arm of the Omnipotent was held forth to shield it, and the spirit rode thus royally to the city of God. And here came in another Oriental notion—that the adamantine hills which encircled Paradise, were fringed at their base by a sea of fire, which—

“Swelling with tumultuous roar,
Beat the rocks with golden surges, fathomless for evermore.”

Nor have we to look far to discover the most beautiful resemblances between these hymns and those of later kinds. We are reminded on almost every page of some precious treasure in the stores of later hymnology; not that the modes of expression are exactly coincident, but that the thoughts and ideas which underlie the outward form of words, are manifestly the same. In some cases, the similarity is to be accounted for by the fact of their both springing from the same fountain of God's word; but in by far the majority of instances, they are both drawn from that living fountain which dwells in each believer. We select an instance, almost at random. The morning hymn runs—

“Thou hast given the daytime
For business and labour,
And that we may provide
All useful things.
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Thou hast appointed a returning
To the children of men,
And all living creatures
In the time of evening.”

Compare this with the Bishop Heber's morning hymn—

“God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day *for toil* hast given,
For rest the night.”—

Or, again, with (we think) Keble's hymn—

“Father! by Thy love and power
Comes again the evening hour;
Light hath vanished, labours cease,
Weary mortals rest in peace.”

The feelings which are expressed in various places with regard to the Judgment-day, are very similar to those embodied in the grand mediæval hymn, the *Dies Ira*,—feelings not so much of joy at the advent of the Saviour, as of shuddering bewilderment at the thought of mercy needed. One of Ephraem's hymns begins—

“How saddened is the sinner
In his heart at that hour,
When the King—Messiah shall sit
Upon His dreadful judgment-seat!”

These words, if put into metre, would be exactly like the second verse of the *Dies Ira*,—

“O what fear man's bosom rendeth
When from Heaven the Judge descendeth
On whose sentence all dependeth!”

But our space warns us, that it is time to leave the songs of Syria for those of Western Europe.

In many cases, hymns like these were the sole conservatives of Gospel truth when heterodoxy grew and flourished beneath the Papal influence. They were themselves too pure to be defiled by Romish contaminations; and although hymn after hymn was added to swell the aggregate by those whose faith succumbed to their superstition, yet these have come down to us in all the splendour of their first purity. So far from rejecting them, we ought rather to love them the more, because they flowed with clear and living stream through the barren wastes of Popery, until at length Popery gathered up her strength in a useless effort to taint them. As the Romish Church added dogma after dogma to her creed, her lustre gradually faded from her hymnal, until at last all that her votaries could produce were fulsome laudations of the saints, and idolatrous invocations of Mary; but the two classes of hymns must ever be kept distinct; it is easy to recognize at a glance the difference between the voices of a Christian soul, and the panegyrics of false dogmas and imagined demi-gods.

We have now to deal with an objection to Latin hymns—the supposed faultiness of their language.

Latin poetry is accused of having perverted the language in a manner alien to its spirit; of having trampled beneath its feet existing grammatical forms; of having, in short, converted into a mere patois what once was polished, and elegant, and “Augustan.” Hence, there are many learned men who are content to look upon the language of these hymns much in the same light as the ghost of Demosthenes would look upon

the briefs of modern Athenian barristers. We aver, on the contrary, that so far from corrupting Latin, Christianity gave it a new strength, for, by increasing its flexibility, it increased its power of expressing thought, and therefore its power as a language. The glorious truths of Christianity, so utterly foreign to the religious ideas of pagan Rome, could not be moulded in the phrases which had their one original meaning firmly embedded in the Roman mind. The incarnation, the resurrection of the dead, justification, regeneration, may be quoted as examples of doctrines which, so far from fitting in with any words in actual use, could not have been at all adequately expressed by the most lengthy periphrases. Therefore, new words were invented, or, where possible, old ones had an entirely new signification applied to them. Mr Trench's eloquent words state the case very forcibly:—

“ But it is otherwise in regard of the Latin language. That, when the Church arose, requiring of it to be the organ of her divine word, to tell out all the new, and as yet undreamt of, which was stirring in her bosom; demanding of it that it should reach her needs—needs which had hardly or not at all existed—while the language was in process of formation, that was already full formed, had reached its climacteric, and was indeed verging, though as yet imperceptibly, toward decay, with all the stiffness of commencing age already upon it. Such the church found it—something to which a new life might be imparted—but the first life of which was already overlived. She found it a garment, narrower than she could wrap herself withal, and yet the only one within reach. But she did not forego the expectation of one day obtaining all which she wanted, nor yet even, for the present, did she sit down contented with the inadequate and insufficient. Herself young, and having the spirit of life, she knew that the future was her own—that she was set in the world for this very purpose of making all things new—that what she needed and did not find, there must lie in her the power of educing from herself—that, however, not all at once, yet little by little, she could weave whatever vestments were required by her for her comeliness and beauty. And we do observe the language, under the new influence, as at the breath of a second spring, putting itself forth anew, the meaning of words enlarging and dilating, old words coming to be used in new significations, obsolete words reviving, new words being coined,—with much in all this to offend the classical taste, which yet, being inevitable, ought not to offend, and of which the gains far more than compensated the losses. There was a new thing, and that being so, it needed that there should be a new utterance as well. To be offended with this is, in truth, to be offended with Christianity, which made this to be inevitable.”—(*Sacred Latin Poetry*. Introd., pp. v. vi.)

Christianity, we know well, was at first not the religion of the

Court: it grew up in the lanes and alleys of the metropolis, not in its palaces. Hence, with the exception of those new-coined phrases which formed part of the Christian catechesis, the language of ordinary life was the currency of Christian intercourse,—we may assume also, of Christian teaching. For, to have their due effect on the minds of ordinary men, Christian truths—whether in hymns or homilies—had to be framed in ordinary language, and to employ the grammar of common life, which, as is abundantly proved by the Pompeian and other inscriptions, was different in many respects from the grammar of the educated classes, the prepositions, for instance, being used almost “*ad libitum*.” These hymns, therefore, are often very different in their phraseology from the compositions of the Court poets, just as the actual “lays of the cavaliers” were different from the polished rhymes of Aytoun.

But we are told by many Latin scholars, that they could overlook the syntax of these hymns, if they could forgive their prosody. The objection rests on two grounds,—firstly, because most Latin hymns do not happen to be in the same metres as the heathen poems; secondly, because most Latin hymns substitute accent for quantity. To this twofold objection we have a twofold answer. In the first place, we contend that the hymnographers had a perfect right to choose what metres they pleased for their compositions, and that the standard which they themselves set up, is the standard whereby they ought to be judged. We have no right to find fault with Tennyson because he did not write his “*In Memoriam*” in decasyllabic couplets, or with Coleridge, because, in his “*Christabel*,” he gave up syllabic scansion altogether. We grant that it is lawful for us to form our own judgment with regard to the metre which is adopted, or the method of scansion on which it is based; but if these two points are satisfactorily settled, we must claim the right of every poet to mould his thoughts in whatever form of words he may consider most suitable to them.

And we must urge, in the second place, not merely that the Latin hymnographers had full liberty to throw off the shackles of the old prosody, but that it was absolutely necessary for them to do so. With regard to the metres, there were few, if any, which had not been profaned by the licentiousness of the heathen poets,—there was scarcely one which had not formed the garb of some unholy song in praise of Venus or Apollo,—which was not well known in the streets of Rome, by the nightly revellings of the dissolute and profligate. It was impossible that the early Christians should be content to use, in the service of God, the metres or “tunes” which could not but remind them of the worst features of the heathenism which they had utterly forsaken.

They who shrank so scrupulously from the slightest participation in the wickedness around them, could least of all give way in such a point as this—a point which involved the partial sacrifice of what was most dear to them—the purity of their worship. Who among us would not shrink from singing the psalms to some profane ditty taken from the theatre or the gin-palace? and yet this was the light in which the early Christians could not help regarding the metres in which modern critics find so much exquisite beauty. Indeed, we may marvel that, instead of renouncing these old metres by degrees, the hymnographers did not throw them off at once. They doubtless would have done so, if they had been fully conscious of the power which each succeeding age was to unveil more and more, until at length the arm was laid bare which could raise an entirely new edifice of Christian poetry on the ruins of the temples of heathen song.

And there is a still more important consideration which we have not hitherto touched upon, but which, in our opinion, fully settles the question before us. The Christian poets could not be content to shackle themselves in a cold, lifeless form, which was utterly powerless to stir up the heart from its inmost depths, or to elevate the soul. They needed some melody which would ring through the mind's most secluded chambers,—which would amalgamate with thought in indissoluble union, and force its way into the soul of the hearer, without the possibility of resistance. They found no such power in the old lyric metres; they found no possibility of ever adopting the sacred truths of their faith to those series of nicely-modulated syllables, and exquisite felicities of expression, which constitute the body of Latin poetry.

As Mr Trench observes :—

“The Christian poets were in holy earnest; a versification, therefore, could no longer be endured attached with no living bonds to the thoughts, in which sense and sound had no real correspondence with one another.”—(INTRODUCTION, p. 8.)

They found what they needed in the substitution of accent for quantity, and in the use of rhyme in the middle or at the end of the verse; and so, by slow degrees, these changes were effected, until at length the voice of jubilant melody could break forth in a metre like the following, which Mr Neale has succeeded in transferring, with great accuracy and beauty, from Latin into English :—

“Sing my tongue the glorious battle, with completed victory rife;
And above the Cross' trophy, tell the triumph of the strife:
How the world's Redeemer's conquered, by surrendering of His
life.”

And if at times these Christian hymnographers seized upon

the decaying corpse of the old prosody, they reanimated it; they robed it in a marvellous strength. We think that the most wonderful poem ever written, as regards the mere mechanism of its composition, is one by Bernard of Clugni, "*De contemptu mundi*," which consists of *three thousand hexameter lines, each having a triple rhyme*: its beauty is not confined, as we shall afterwards shew, to its metre, but we feel constrained to quote a few lines now for the benefit of those among our learned readers who may not as yet have seen it:—

"Stant Syon atria, conjubilantia, martyre plena,
Cive micantia, principe stantia, luce serena;
Est ibi pascua mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis,
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus albis,
Sunt sine flatibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis,
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine lite,
In Syon ædibus editoribus Israelitæ."

We pass now to the consideration of the hymns themselves in their general character.

The first great feature is their extreme *subjectivity*. It has been said that simple adoration, unalloyed by any thought of self, is the most fitting homage to the Deity—that we should praise God absolutely, not relatively, to us. Such thanksgiving may become angels, but surely it cannot become men: as fallen beings we can only offer up acceptable praises through the Redeemer, and therefore every act of praise must mediate or immediately bear some reference to the redemption. And in a state of transition, where temptations assail us at every step, where Divine support is needed every moment, our praise must more or less be mingled with prayer: if we ascribe Him strength, it must be that He may make us strong; if we give Him the glory, it must be that He may glorify His name in us; if we thank Him for grace, it must be that He may continue to fill us with the spirit of grace. This is the character which is so strongly stamped on Latin hymns: the personal feeling of the writer clings to every idea, the doxology is made to tell at once upon the heart. We are speaking more especially of the purer Latin hymns: the case was sometimes altered; for an entirely opposite tendency gradually insinuated itself into Western psalmody—a tendency to make hymns the expression not of Christian feeling, but of dogmatic theology—a tendency which crippled their power and stunted their growth. And yet it is to be marked how spiritual Christianity continually rose up in rebellion against this—how sometimes a solitary hymn shines bright like a solitary star amid the night-gloom which was creeping up the sky.

Take, for example, these stanzas as a specimen of a hymn which was written by Bernard of Clairvaux—the restless monk who could convulse all Christendom with the thunders of his oratory, and then sit down in the calmness of his seclusion, to pen words like these :—

“Jesu ! the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?
No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness :
Alone who hath Thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.
O Jesu ! King of wondrous might !
O victor glorious from the fight !
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest !”

(*Hymnal Noted*, p. 45.)

Verses such as these are very different, even in a mere æsthetic point of view, from the compositions which gathered so much strength in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and which were fostered by the Romish Church, like so many noxious weeds, in the garden where these flowers had grown. There was little or no subjectivity in them, and what there was, consisted of a mere “ora pro nobis” at the end of a long catalogue of the virtues of a St Veronica or St Landeline. To show that we do not exaggerate, when we thus contrast the offshoots of Popery with the purer effusions of Christian spirit, we give one stanza, which we have selected at random, from a hundred similar ones :—

“Salve sancta facies
Nostri redemptoris,
In que nitet species
Divini splendoris,
Impressa panniculo
Nivei candoris,
Dataque veronica
Ob signum amoris.”

There was another phase of the subjectivity of Latin hymns which we must not neglect to notice. The writers were not content simply to express, in sacred verse, the feelings which they shared in common with all true Christians, under the influence of ordinary circumstances. They went further than this : they frequently so stamped their own peculiar emotions on their compositions, that, as in the Psalms of David, internal evidence far-

nishes a clue to their history. It is delightful to be able here and there, among the shades of that gathering gloom, to recognise a Christian brother, whose soul has been impressed upon some words which can make music in our hearts even now—which gleam forth with the fullest glory of true Christianity, and yet have their own individual tale of conflict, or of comfort. There is an exquisite hymn, for example, which was written by King Robert of France—a man who seems to have found his crown a burden, who had been tossed about from year to year in a restless tempest of persecution and calamity, and who cries to the Comforter to give him strength to stand, in a hymn which we should have quoted, if it could have been at all adequately rendered in English. Our learned readers will find it given in Mr Trench's volume: we can only say of it, that it shows very beautifully how the writer had been made patient through suffering, how his gentle spirit had been rendered more gentle still by its conquest of the selfish unlovingness around it.

We must now speak of the *symbolism* which forms the second great characteristic of Latin hymns; and in approaching the subject, we feel that it requires much caution. We do not think that symbolism is dangerous in itself, for it is the gratification of that mysterious craving of our souls which prompts us to look for the infinite in the finite,—for some sign of the finger of the Eternal on the corruptible things around us. Hence arises the love of symbols, and so far as they merely serve thus to remind the soul of something higher, so far, in other words, as the connection between the symbol and the thing symbolized is regarded as *conceptual* and not *real*, they may perhaps be useful. But the transition is not difficult, and to unthinking minds would be almost imperceptible. The attributes of the thing symbolized seem to attach themselves, in process of time, to its earthly representative, and soon become inseparable from it. This is what we have to notice in mediæval symbolism—there is the gradual substitution of the type for the antitype—the gradual forgetting of the nature of the symbol, until at last the lesser and the greater are fused together, and the whole truth involved in hopeless error. In fact, the errors of later mediæval symbolism, partly because they were more palpable to a superficial investigation, and partly because they have been retained by the Romish Church, have been regarded as stamping mediæval symbolism universally with an indelible brand of superstition, and even idolatry. There is gloom in mediæval symbolism, but there is also light. The hymns on which this feature of the age is stamped are of different shades—they vary from the intense brightness of pure Christianity to the intense darkness of unmingled Popery. We must not, however, judge the one class by the other—we must not sup-

pose that all are equally infected—for we shall find that the true symbolism of some of these hymns has a great effect upon the heart; that, like the symbolism of the Bible, it strikes the feelings at once, and therefore does its work completely. To take the case of the Cross, which will probably serve as an example of one of the points of mediæval symbolism which are most generally misunderstood. In the early days of Christianity, it was adopted almost universally among Christians as a symbol of the Redemption—not because there was any necessary connection between the two—any other conventional symbol would have served the purpose equally well. We meet with it a little beyond this use, when, as the oriflamme in the Vanguard of the Church's Host, it was celebrated thus:—

“The Royal Banners forward go,
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.”

(*Hymnal Noted*, p. 51.)

But this was the Rubicon. Beyond this, were the dark wilds of superstition, but no fears, on that account, deterred the later hymnographers from rushing forward. They boldly apostrophised the Cross in words which Mr Neale has rendered thus:—

“Faithful Cross! above all other, one and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit thy peers may be!
*Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,*¹ *sweetest weight* is hung on thee!
Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory! Thy relaxing *sinews* bend!
And awhile the ancient rigour that Thy birth bestowed suspend;
And the King of heavenly beauty on *Thy bosom gently bend.*”

(*Hymnal Noted*, p. 54.)

We feel compelled to pause a moment, and marvel at the unblushing audacity which has led an English clergyman to intrude nonsense like this into a hymnal, which, but for this and similar blots (such as the “*roseate*” blood of Christ, p. 65) would be unequalled for beauty. We pause, for it is a sad and pitiable case,—the case of one who can so completely enslave his great abilities as a translator to the production of versions such as these. Sweet wood and sweet iron: does Mr Neale mean literal “sweet wood and iron, or metaphorical “sweet” wood and iron, for really we scarcely know which is least absurd? And who ever heard of a tree's sinews, and still less of the Cross's sinews? and why should our Lord's body be called a “sweet” body? We beg to

¹ Mr Neale is, in this instance, “*Romanis ipsis paulò Romanior,*” for Father Caswall is content with—

“Sweet the nails, and sweet the wood,
Laden with so sweet a load.”

assure Mr Neale that if he has any desire to revive Latin hymns in this country, he will not do so by dragging forth from the sepulchre of Popish darkness words which are utterly revolting, not merely to our feelings as Protestants, but to our common sense as Britons.

We must notice, though our space compels us to be brief, a very important branch of the symbolism of Latin hymns. We refer to their interpretation of the Old Testament. Of symbolistic interpreters, Adam of St Victor is undoubtedly the prince. He seems to consider each minutest incident in the Old Testament history as a mirror in which was reflected some Christian truth; but his analogies, although often beautiful and always ingenious, are, for the most part, very much overstrained. The following specimen will show his average style better than any lengthened remarks:—

“ Christ the prey hath here unbound
From the foe that girt us round—[1 SAM. xxiii. 24-26.]
Which in Samson’s deed is found
When the lion he had slain—[JUDGES xiv. 5, 6.]
David, in his Father’s cause,
From the lion’s hungry jaws
And the bear’s devouring paws,
Hath set free his flock again—[1 SAM. xvii. 34-36.]
He that thousands slew by dying—[JUDGES xvi. 30.]
Samson, Christ is typifying,
Who by death o’ercame his foes.
Samson, by interpretation,
Is “*their* SUNLIGHT:” our salvation
Thus hath brought illumination
To the elect on whom He rose.
From the Cross’s pole of glory—[*The Spies*, NUMB. xiii. 23.]
Flows the must of ancient story
In the church’s wine-vat stored:
From the press now trodden duly
Gentile first-fruits, gathered newly,
Drink the precious liquor poured.”

Another prominent characteristic of Latin ecclesiastical poetry, is the power with which it compresses grand ideas into single phrases, wrapping up into condensed expressions thoughts which theologians would expand into volumes. It is this which has given modern poetry its power over the heart. And we think that it is in this way only that many great truths can reach our hearts with any real force. Our intellects may be convinced by logic or by intuition, but neither of these can reach the heart. That requires something more forcible, more impressive, and in this kind of poetry, its needs have their fulfilment, for one of these

condensed expressions comes upon it, not like a congeries of faint tintinnabulations, but like the knell of some mighty tocsin which it "cannot choose but hear," sounding up as it does from the depths of time in tones of warning or encouragement, bidding us array ourselves for conflict, or chant to God for victory.

We have before alluded to the symbolism which characterizes the hymns of Adam of St Victor, we must now quote him as the hymnographer in whom this expressiveness of which we are speaking found probably its fullest development. What Bengel is in exegesis, Adam of St Victor is in hymnology. We are sure of finding a terseness in almost every phrase veiling an exceeding beauty of sentiment. Take, for instance, this stanza on John the Baptist:—

" Ardens fide, verbo lucens,
Et ad veram lucem ducens
Multa docet millia.
Non *lux* iste, sed *lucerna*,
Christus vero lux æterna,
Lux illustrans omnia."

It can hardly be denied, however, that this love of concentrating force into single expressions, is sometimes carried too far; we mean when phrases of this kind are piled one upon another, until they form a poem rather than a hymn. This is undoubtedly a fault, because it, to a great extent, unfits the hymn for Christian worship—the worship where the learned and the unlearned meet together, and where no distinction of class can properly be maintained. Even granting that intellectual Christians may have for private devotion hymns suited to their capacities, still we are inclined to think that it is possible so to strain the intellect as to exclude the heart from exercising its rightful function. For heart-worship is ever the truest. Abelard's aphorism, "*Fides præcedit intellectum*," cannot be disputed by any one who has known the ceaselessness of conflict which commences when once the intellect usurps the supremacy. We have advocated the subjectivity of Latin hymns; we have defended, to some extent, their symbolism; we have commended their expressiveness, simply because of the power which each of these characteristics, especially in combination, wields over the heart; and, therefore, when we find that some of these Victorine hymns fail in producing this effect, because of their overwrought elaborateness, we must hesitate before we include them in our eulogy as *hymns*, whatever may be the admiration which is due from us on account of their exquisite beauty as *poems*. The simple melody of the Ambrosian hymns frequently gathers up its strength, and strikes upon our hearts with a wonderful force. This leads us to think that, as

hymns, they are far preferable to those which are moulded in the Victorine school, for their beauty is such as all can appreciate, from the highest to the lowest, and their power is such as all must feel who have not resolutely barred the gates of their heart's citadel against the entrance of any Christian sentiment whatever. For example, in a hymn written by Ambrose of Milan himself, after a description of the Incarnation, the chorus suddenly strikes up—

“ O, equal to the Father, Thou !
Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now :
The weakness of our mortal state
With deathless might invigorate.”

Or, similarly, in another hymn—

“ Be Thou our joy, and Thou our guard,
Who art to be our great reward ;
Our glory and our boast in Thee
For ever and for ever be.”

These three characteristics are the only ones which seem prominently to attach themselves to the great body of Latin hymns, and we must contend that the presence even of these three—their subjectivity, their symbolism, and their expressiveness—furnishes one of the strongest arguments in their favour, for these are the great essentials to real heart-stirring hymns, whether they be doxological or didactic.

There are, however, a few Latin hymns which stand eminently above the rest, and therefore claim special attention : on some of these we shall now briefly touch. In chronological order, the first which strikes us is a hymn attributed by a preponderance of authorities to Augustine, and in every respect worthy of the prince of Latin theologians. Our readers shall judge of it, at least a portion of it, for themselves : its subject, as they will perceive, is the joys of Paradise :—

“ Winter braming—summer flaming,
There relax their blustering,
And sweet roses ever blooming
Make an everlasting spring.
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,
And the balsam perfuming.

“ There nor waxing moon, nor waning
Sun, nor stars in courses bright,
For the Lamb to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light :
There the daylight beams for ever,
All unknown are time and night.

"For the saints in beauty beaming,
 Shine in light and glory pure,
 Crowned in triumph's flushing honours,
 Joy in unison secure,
 And in safety tell their battles,
 And their foe's discomfiture.
 "Here they live in endless being,
 Passingness has passed away;
 Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
 For decayed is all decay:
 Lasting energy hath swallowed
 Darkling death's malignant sway."

(*Medieval Hymns*, etc., p. 59.)

With these stanzas we cannot but compare a hymn, to which we have before alluded, to point out the marvellousness of its metre. The following is a faint and feeble echo of a few lines of Bernard's long poem:—

"To thee, O dear, dear country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep;
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.
 O one! O only mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And joys have no alloy;
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall.
 Thy ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced,
 The saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner stone is Christ.
 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy power;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
 They stand those halls of Syon
 Conjugilant with song,

And bright with many an angel,
 And many a martyr throng ;
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The light is aye serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen :
 There is the throne of David,
 And there from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast ;
 And they beneath their Leader,
 Who conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white."

(*Medieval Hymns*, etc., pp. 55-57.)

A considerable number of Latin hymns is classed under the general title of "Sequences," a term primarily applied, as Mr Neale informs us, to words composed to fit in with the Gregorian prolongation of the "Alleluia." They were first written in the tenth century. We are anxious rather to introduce Latin hymns to our readers than to theorize about them, and therefore we shall make no apology for quoting rather than describing them. The first example which we shall give of a sequence, exhibits their more primitive form. It is full of an admirable simplicity, which has ten times the power of an elaborate complexity, doing effectually the work which we maintain that Latin hymns are especially calculated to do—the work of stirring up the soul, and preaching to the heart. We may notice, in this instance too, how great a remove there is from the Mariolatry of later times, and even of later hymns, the "Stabat Mater," for example. The ruggedness of the English metre is a close imitation of the original :—

"Death and life,
 In wondrous strife,
 Came to conflict sharp and sore :
 Life's Monarch, He that died, now dies no more.
 What thou sawest, Mary, say,
 As thou wentest on thy way?
 'I saw the slain One's earthly prison ;
 I saw the glory of the Risen ;
 The witness-angels by the cave,
 And the garments of the grave.
 The Lord, my hope, hath risen : and He shall go before to Galilee.'
 We know that Christ is risen from death indeed,
 Thou victor Monarch, for thy suppliants plead."

(*Hymnal Noted*, p. 63.)

We have reserved until now, as the cope-stone of our quotations, a sequence which stands unequalled among sacred metrical compositions,—we refer to the “*Dies Iræ*” of Thomas de Celano. Unearthly in its pathos—magnificent in its diction—thrilling in its versification—it comes upon our souls with the sweep of a rushing wind, lifting them up on its breast of swelling might until they seem to be already hearing the first note of the arch-angel’s trump as it echoes up from the realms of infinity, and momentarily expecting it to ring fully through the abodes of quick and dead. If we seek for an instance of the force of subjectivity, we find it in its fulness here ; if we seek to know the power of words, we have here the very limit of expressiveness, and these two are welded together firmly and indissolubly by a metre which will serve at once as the best apology for the renunciation of classicalism, and the best example of the heartfelt significance of Christian Latinity. Until Dr Irons’ version appeared in the *Hymnal Noted*, English readers had been entirely without a translation which gave even a tenth rate lithograph (if we may use the expression) of this gorgeous picture, and we regret that it is only popularly known through such corrupted media. The version of which we speak has, however, left little to be desired, since it faithfully represents not merely the language, but also the metre, and what is more, the rhyming triplet of the original. We feel compelled to quote its more striking verses, referring our readers to Daniel’s “*Thesaurus*,”¹ or Mr Trench’s “*Sacred Latin Poetry*.”

“Day of wrath ! O day of mourning !
See ! once more the cross returning,
Heav’n and earth in ashes burning !

“O what fear man’s bosom rendeth !
When from heav’n the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth !

“Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth’s sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth !

“Death is struck and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making !

“What shall I, frail man be pleading ?
Who for me be interceding ?
When the just are mercy needing.

¹ We think that Daniel’s will continue to be the best work of reference for ordinary purposes, embracing, as it does, not merely Western, but also Eastern hymnology, although, in some respects, the new German “*Hymni Latini Medii Ævi*, Edid. F. J. Mons” will be more complete.

- “ King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!
- “ Think! kind Jesu, my salvation,
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!
- “ Faint and weary Thou has sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
- “ Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reck’ning day’s conclusion!
- “ Guilty now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!
- “ Low I kneel with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.
- “ Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning:
Man for judgment must prepare him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him!
Lord who didst our souls redeem,
Grant a blessed requiem—Amen.”

But now we must close our brief sketch of Latin hymnology. We had intended to have pursued the subject further, by tracing the coincidences between the voices of the Christian life in those ages, and the voices of the Christian life in later times, but our limits compel us to forbear.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Inspiration of Holy Scripture, its Nature and Proof.* Eight Discourses preached before the University of Dublin. By WILLIAM LEE, M.A. London: Rivington. 1854.
2. *The Inspiration of Holy Scripture.* Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. LORD ARTHUR HERVEY, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1856.
3. *The Doctrine of Inspiration. Being an Inquiry concerning the Infallibility, Inspiration, and Authority of Holy Writ.* By the Rev. JOHN MACNAUGHT, M.A. London: Longman. 1856.
4. *Inspiration a Reality: or a Vindication of the Plenary Inspiration and Infallible Authority of Holy Scripture, in reply to a Book lately published by the Rev. J. Macnaught.* By the Rev. JOSIAH B. LOWE, A.B. London: Longman. 1856.
5. *The Infallibility of Holy Scripture.* A Lecture in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Tuesday, April 7, 1857. By ROBERT S. CANDLISH, D.D. Manchester: Wm. Bremner.

"HAVE you seen," says the late Dr Arnold, in one of his letters to Mr Justice Coleridge, "your uncle's *Letters on Inspiration*, which, I believe, are to be published? They are well fitted to break ground in the approaches to that momentous question which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions,—the greatest, perhaps, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility."

We believe that Dr Arnold's estimate of the importance of the question of the nature and measure of that authority that is to be ascribed to inspired scripture is not an over-estimated one. From the very nature of the case, indeed, the inquiry as to whether or not we have an infallible interpreter of the record which claims to rule our belief and our conduct, is a secondary and inferior one to the inquiry whether we have a record at all entitled to make such a claim. There is a previous and a higher question to be settled before we need trouble ourselves about the infallibility to be conceded to the word of Pope or council. We must see whether there is any infallibility at all to be ascribed to the Word of God; and, without being guilty of forming any under-estimate of the results of the discovery which the world made when Luther challenged and overthrew the authority of the Pope, we may rest assured that history will have to write upon its page results stranger and more momentous still, when the discovery shall come to be made and acknowledged, that the Church

has been wrong from the beginning, and that men have really no standard of truth apart from their own nature, and distinguished by the two marks of infallible certainty and Divine authority.

The posthumous work of Coleridge, to which Dr Arnold alludes, has given currency in this country to principles and views on the subject of the Inspiration of Scripture unfamiliar to British theology before, and which Coleridge only borrowed and translated from Germany. The influence of his name and school has, to no inconsiderable extent, gained for them popularity and acceptance both within and without the Church, and they have been zealously advocated and disseminated by the band of remarkable men, consisting of Arnold, Hare, Maurice, Morell, and others, who sat at his feet, and were trained more or less in his habits of thinking; and yet never was there a book less entitled than the "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit" to the honour of effecting a revolution in theology, or becoming the manifesto of any school of inquirers accustomed to habits of sound and accurate reasoning. With not a little to remind us of the reach and originality of thought which distinguish the other writings of Coleridge, it is marked to a most vicious excess with looseness and inaccuracy of conception; it betrays a painful ignorance of the main facts and fundamental principles involved in the question at issue; and, by the confident, but impotent attempt which he makes to marry a mystical philosophy to an unsound theology, he only shows that he has strayed into a province of speculation with whose guiding landmarks he was completely unacquainted. Nor is this failure to grasp, and inability to deal with, the necessary conditions of the problem to be solved, so conspicuous in Coleridge's discussion of the doctrine of inspiration, altogether due to his limited and defective preparation for dealing with the subject; it is in no small measure to be attributed to the exigencies of his position and argument. In bondage to the school and habits of a merely subjective philosophy, and bent on reducing and assimilating his theology to the same standard and form, his very position imposed upon him the temptation, or rather the necessity, of discarding almost everything objective from his doctrine of inspiration, and even of revelation. In doing this, he has of necessity missed the real point in debate, and substituted for that ancient article of the Church, which asserts an external revelation and a real inspiration of it, the modern theory of an inward and subjective illumination. The same subjective tendencies have led to similar results in the case of almost every writer in recent times, who has rejected and repudiated the former doctrine on the subject of the infallibility of Scripture. Under the name of revelation, or under the name of inspiration, they have advocated and disguised principles and views, which, in one shape or other, and to a greater or less extent, evacuate both of the objec-

tive element that truly belongs to them, and make revelation to be no longer a real communication coming to man *ab extra*, and from God, but only a discovery of truth generated within himself; and inspiration to be no longer a supernatural influence from above, guiding and qualifying a prophet truly to record the revelation given, but only the inward illumination of his nature to enable him to apprehend it. It is one of the prominent and remarkable features of this controversy that ancient names no longer stand for the ancient things which before they expressed, and that in the vocabulary of recent discussions the terms, *revelation* and *inspiration*, have so entirely changed their signification as to mean the very opposite well nigh of what they meant before. Under the shelter of this ambiguity, a considerable portion of the argument or declamation of recent opponents of Scripture infallibility, amounts to not much more than an attempt—oftentimes a dexterous, though it may be unconscious one—to shift the conditions of the problem, and misstate the *status questionis*. Without attempting, then, to traverse the wide field which the question of the inspiration of Scripture opens up, or to enter into details, which, on such a subject, it would be impossible and endless to do, it may not be unimportant to endeavour to indicate the position which the advocates of a plenary inspiration desire and undertake to defend, and to point out the general principles of argument and evidence by which the controversy must be adjudged.

These two propositions, taken together, exhibit, as we believe, the substance of the immemorial and all but universal doctrine of the Church of Christ in regard to the inspired Scriptures. In *the first place*, they contain a communication of truth from God, supernaturally given to man; and *in the second place*, they contain that truth supernaturally transferred to human language, and therefore free from all mixture or addition of error. These two propositions make up the whole of that doctrine on the subject of inspiration, for which it is necessary or important to contend, and embody or imply all that we mean by the assertion, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are all, and are alone, the infallible Word of God. It is plain that these two positions are perfectly distinct and different from each other, and the one of them may be maintained while the other is denied. But the two taken together, and not disjoined, are necessary to make up the full idea of inspired Scripture, which is virtually denied in its true import, when the one or the other is rejected. The distinction between the two things, which we call respectively a *revelation* and an *inspiration*, has often been pointed out with more or less accuracy, and is essential to a right understanding of the controversy; but it has still oftener been overlooked, or partially set aside; and the mistake has occasioned much misunderstanding.

ing and confusion in the adjustment of the question at issue. The two are to be distinguished both as regards their own nature, and the historical fact of their being given to men. Revelation refers to the idea originally dwelling in the Divine mind, and then supernaturally communicated or presented to the mind of the prophet who receives it. Inspiration refers to the process by which the prophet was supernaturally enabled, without failure or defect, to transfer the idea or truth, thus given him from God, to the oral or written language in which it might become accessible to others. 'Revelation may exist without inspiration, and, in point of fact, is found in those cases recorded in Scripture, in which communications were made from God to His creatures, meant for themselves alone, and not for others; and which were either never communicated to others at all, or communicated without the supernatural aid which would have excluded error or defect in the communication. We can easily conceive that the whole of the revelation given by God might have been given upon this latter principle, thus exhibiting the example of a real and true communication from God to the recipient, but a communication afterwards left to the chance of being made known, wholly or partially, perfectly or imperfectly, to others, by the merely natural powers of memory and judgment and expression of the human instrument. This is quite a conceivable case. But as prophets received the word of revelation, not for themselves, but for others; as it was primarily intended for the benefit, not of the one to whom it was originally given, but of the many who were to take it from his hands; as it was more important by far that it should be transmitted in infallible purity to the whole of mankind, than to the few who were made the instruments of transmitting it,—we would have been entitled, independently of the direct evidence to the fact, to argue, with the strongest probability, that the revelation which, in a supernatural manner, was transferred *ab extra* from the mind of God to the mind of the prophet at first, would be, in a manner not more supernatural, again transferred with equal purity to that infallible record from which it might shine upon the minds of others. The advocates of a plenary inspiration believe that they find direct evidence in the Word of God to bear out this conclusion; and they maintain that the Scriptures therefore are not only a supernatural revelation from God, but also a supernatural inspiration by God.

The very import of these two propositions, which embody the ancient and orthodox doctrine of the Church on the subject, discountenances, or rather forbids, the attempt, made by too many, to explain the manner or form in which the revelation and inspiration were effected. Both processes are supernatural, and, be-

cause they are so, cannot be explained. From the very nature of the case, we must be contented to know nothing of the "divers manners" in which the Divine influence came upon and overshadowed those holy men of old, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. We have no sympathy with those writers who, like Dr Henderson, parcel out the supernatural influences of the Spirit into artificial and purely hypothetical modes of action, and tell us minutely when the revelation came to the prophet by "direct internal suggestion," and when by "audible articulate sounds," and when again by "Urim and Thummim," and how often by "dreams" and at what time by "visions," and when, once more, by the "reappearance of the departed."¹ We have a more serious objection to this pretended explanation of the supernatural, than merely that the explainer is wearying himself in vain by attempting to do what cannot be done, and to render intelligible what must ever be mysterious. We believe that from this source has originated that apparent diversity in the testimony of the Church as to the inspiration of Scripture, which has been eagerly laid hold of by the opponents of it, for the purpose of alleging that that testimony was divided and contradictory as to the infallibility of the Word of God. When men begin to speculate upon the modes of the supernatural, and when theologians are tempted to dogmatise upon the manner in which the processes of revelation and inspiration were effected, it is impossible for them to speak alike, just because they speak of what they know not;—a diversity of language and opinion on the subject is unavoidable. And hence, in the case of the inspiration of Scripture, a diversity is manifest, even among those who are at one in holding the truth of an infallible Bible, when they come to speculate as to the mode in which it became infallible; opinion varying under the influence of different schools of thinking, and oscillating continually between the two opposite poles, of what has been come to be known recently, as the mechanical and dynamical theories. That unguarded and indefensible language has been employed on both sides in this matter, cannot be denied; that in many cases it embodied speculations as to the *modus agendi* of the Spirit of God in fashioning that volume which came from Him, forbidden alike by the silence of Scripture and the teaching of a sound philosophy, may be safely

¹ In the work of Mr Lee mentioned at the head of this Article, we welcome one of the most interesting and valuable contributions recently made towards a right settlement of this controversy on inspiration. But we regret to see in it a tendency in the direction above indicated, in the form of an attempt to explain what cannot be explained in the matter, as, for example, in his fourth Lecture, when he endeavours, not very successfully or intelligibly to us, to lay down the law generally observed in the development of revelation, and to describe the "character of the ecstatic condition" of the prophet who received it.

affirmed; but all this leaves untouched the undoubted fact, that the Church of Christ, from its earliest times, has held fast by the twofold doctrine, that the Bible is the combined and harmonious result of a revelation which conveyed to the mind of the prophet, in a supernatural manner, the truth which dwelt in the mind of God, and of an inspiration which enabled the prophet to transfer once more the truth so given him, without error or deficiency, to the page of a written record for the benefit of others.

A very moderate acquaintance with the controversy is sufficient to convince any one of how very far modern speculations in theology, both at home and abroad, have advanced in the direction of setting aside the doctrine both of a revelation from God and of an inspiration by God, in the true sense of these terms.

In regard to a *supernatural revelation*, the plain and intelligible position of the English Deists a century and a half ago, who made nature and reason the only source of truth, and held the Bible to be a forgery, has in substance and virtually been revived under the disguise of modern speculation, while the name of Deism is disowned as bygone and obsolete. We need not refer to the extreme section of Rationalists in Germany, in whose name Wigschieder tells us that a supernatural and miraculous revelation is a thing inconsistent with the character of God; but who still maintain a "*revelatio naturalis*," the origin of which is to be found in the native endowments of the human mind when trained under favourable circumstances, and of which revelation the Bible, after rejecting all that is supernatural in it, is to some uncertain and indefinitely small amount the possible product.¹ Even the school of Schleiermacher, of which it has been boasted by his admirers that it was the main instrument in elevating the religious life of Germany out of the slough of that extreme Rationalism, after rejecting the Divine authority of the Old Testament, makes revelation to reside not in the Bible but in Christ, meaning by that, not the words that He spake, or the doctrine He preached, or the truth He communicated, but in His person; and the New Testament Scriptures are no more a communication from God, through His selected servants, than are the writings of any other Christians retarding their religious views and feelings,—the inspired writers having this single advantage, that they stood in closer proximity than others to Christ, and came under the nearer effect of his personal influence. Theodore Parker, speaking from the other side of the Atlantic, and on behalf of no inconsiderable party there, tells us that "there is no difference but in words between revealed religion and natural religion,"—that "all men have direct

¹ *Institutiones Theologiae*, p. 57, etc.

access to God through reason, conscience, and the religious sentiment, just as we have direct access to nature through the eye, the ear, or the hand,"—that "through these channels, and by a law, certain, regular, and universal as gravitation, God inspires men, and makes a revelation of truth,"—that "this inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by the Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, but is co-extensive with the race."¹ Taught by Francis Newman among ourselves, a young and rising school of theologians announce the startling discovery, harder to understand or believe than most mysteries in the Bible, that *a book revelation* is a contradiction in terms; that "an authoritative external revelation of moral and spiritual truth is essentially impossible to man; and that what God reveals to us He reveals *within*, through the medium of our moral and spiritual senses."² And again, Mr Morell, advancing in the same direction, avows that "the Bible cannot in strict accuracy of language be called a revelation, since a revelation always implies an actual process of intelligence in a living mind; but it contains the records in which those minds who enjoyed the preliminary training, or the first brighter revelation of Christianity, have described the scenes which awakened their religious nature to new life, and the high ideas and aspirations to which that new life gave origin."³

One and all of these theories, prominently ventilated as they have been, not only in theological discussions, but also in the current literature of the day, point in one direction; and, when legitimately and logically carried out, amount to a contradiction of the article which lies at the very foundation of the Church's creed in every age, and which declares the Bible to be a proper revelation from God, in the true and ancient sense of the words. Whatever minor differences belong to such theories, they agree in this, that they all tend (consciously or unconsciously to their authors) to a denial of the objective element in revelation, making it wholly a subjective thing, and constituting man and not God the source of truth to himself. Under the teaching of such doctrines, the Bible is seen to be a revelation of knowledge *ab intus*, and not *ab extra*—a discovery by man himself of, it may be, religious truth, but not a communication of truth supernaturally granted from on high. Come from what quarter of his spiritual and intellectual being the discovery may, and aided by whatsoever happy and favourable training in the school of nature, or even of grace, still these theories virtually make man and not God the revealer, if revelation it is to be called at all. We may be

¹ Parker's Discourses on Matters pertaining to Religion, p. 161, etc.

² The Soul. By Francis W. Newman, p. 59.

³ Philosophy of Religion, cap. v.

indebted for the religious knowledge which has found its way into the Bible from its writers, to the "*revelatio naturalis*" which belongs to them, and to all, according to Wigschieder, or to the "Christian consciousness" of Schleiermacher, or to the "religious sentiment" congenital to man of Parker, or to the "spiritual insight" of Newman, or to the "religious intuitions" of Morell; but from whatsoever similar source, or under whatsoever dissimilar name it comes, it is *human* truth, and not *Divine*. We do not tarry to point out the wretched and insecure foundation on which his faith must rest, when fallen man becomes the great teacher to himself; for of such instructors it may be said, that the blind are leading the blind, and that both shall fall into the ditch. But more than this: it is quite plain that no modification even of any such theory, which admits of the intervention of the influences of the Spirit of God, such as are common to Christian men, can avail to redeem it from utter rejection. The Christian consciousness, or the spiritual insight, or the religious intuitions, may be originally developed, and subsequently elevated and maintained, by those gracious influences of the Spirit from on high which are shared by believers and not by others; but the products of such an illumination, however great in the shape of religious knowledge or discernment of Divine truth, are not to be named without blasphemy as the same in authority or certainty with the proper revelations of the Eternal Word. The special influences of the Spirit of God, common to Christian men, are not the same as the supernatural influences of the Spirit, given to inspired men; nor the discoveries of spiritual things, which are the result of the former, of the same infallibility with the revelations given to prophets by the latter. In those gracious operations of the Divine Spirit which are vouchsafed to believers, to lead them into the truth and to keep them in the truth, we can discover no adequate substitute for that supernatural power which came upon prophets and apostles of old, bringing them into the secret place of the Most High, and filling them with His Word; and as little can we recognise in the thoughts and feelings of Christian men written in a book, even in the case of those who know the most of God and err the least, that uncreated wisdom which dwelt with Him from eternity, and which in the fullness of time was embodied in human speech. In short, the Bible is a revelation, in the ancient and orthodox sense of the term, God-given and not man-given; and stands single and alone in the circle of written thought, as much as He stands alone and unapproachable in the circle of being.

The defenders of the supreme authority and plenary truth of the Scriptures, are at the very least entitled to choose their own position in the controversy, and to define their own terms; and

then to offer in defence of their doctrine what evidence they can. We are not disposed to accept under the name of revelation what is no true revelation at all, and which, if we accepted it, were not worth the maintaining. We are not prepared to admit, without some show of proof, any theory which would repudiate all that is objective in a revelation, and cut off the prophet from the everlasting and only unerring source of light, and constrain him to draw from his own heart the revelations of Divine things, and make the Bible the child of his religious feelings and discernment only, and compel others to seek their knowledge of saving truth from the recorded experience of a spiritual but erring man like themselves. This is no question about words simply, or as to what is the more accurate use of the term *revelation*. The real question between us and the advocates of such theories, is as to whether or not we shall be constrained to accept the Bible as containing a record of the thoughts and feelings of the Eternal One, or rather as a record of the thoughts and feelings of men like ourselves, taught, it may be, in the school of nature or of grace, but taught only in part, and receiving the lesson not without imperfection and sin. And the question is as to a matter of fact, and must be so dealt with. Did the penmen of Scripture record in its pages a communication which they got in a direct and supernatural manner from God, or truths which they drew exclusively from the recesses of their own hearts, sanctified and illuminated, it may be, by those influences of the Spirit which are common to all true Christians? In writing that book which we call the Bible, was their eye turned up to the fountain of uncreated light for the truths that they wrote, or turned solely within upon their own beliefs and feelings as the fountain of knowledge to them? Did the authors of the sacred volume write down in it a transcript of the thoughts of God, given them miraculously by God, or did they only and solely write down a transcript of their own, given them, it may be, in part by that special but not supernatural illumination of the Spirit which every believer shares alike? In thus stating the question as between the advocates and opponents of a true and proper revelation, as contained in the Bible, we do not need to burden it with the further question of whether or not the prophet who wrote the revelation given understood it himself, and, in the act of receiving from God a communication of the Divine thoughts, was enabled to make them his own before recording them. It may or it may not have been so. But whether the prophet understood the revelation or not, it is most important to bear in mind that a revelation, in the only proper sense of the term, and in the sense in which it is used by the defenders of the infallibility of the Bible, is a very different thing from the understanding or apprehension

of its meaning. From the express statements of Scripture itself, and from the nature of the matters revealed, it is undeniable that in many cases the prophets who recorded the revelation did not understand its import, being left like other men to their own unaided and natural faculties to study and search out what the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify. This is admitted, indeed, to be true in regard to some portions of the Bible by all, with the exception of a section of reckless and extreme impugnors of its veracity. It is a palpable fallacy, then, to identify the objective truth presented by God to the prophet, and drawn out of the storehouse of His eternal wisdom, with the subjective apprehension of its meaning, which those who recorded it in Scripture might or might not possess. The transcript of the thoughts of the Divine mind impressed upon the sacred page by the instrumentality of the prophet, qualified miraculously to record it, is a very different thing from the transcript upon the same page of the perfect or imperfect apprehension of it in the mind of the writer. The record, in the one case, contains a revelation, in the true sense of the word, and in the other it does not. And the question between the opposite controversialists in this debate is as to a matter of fact, which no clever shifting of names or jugglery as to words can get rid of, viz., whether or not the penmen of Scripture actually received such a supernatural communication from God, and then recorded it in its page?

When the question is thus stated, it is easily seen that the debate can be brought to a short and decisive issue; and it affords only another illustration of the fact, which the history of theological controversy has so often exemplified, that the forms of error are infinite in number, but that its substance is often one and the same from age to age. When the combatants are marshalled and ordered, and their respective positions adjusted, we soon come to find out that the strife of these modern and noisy speculators is in reality very much the old fight, which has been fought from the beginning, as to whether or not God has actually given us a communication of His mind and will from heaven. Let us deal with this as a question of fact, and apply to the discussion of it those principles and laws of evidence by which other questions of fact are determined. Moses can say whether or not he was informed in a supernatural manner by God of the history of the creation and the six days' work, or whether he drew the whole materials of the narrative from the region of his "religious consciousness;" and this fact, which Moses was competent to tell, his contemporaries were competent to test by the usual methods and principles of evidence by which a man's honesty and veracity as a witness are tested, so as to judge with certainty whether Moses told them what was true or not. The Apostle Paul was competent

to tell whether he had "received of the Lord," the account of the Lord's Supper, which we find recorded in the Epistle to the Corinthians, or whether it was all due to his "spiritual insight," common to him, with every Christian man; and the Corinthians were then, and we now are, able, by the common rules of evidence, historical and otherwise, to say whether the letter, which embodies Paul's assertion as to the point, is an authentic and credible document, worthy to be believed. In short, the way out of the dilemma of a subjective "revelation," which, because it bears the old name, and is yet not the old thing, is so perplexing and mystifying to uninitiated understandings, is just the ancient and beaten track which the weary feet of Christian apologists have so often trod. Is it possible for God to make a supernatural communication of His will to His creatures; if possible, have we sufficient proof that He has done so; and does the Bible contain the record of it?

But before leaving the subject of these mutilated theories of revelation prevalent, there is something like an opposite extreme occupied by other parties, to which it may not be needless to advert. While some of the opponents of Scripture infallibility confound the objective communication coming from God with the subjective apprehension in the mind of the sacred penman, and so cut down revelation to the measure of what man apprehends, others, who have entered the lists on behalf of the authority of the Bible, unwisely and unwarrantably, as we think, refuse the name and character of revelation to all those facts or truths found in Scripture, which may have been previously known to the writers, and limit the use of the word to those portions of the Bible, the contents of which were either unknown to them, or undiscoverable by them. We regret to see that Mr Lee, in his recent valuable work on Inspiration, has prominently advocated this view, and bases, to some extent, his defence of the authority of Scripture upon this distinction of what, as he reckons, is and is not, a revelation from God, in its pages. We believe that such a limitation put upon the meaning of the term is quite indefensible, and is moreover dangerous in this controversy. In the first place, the use of the term revelation (*ἀποκάλυψις*) in the New Testament, justifies us in saying that it is to be taken in the sense of a communication from God, precisely analogous to a communication from one man to another, and no ways restricted in the case of God, any more than in that of man, to a particular class of facts or truths, to the exclusion of others. In the second place, the admitted fact that the Divine communications contained in the Bible were intended, not for the prophets who received it, but for the information and benefit of other men, forbids the idea that what was unknown to the latter did

not form part of the communication made, because already known to the former. And thirdly, the facts and truths of the Bible, whether known or unknown to the immediate writers, are so closely and intimately united together, as to form an organic whole, which it is impossible to conceive of as divided and separated asunder, as if coming from opposite sources, in the act of being given to be recorded. In adjusting our ideas of what a revelation is, as found in the Bible, we must equally avoid the extreme that would limit it in opposite directions, by excluding from it either all that cannot be found within the compass of the apprehension of the sacred penmen, or all that can. The revelation from God embodies both.

We have spoken hitherto of no more than of one of the two conspiring elements, essentially distinct in character, yet harmoniously combining in the result which, taken together, make up the ancient and orthodox idea of an infallible Bible. We have spoken of no more than of that objective truth which once dwelt as truth in the mind of God, and which He has miraculously presented to the mind of the prophet, forming a proper and supernatural revelation in the strict sense of the words. And we have seen that the historical question of, whether at any time such a supernatural communication has been made by God to some of His creatures, is one of those questions of fact which is amenable to the same laws, and to be tested by the same methods of evidence, by which other alleged facts are proved or disproved. Beyond this, we have not yet proceeded, not having as yet looked at the question of what the character and authority may be of the record in which the revelation is embodied. To adopt a phraseology which has been a favourite one in these recent discussions, we have spoken as yet only of the Word of God as contained in the Bible, not of the Bible as being itself the Word of God. But if a man is prepared to go this length, and to admit that there is a supernatural revelation in the Bible, although the record of it there should be no more than a human record, very much has been gained in the way of meeting the difficulties and objections which are commonly brought against the doctrine of Scripture infallibility. Nine-tenths of these difficulties are not peculiar to the doctrine of those who hold strict views on the subject of inspiration, but are common to every theory which contains in it the admission of a supernatural communication from God, even though it should be embodied in an uninspired and purely human writing. There has been a vast deal of unfairness perpetrated, and no small degree of indignation, not over-righteous, directed against the bibliolaters who hold fast by an infallible Scripture, from mistaken views as to this point. Grant us that in the proper

sense of the words, a supernatural communication has been made by God to man,—that it has been committed to writing, not by prophets or inspired apostles, but by men left to their own powers of memory and judgment and expression,—that these men knew what they recorded, and desired to record it truly, and we have the case of a Bible which, with no inspiration belonging to it at all, stands open to the vast majority of all the objections and difficulties which have been so loudly and confidently urged as decisive against the doctrine of plenary inspiration or infallibility. Upon the lowest view of inspiration that was ever gendered in the brain of the keenest and most inventive opponent of Bibliolatry, *if a supernatural revelation be granted*, even although only recorded in an authentic and credible book, written by a human and unaided pen, it remains exposed to the full assault of nearly all the difficulties and improbabilities and objections which have been actually charged against the Bible by Dr Strauss, Dr Donaldson, or Mr Macnaught. The supernaturalism of the Bible, in its doctrines and narrative of facts, is there still, although it may have been recorded, not by an inspired man, but only by an honest man, who knew what he said, and said it truly. The flat contradictions, the incredible discrepancies, the irreconcilable oppositions of statement, which swell the volumes of learned and popular declaimers against infallibility, and constitute more than three-fourths of their argument, are all there, whether written by inspiration or not, and are many of them quite as hostile to the theory of the Bible being an authentic and credible human record of a revelation from God, as of its being a divine and infallible one. The objections drawn from such sources—the difficulties connected with its mysteries and miracles, with its damaging inconsistencies in narration, and glaring falsehoods in historical and patent facts, are not arguments against its inspiration in a plenary sense, but against it being a revelation from God, written by honest and competent men, in any. If it be a Divine communication from above, whether recorded by Divine assistance or not, the objection drawn from its supernatural character has no place, for a divine communication must itself be a miracle, and may contain a narrative of others. If it be an authentic and credible human history, though as a record not from God, then the outrageous inconsistencies and falsehoods alleged against it must be apparent and not real, otherwise, even as a human history, it could not be authentic and credible. On this latter supposition, no doubt, there must still be allowed, as in all human compositions, even the best, a margin, within which there may be room left for involuntary error and unconscious mistake; but it will be a narrow margin. If it is admitted by the adversary, or proved by the Christian apo-

logist, that the human and unaided writers of this revelation from God were fully informed of what they wrote, and that they wrote with the honest desire of truth, then everything is shut out beyond the fractionally small amount of involuntary error which yet may attach to record, human indeed, but yet perfectly authentic and credible; and especially this is true of the vast majority of all those objections which have been so prominently urged in recent discussions as decisive against the infallibility of Scripture. On this ground we think that the right order of the apologetic argument is sometimes not duly regarded by advocates of inspiration, when they are seen to attempt the proof of the inspiration of the books of Scripture before establishing their human authenticity and indelibility. If the latter be granted or proved, then, on the position and vantage-ground we are entitled to take up, we can meet more than half-way the difficulties attaching to the doctrine of inspiration.

But the universal and immemorial doctrine of the Church regards the Bible in a higher light than simply as a perfectly authentic and credible human record of a proper communication from God. There is the second element of *inspiration*, which meets with the first element of revelation, and conspires with it in mysterious, yet harmonious, combination to give the character of infallibility to the sacred volume. That narrow, yet real, vein of darkness running across and through every composition of mere man, even when he is perfectly informed of what he writes, and perfectly honest to write it correctly, within which *involuntary and unconscious error* may lurk, has no place in the sacred volume, and is effectually excluded by that supernatural inspiration of the Spirit, which filled the penmen of Scripture with light and power not their own, when they composed its pages. Even after their souls were enlarged and strengthened to receive the words of Divine wisdom in the revelation of God's mind made to them, they needed to be upheld and endowed with other gifts than belonged to them by nature, before they could be qualified to become the authoritative teachers of that revelation to others, or the unerring penmen to record it for ever for the sake of mankind. Let us shut out as impossible, whatever errors or defects might belong to imperfect information as to the truths to be recorded, a dishonest unwillingness to record them aright; for these *were* shut out by the supernatural revelation given to them, which fully and perfectly taught them as to what they were to commit to writing, and by the disposition of their minds, as perfectly honest, which made them willing to record it truly. But their own natural and involuntary defects of memory and understanding and power of expression still remained with them as men, and honest men, who had been

privileged to hold communion with uncreated Wisdom, out of which errors, however far within the limits of perfect authenticity and credibility, must have resulted in any record they made of the Divine revelation. And above all, however insignificant and little these errors may have been as contrasted with the truth largely given them to record, still, at the best, the word in the page of Scripture, written by their unaided pens, must have been a transcript of the truth as it dwelt in their own minds, and not in the mind of God,—the human understanding of His thoughts, and not the very thoughts themselves. The *Divine idea*, as it dwelt in the mind of God, at first had to pass through the medium of the human mind, which received it in the process of being committed to writing in the Scripture; and unless guarded by supernatural aid, and kept by supernatural power, must have taken the mould and complexion of the human understanding through which it passed. Without supernatural inspiration, in addition to supernatural revelation, we might have had in the sacred record the honest and authentic understanding of that revelation by man, not the actual transcript of the Divine mind—the perfect image of the Divine truth. To what an extent the one of these differs from the other, we may in some measure understand from the analogous case of a communication made from one man to another. In how few instances, even when there is the fullest and most perfect communication of one mind with another among ourselves through the medium of human language, is the native and true conception dwelling in the one mind, received and reflected back completely from the other, so that it could be absolutely said that it was the same conception in both? And if we may reason analogically on such a subject, are we not much more warranted to say, that without supernatural intervention, the record of revelation in the page of Scripture, could never have been *so* the image of the Divine truth, as to be rightly called the Word of God, and that the hand of the unaided penman could never have so transferred the thought of the Revealer to the written record, as that the *idea* in the Divine mind and in the human writing, should have been *one and the same*? If there be any right meaning in the assertion, that when perusing the page of Scripture we are holding communion with the mind of God and not with man's, and are dealing with His truth and not with the truth of a fellow-creature, there must be something more in the page than a merely human and fallible record of a Divine revelation, which has been honestly recorded, according to the best understanding of it that the writer could possess, and the best expression of it which his unaided powers could devise—imperfect as that understanding must ever be, and still more imperfect as must be the expression; the natural and unavoidable defect

in his apprehensions of God's thoughts must have been removed, and the impurity of his tongue must have been healed; and both in power of conception and in power of expression, he must have been miraculously sustained and moved by the Holy Ghost.

Along then with, and over and above, a supernatural presentation of truth to the mind of the prophet by God, we believe that there is evidence at hand sufficient to justify us in asserting that there is a supernatural inspiration from God, enabling the prophet, unerringly and without defect, to transfer the revelation given him, and in the state and integrity in which it was given him, to the written page; so that thus it shall be, in so far as the capacity of human language will allow of it, an adequate image and transcript of the Divine mind. And this element, in addition to the other, is necessary to make up our idea of an infallible book. If it is asked, in what manner this translation and transference of the idea from the mind of God in heaven to the written page on earth, through the intervention of the inspired penmen, was effected, the only and the true answer to be given is, that we have gotten into the region of the supernatural, and that no natural explanation will there suffice. The only proper and legitimate question to be asked, in regard to such a matter, is, "Have we evidence sufficient to establish the fact?" That it is miraculous, is enough to satisfy us that we cannot account for it on any natural principle, or by any intelligible theory, whether mechanical or dynamical, objective or subjective, British or foreign, orthodox or neologian. It is known by its results, as any miracle is, and not by its cause, which is supernatural: it is seen in the effects which it has accomplished in regard to the composition of the sacred record; and in the features, Divine and superhuman, which it has impressed upon it; and in the character of infallibility which it has conferred. If we have evidence to prove that infallible words were spoken, at certain times, by fallible men, or an infallible book written by human pens, we have evidence of the presence of a miracle—in the same manner, and to be tried by the same rules of proof, as when we read of human lips speaking the dead into life, or of human hands opening the eyes of the blind. No mere ordinary power on the part of the sacred penmen, however much disciplined and elevated by the teaching of nature or of grace, will account for or explain the inspiration of Scripture, unless you cut down the meaning of the word to the level of something that is not inspiration at all. There are these two features which have been impressed upon the page of Scripture by the finger of God, distinguishing it from every other book, and springing from its inspiration: *in the first place*, every word that it speaks to mankind, is perfect and infallible truth, claiming the implicit faith of the understanding and heart; and, *in the second place*, every word that it speaks

carries in it absolute and Divine authority, claiming the implicit submission of the conscience and will. We believe that there is evidence to prove the existence of these two remarkable features in the Bible; they are seen to exist in no other book; they attach to the compositions or utterances of no other authors; they belong to the words of no other men except the penmen of the Scriptures. The words of no other creature are so entitled to claim our implicit belief, as to make us in the same manner responsible for the faith we give or refuse; the commands of no others have such right to claim implicit submission, as to render them sinners who withhold their obedience. Is it a miracle, or is it not, that there should dwell in the words of these human writers such infallible and Divine truth and authority, that all other men must be silent when they speak, and both believe and obey when they command, unless they would have their unbelief and disobedience counted for sin? It is plain that no mutilated theory of inspiration will serve here, or will avail in the least to explain these singular features to be found in the sacred volume,—of a depth of truth in the words of its human writers, in which, and in which alone, man's understanding, in its doubts and weakness, has ever found rest; and of a majesty of authority in the commands of their human lips, before which the conscience of man, in its strength, has been compelled to bow down. No man, although taught in the most perfect manner after the wisdom of this world—no man, even though instructed in a higher wisdom, through that teaching which God gives to all His children—has a right to make his utterance the infallible standard of truth and falsehood, and of right and wrong, to another; nor will any theory explain the unerring certainty and authority which, as we believe, we can prove that the Bible possesses, short of that which calls in a supernatural intervention of God in favour of its human writers. We are not at this moment arguing the point of evidence, or showing how it can be made out that the Scriptures have this character impressed upon them; our aim is rather to contribute to a right adjustment of the question in debate, and to indicate the ground on which the issue between the conflicting parties must be joined. Either we have no infallible standard of truth, apart from the erring intuitions and teachings of our own nature within, or else we have an inspired standard, made sure by the supernatural interposition of the Spirit, in Scripture. Either we have no supreme and unappealable authority to form the rule for our obedience, apart from the still small voice of conscience in the breast, or else we have a divine canon in the Word of God, embodied there through the miraculous inspiration vouchsafed to its authors. We believe that this latter alternative is the true one; and we cannot, with-

out better evidence than has been as yet offered, except of those defective theories of inspiration which would evacuate the Bible of its supernatural, and so of its infallible, character.

The side from which the recent theology of Germany has regarded this question of inspiration, has been determined, to a large extent, by the influence of Schleiermacher and his school. Their stand-point has been exclusively a subjective one. With Schleiermacher, the record of the New Testament (for he ignored and rejected the Old) is the product of the Christian consciousness of its authors—a transcript of their religious life and impressions—differing in nothing from the religious authorship of men in our own day, except in the single point that the penmen of the sacred volume stood nearer to Christ, from whose person the magic influences of spiritual life emanated, and might consequently be regarded as men riper in heavenly wisdom, and more advanced in spiritual feeling, than others who have followed them in the Church of Christ. As one star differs from another, in the firmament of the Church, in respect of glory, so might apostles differ from ordinary and modern Christians in regard to their Christian standing; but their knowledge and faith, and the transcript and record of these in the New Testament, differed in nothing really from those of ordinary believers, being alike due to the gracious illumination from on high, common to both, and not peculiar to the former. Such a theory of inspiration, of course, made no exclusion of error, more or less, in the record of the New Testament, any greater than ordinary Christians now are secured from error in their speech or writings. And this theory has, with more or less of a dominant control, presided over the theology of Germany, in connection with the controversy about inspiration, to the present time. Whatever improvements or modifications in the views of their master, tending towards a stricter orthodoxy, have been favoured by Neander, Nitzsch, Tholuck, and others, in their doctrines of inspiration, they have left untouched the fundamental position of his theory—the *ἁγιος πνεῦμα* which infects his system. With them all, inspiration, in the case of prophets and apostles, is nothing but the result of the gracious and illuminating influences which quicken and maintain the Christian life of the Church of Christ in common, and are peculiar to no chosen few; and the products of inspiration in the sacred page may exhibit a higher spiritual wisdom and a deeper religious feeling than the Christian authorship of other religious men, but are not elevated above the risk or possibility of error by any influence different from that which keeps the lips of a good man now from lying, or his writings from destroying falsehood. It depends very much upon the personal beliefs of the critic, and the more or less of license which he gives to his

criticism, how many or how few, how important or unimportant, may be the errors in the sacred page which the fundamental canon of this school of inspiration may permit him to discover. The liberty which Strauss finds himself justified in taking with the Gospel narratives, upon his doctrine of inspiration, may appear to Neander and Tholuck identical with wantonness, and his criticism to be no criticism, but rather reckless and destructive tampering with Scripture; and yet, if their theories of the authority of the Bible be compared, it will be found that they differ, not in principle, but only in degree; and that this difference is manifested, in respect to the occurrence of errors in the sacred page, only by an acknowledgment respectively of the more or the fewer. With true love and real admiration for them as Christian divines, we cannot regard, except with profound sorrow, the adoption of these views by such men.

It was impossible to think that the discussion of this question among ourselves could remain uninfected by such views. The older theory of a partial inspiration,—older at least as regards native theologians,—the theory advocated by such men as Dr Hill, Dr Dick, Bishop Wilson, Dr Henderson, and others, and which we take leave to say we never understood, and cannot understand to this hour,—the theory of different degrees of inspiration in different portions of Scripture, has latterly almost passed away. The attempt made by it to parcel out the supernatural into different degrees and kinds, and to assign to some passages of the Bible their thirty per cent. of miraculous inspiration, and to others their sixty, and to others their hundred, was so gratuitous and unintelligible an hypothesis, that it could not stand before the more searching inquiry which more earnest feelings, as to its claims and authority, directed towards the fundamental principles of Scripture infallibility. Another form has been given in this country to the doctrine of inspiration, and one that by its features and image betrays its birth and parentage. To Coleridge we are indebted more than perhaps to any other for the prevalence of these views; both his philosophy and his theology were, to a large extent, not indigenous but foreign; and no one can read especially his views of inspiration, as given in the “Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,” without feeling that for all that is peculiar or essential to them he was indebted to Germany. Unlike to Schleiermacher, Coleridge admits the existence of *revelation* in the strict and proper meaning of the word,—“in the sense of information miraculously communicated by voice or vision;” but he restricts this revelation to only a very limited portion of the sacred volume,—to “the law and the prophets, no jot or tittle of which can pass away.” And with regard to the remaining and much larger portions of the Bible, he follows in

the footsteps of his continental predecessor, and regards them as the product of that "grace and communion with the Spirit which the Church, under all circumstances, and every regenerate member of the Church of Christ, is permitted to hope and instructed to pray for;"—there being between them and other authorship no "greater difference of *degree* than the experience of the Christian world, grounded on and growing with the comparison of these Scriptures with other works holden in honour by the churches, has established."¹

In thus breaking down the primary and fundamental distinction between inspired and uninspired writings, and relegating them all alike to the same common source of those gracious influences of the Spirit, which are shared by all Christian men, Coleridge has been followed by a not unimportant school of thinkers in this country, some of them professed theologians, others of them belonging rather to the class of speculative and philosophical inquirers. In Mr Morell, whose "philosophy of religion" is closely, if not slavishly, moulded upon the German school, we find a zealous advocate of these views. Retaining the name of inspiration, he denies the reality of, in the sense of a supernatural endowment, qualifying and enabling a man to record with unerring accuracy the revelation that has been given to him by God. "Instead," says he, "of maintaining a strained verbal theory of inspiration, which fails of the very purpose for which it was constructed, how much more consistent is it to look upon *the word* as the natural and spontaneous expression of that divine life which the inspired apostle received immediately from God!" "Inspiration, we repeat, depends on the manner, form, and accuracy of a man's religious intuitions. When these are of that extraordinary character which appeared in the men who lived with Christ on earth, and received a double portion of His Spirit as apostles and martyrs for the truth, *then* we see the unquestionable evidence of a real inspiration; and the writings emanating from such men, when acknowledged by the universal Church, become essentially *canonical*, as being valid exhibitions of apostolical Christianity in its spirit and its power." "Let there, by a due purification of the moral nature, a perfect harmony of the spiritual being with the mind of God, a removal of all inward disturbances from the heart, and what is to prevent or disturb this immediate intuition of Divine things? And what do we require in inspiration more than this, or what can more certainly assure us of its heavenly origin?"² It is no wonder that Mr Maurice, with his profound admiration of Coleridge, and the strong subjective tendencies of his own views, should be found a

¹ Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, pp. 94, 95.

² Philosophy of Religion, pp. 158, 176-186.

faithful witness for the same doctrines, and that the powerful mystical element in his mind, so curiously akin to quakerism, which makes him repugnant of dogmatic truth, and has led to his theological tenets being held by him almost in a state of solution, should propel him towards the theory of an inward light, rather than an objective revelation as the source of the inspired word. In his chapter upon inspiration, forming one of his "*Theological Essays*," he tells us that we "must forego the demand which we make on the consciences of the young, when we compel them to say, that they regard the inspiration of the Bible as generically unlike that which God bestows on His children in this day;" and he strongly repudiates and condemns "the course which our modern evangelical school, renouncing the maxims of their forefathers, were inclined to recommend,—the course of setting up the Bible as a book which encloses all that may lawfully be called inspiration,"¹—on the ground, as he argues, that the doing so amounts to a virtual denial that the same Spirit which inspired the Scriptures, dwells, in any sense, by His gracious influence in the hearts of all God's children.

But, perhaps, these views have been most distinctly, and without reserve, developed, and as we must plainly confess, consistently carried out, in the recent work of Mr Macnaught, entitled, "*The Doctrine of Inspiration*." The author is, as he tells us, an admirer and disciple of Mr Maurice, to whom he makes liberal acknowledgement for the pleasure and profit he has received from his *Theological Essays*, and especially the chapter upon inspiration. Were it not for a becoming modesty, which sits gracefully on the disciple, and a diffidence to implicate his master in the responsibility of the doctrines advocated in his work, he would "fain express his belief, that the tenets set forth are, to a great extent, in accordance with Mr Maurice's views, as only too briefly stated in the well known *Theological Essays*." And what is the doctrine for which Mr Maurice's favourable regard is so modestly invoked as coincident, to a large extent, with his own? After an inquiry into the true meaning of the term inspiration, as it is employed throughout the books of Scripture, Mr Macnaught sums up the results thus:—"This which we have written seems to us to be the Bible's own teaching on the subject of inspiration, namely, that every thing good in any book, person, or thing, is inspired, and that the value of any inspired book must be decided by the extent of its inspiration, and the importance of the truths which it well (or inspiredly) teaches. Milton, and Shakespeare, and Bacon, and Canticles, and the Apocalypse, and the Sermon on the Mount, and the eighth chapter to the Romans, are, in our estimation, all inspired; but which of them is the

¹ *Theological Essays*, p. 335-345.

most valuable inspired document, or whether the Bible, as a whole, is not incomparably more precious than any other book, these are questions that must be decided by examining the observable character and tendency of each book, and the beneficial effect that history may show that each has produced." "Thus, after a careful examination of the Scriptures, and after noticing the usage of Christendom, we conclude, that although there has for many centuries existed a false and superstitious opinion in favour of inspirational infallibility, yet there is still recognised and admitted the ancient Scriptural, and only true idea of inspiration, according to which the term signifies *that action of the Divine Spirit by which, apart from any idea of infallibility, all that is good in man, beast, or matter, is originated and sustained.*"¹ And, in accordance with a definition so unexpected and comprehensive, our author, in the course of his work, does not fail to give us novel and pertinent illustrations of a Divine inspiration residing in and exhibited by creatures, whether rational or irrational, by animal and vegetable life, by matter, organic or inorganic; and he at least, has no difficulty in finding, not only books, but inspired "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." There is a true inspiration in "the instinct of the owl:" it is heard in the rushing of "the wind;" it is seen in "the springing of a blade of grass;" it murmurs in "the streams that flow among the hills;" "the hinds of the field calve" by inspiration. And as there is no evidence that there is such a thing as *infallibility* attaching to these phenomena—so argues Mr Macnaught, and he has much confidence in his argument—there is no such thing as infallibility attaching to the writings of prophets and evangelists; and hence a considerable portion of his work is occupied by the attempt to show that, to a very large extent, the Bible ought not to be believed.

Now, in all seriousness, we say that we do not think Mr Maurice is entitled to disown his admiring and teachable disciple, or to protest against his conclusions. These conclusions are fairly enough to be deduced from the theory which Mr Maurice himself maintains, and are implicitly involved in the principle of it. The defenders of the doctrine of an infallible Bible draw a circle around the supernatural influence of the Spirit of God in inspiration, and say, that within that circle all is infallible because it is supernatural. In the writings of Scripture we see the result, not of the ordinary operation and power of the Holy Spirit, but of the extraordinary and miraculous; and therefore we see in these writings what we see in no other infallible truth and Divine authority. But beyond that circle there are other operations of the Spirit of God to be witnessed, not mira-

¹ Doctrine of Inspiration, p. 192-196.

culous, and not supernatural, but special or ordinary. There are His special operations in the department of grace, such as the gracious renewal, and spiritual quickening, and saving illumination, of a sinner's soul; and there are His ordinary operations in the department of nature, such as the sustaining, upholding, and ordering the movements of life, and the actions of all His creatures. We do not say that the special influences of the Spirit in grace endow the renewed man with infallibility because the Bible has not said so, but the opposite, and because the Spirit was given in His special influences, not to make a man infallible, but to save him. We do not say that the ordinary influences of the Spirit in nature endow the unrenewed man with infallibility, because the Bible has not said so, and experience teaches the opposite, and because the Spirit operates in His natural influences, not to make all men infallible, but to sustain their actions and life. But we do say, that the supernatural influences of the Spirit, unlike the natural or special, endow a man with infallibility, because we believe the Bible has said so, and our experience of the Bible confirms it; and because we are taught that the Spirit operates, in the supernatural department of His power, for the very purpose of making and qualifying an erring man to record the revelation given to him without error. It is a mistake, which lies at the foundation of most of the misapprehensions and fallacies in this controversy about inspiration, to confound and identify the supernatural influences of the Spirit of God with either His special influences in grace or His ordinary influences in nature, and to think that the effects or results are alike. Mr Maurice has done the first of these, when, in his *Theological Essays*, he holds that the effects of the Spirit in grace are the same with those in inspiration, and that, as the one does not imply the infallibility of the Christian man, so the other does not imply the infallibility of the inspired man. Mr Macnaught has done no more than carry out the principle of identifying the operations of the Spirit, in all the departments of His power, one step farther, and a step fairly and legitimately involved in the principle. He has identified the operations of the Spirit, in the supernatural province of His active power, with the operations of the same Spirit in nature; and employing the same line of argument as Mr Maurice, he maintains that their effects are alike, and that the inspiration of an owl or blade of grass is the same as the inspiration of apostles and apostolic men. Why stop short where the master chooses to stop, and not advance onward with the more explicit and adventurous disciple? Why say that the gracious influences of the Spirit, in the heart of the Christian man, are identical with the supernatural influences of the Spirit in the inspired man, and not upon the same principle, and with as good reason, say that the natural in-

fluences of the Spirit, in sustaining the life of the lowest living thing upon this earth, are the same with the inspiration of Isaiah or Paul? Mr Macnaught makes this latter statement, and upon just as good ground of Scripture and reason as those on which Mr Maurice makes the former. If we would successfully rid our feet from the snare of such a fallacy—if we would save the doctrine of inspiration from the inroad of a principle which, in its legitimate results, would rob it of all value—if we would rescue the Bible from that “higher criticism,” of which we have so many lamentable examples in the work of Mr Macnaught, which finds, or fancies, an error in every page, and yet has no standard by which to determine what in the Bible is the word of God, and what not, we must draw, between the supernatural and the natural operations of the Spirit, a line so deep and broad that, to borrow the language of one who was no bibliolater, “the pretended overleaping of it would constitute imposture or betray insanity.”¹

We see nothing against all this in the appeal made, both by Mr Maurice² and Mr Macnaught, to the occasional use of the term *inspired*, in a secondary and inferior sense in popular or devotional theology, as equivalent to the possession of the gracious illumination of the Spirit vouchsafed to Christian men. The question, surely, is not whether the word may, in a figurative or inferior sense, be so employed, but rather whether it is not employed in its primary and supernatural sense, when the Bible speaks of itself being inspired; and above all, whether the *thing*, as defined or described in Scripture, be not truly supernatural. If such an argument avail, we must at once number with the goodly company of the prophets and apostles, all the men of genius in the world upon whom their fond or foolish admirers have lavished the epithet. We see as little value in the objection that the orthodox doctrine, which looks upon the Bible as the product of a supernatural, and not a natural or gracious influence put forth upon the souls of the writers, interposes between its page and the wants, and feelings, and common sympathies of men, an impassable gulf of separation; that if the

¹ Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, p. 94.

² “On the fifth Sunday after Easter, we ask ‘Him from whom all good things do come, that, by His holy *inspiration*, we may think those things that be good, and by His merciful guiding may perform the same.’ Every Sunday morning, and on every festival day, we ask, in our communion service, that ‘the thoughts of our hearts may be cleansed by the *inspiration* of the Holy Spirit, so that we may perfectly love God, and worthily magnify His name.’ These are petitions which concern not a few specially religious men, or some illuminated teachers, but the whole flock; to say the least, all the miscellaneous people who are gathered together in a particular congregation. Are we paltering with words in a double sense? When we speak of inspiration, do we mean inspiration?”—MAURICE’S THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS, p. 322.

inspiration of evangelists and apostles be not the same as the so-called inspiration of Christian men, there can be no fellowship or communion between the experience, and thoughts, and religious life of the two parties; and that the views of modern evangelicals as to the infallibility of Scripture make it, to use the language of Mr Maurice, "the work of a different Spirit from that which is reproofing and comforting the sinner" at the present hour.¹ It is enough in answer to such an objection, to reply, that though there be "diversities of gifts," there is the "same Spirit" in both; that the prophetic endowment given to inspired men did not unmake them as men, or change them as Christians; that the supernatural qualifications, whatever these might be, which it was necessary for them to possess, in order that they might truly and infallibly record the revelation granted to them, was given in addition to, and not to the destruction or abatement of, any one faculty or feeling which belonged to them as sinners, exercised by the same temptations, touched by the same sorrows, saved by the same faith, versant in the same religious experience, rejoicing in the same hopes, as other believers; and that, possessed of the same human nature, whether in sin or in salvation, as others, and animated by the Spirit which, in His gracious influences, animates all the children of God, there was nothing in their gifts of prophecy or inspiration to forbid them to meet with all, and sympathise with all as brethren. Nothing but a mistaken and inadequate view of what is meant by the inspiration for which we contend, could give cause for such an objection.

We do not, indeed, pretend to explain in what respects the supernatural gifts of the one Spirit, in inspired men, differed from the special or common gifts of the same Spirit in Christians, or in all, except by pointing to their seen effects. There is a difficulty, or perhaps there is an impossibility, in defining the difference between the supernatural and the gracious, and between each of these and the common operations of the Spirit, in any other way

¹ "In solitary chambers, among bed-ridden sufferers, the words of these good men have still a living voice. The Bible is read there truly as an inspired book,—as a book which does not stand aloof from human life, but meets it,—which proves itself not to be the work of a different Spirit from that which is reproofing and comforting the sinner, but of the same. It is quite of infinite importance, that the confidence with which these humble students read should not be set at nought, and contradicted by decisions and conclusions of ours. It is absolutely necessary that we should be able to say that they are not practising a delusion upon themselves—that they are not amiable enthusiasts—that they are believing a truth and acting upon it. But we cannot say this if we must adopt the formulas which some people would force upon us. Either we must set at nought the faith of those who have clung to the Bible, and found a meaning in it when the doctors could not interpret it, or we must forego the demand which we make on the consciences of young men, when we compel them to say that they regard the inspiration of the Bible as generically unlike that which God bestows on His children in this day."—MAURICE'S THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS, p. 334.

than by looking to their known results. There is a difficulty here, just because we are dealing with the supernatural. The multitude of definitions which have been offered of a miracle, and all of them, perhaps, unsatisfactory and inadequate, demonstrate the difficulty. But, after all, it is only a speculative and not a practical one. So long as we can, with ease and certainty, practically distinguish between the supernatural and the natural by their known results, we need not disturb ourselves over much, because we find it hard to define what a miracle is, and adequately to give it a logical habitation and name in the world of abstract speculation. For ourselves, we are contented with the time-honoured doctrine of the Church, that the operations of the Spirit of God are to be separated into the three great divisions of His supernatural, in the department of inspiration and miracle; of His special or extraordinary, in the department of grace; and of His common or ordinary, in the department of nature. We can vindicate such a classification upon the grounds of Scripture and reason, brought to bear upon the known and observed effects of the Spirit's working in each of these provinces, even although we may not be able, to our own satisfaction, to frame such a definition of the supernatural in itself, as would logically discriminate between it and the phenomena either of grace or nature. If we did fail in our definition, we should ascribe the failure to the very nature of the thing to be defined, which cannot be understood or explained upon natural principles, because it is supernatural, and not to the absence of any real distinction between it and the non-supernatural, or to any difficulty in recognising and establishing that distinction by their seen and opposite effects. Looking to their known and acknowledged results, we can surely easily say this is of nature, this other of grace, and this other belongs to the province of the supernatural. These ancient distinctions—deep and well laid in the truth of the things, which theologians of every class have long recognised—are not to be done away by the petty play upon words, or those shifting of terms, by which Mr Maurice or Mr Macnaught would seek to confound them—making the inspiration of John the apostle in Patmos the same as that of John Bunyan in Bedford Jail; or, worse still, making the inspiration of Paul, in the third heavens, the same as the “inspiration of the owl” in the chimney top. We recommend to such reasoners the description of a miracle, given by Butler in his admirable chapter on “The supposed presumption against miracles.” With the usual caution of wisdom which so eminently characterizes him, he does not attempt to give any logical definition of a miracle, but tells us that, in its very notion, it is *relative to a course of things*, and *implies somewhat different from it as being so*. Now, we have “a course” of things in

nature, in which the Spirit of God, by His common and universal influences, upholds the life and animates the actions of all men and all creatures; and a miracle is "somewhat different" from this. We have again, and distinguished from the first, a second "course" of things in grace, in which the Spirit of God, by His special and extraordinary influences, upholds the spiritual life and animates the spiritual actions, not of all creatures, or even of all men, but of a special class of men, even of Christians; and a miracle is also "somewhat different" from this. There is a *course* of things in the wide department of universal nature, and also in the narrower department of special grace; and the supernatural is somewhat different from the latter, as well as from the former. Inspiration, as a supernatural work of the Spirit, may not lawfully or philosophically be confounded with either.

Let not any one suppose that in this controversy as to inspiration, our disputes are about no more than the meaning of the word; and that, in contending so keenly for a supernatural or infallible inspiration, rather than for one not supernatural, we are fighting about a straw. We differ, indeed, about the meaning of words; but the difference goes a great deal deeper. We cannot be contented to take the inspiration of such a man as John Bunyan, or Richard Baxter, or Robert Leighton, if, constrained by the fashionable nomenclature of theology, we must so call it; nor the transcript of their religious consciousness and experience written down in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or the *Saint's Rest*, or the *Commentary on Peter*, and put them on the same level with the inspiration and the writings of the man who was alone with God in the Mount, or that other man who met the Lord on the road to Damascus, and could say of the Gospel that he preached and recorded, "I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ:" "if any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things that I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." We do not yield up the doctrine of the necessity of the inward teaching of the Spirit of God, to enable any man to understand and receive the outward word; we do not undervalue the importance of the illumination within, which must meet with the light shining from without, before a man can be taught savingly and to profit. But we will not consent to accept of this in place of that mysterious gift which rested on prophet, and evangelist, and apostle, making them infallibly to tell to mankind the revelation which God had given to themselves, just because the grace within that is sufficient to save his own soul, is not the grace that is sufficient to enable an erring man to proclaim and record without error the Gospel that is to be for salvation to others, and to clothe the words that

he speaks or writes with absolute authority and infallible truth. There is no certain security against error, even to himself, in that inward illumination which is given to a Christian man to enable him to savingly understand the truth, beyond this, that to whatever extent he may err in his apprehension or belief of Divine things, he will be kept from erring so far or fatally as completely to fall away. Still less is there a security against error to others, when, from his own inward light, he proceeds to tell them of Divine truth, or to write it down for their instruction; such inward light being, in its nature and in its effects, *toto cælo* different from that supernatural power which rested upon prophet and apostle, when they spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. In that theory of inspiration which confounds or identifies it with the gracious illumination given to the Christian for his own soul's teaching, there is embodied no principle whatever that can help us to discriminate between what in inspired Scripture is of God, and what is of man,—no guiding light to instruct us as to what portion of the text partakes in the infallibility of the former, and what in the defects of the latter,—nothing to indicate what is due to the Divine element, and so counted sacred, and what to the human element, and so reckoned common or unclean. The many but wholly abortive attempts made by its adherents to run a line of demarcation through the page of Scripture, so as to mark off what in it is absolutely Divine and perfect, from what is human and partially defective, demonstrate this. The distinction, sometimes formally made, at other times insinuated, between its doctrines and its facts, as if the former were infallibly true, while the latter might be wholly or partially erroneous, is a distinction which overlooks the truth, that the Bible is an organic whole, in which they cannot be separated, and in which its doctrines are always facts, and its facts always doctrines. The distinction, so often taken by others of the impugnors of inspiration, between the letter and the spirit of the Bible, as if it could be false in the one and true in the other, is a distinction with as little foundation and to as little purpose; and is moreover so accommodating and intangible as to leave it very much to be determined by the personal likings or dislikings of the critic, or by the character of that school of criticism to which he may accidentally belong, how much he will accept in the Bible because the Word of God, and how little of it because the word of man. Such a theory of inspiration has in itself no clue to guide a man, so that in the Bible he shall prove all things, and hold fast only that which is good. But worse than this. Even were there no perils in the search, and no uncertainty in the result,—were a man, in seeking in the Bible for what is the Word of the Most High, at all times

assured of at last finding the truth and escaping the error, still the very search, conducted in such a manner and on such principles, must necessarily generate a feeling the very opposite of the faith of the true Christian. What is the spirit and attitude of the man who comes to the Bible, believing that it is partly of God and partly of man,—that it is his duty to sift and decide between the two, and to examine and declare what he shall receive as true, and what reject as untrue,—as compared with the spirit and attitude of him who knows that the Bible is all and in every part the Word of God, and that it is his duty to receive it upon the authority and testimony of his God? Even were the result as to the doctrines accepted in both cases the same,—even were it the very same confession of faith that was in the end honestly arrived at by both parties; yet in the one case you have the spirit of a man who has searched amid error, and laid hold on truth for himself, and believes it, not because he has gotten it from God, but because he has found it out without His assistance,—who receives the doctrines he most surely holds, not because they came to him from Heaven, but because he lighted upon them through his own discernment,—and who sits in judgment upon the Bible, and believes its words, not because they have been spoken by Jehovah, and not as an homage to Jehovah's veracity, but because they recommend themselves to his own feelings and convictions, and in acknowledgment of his own discovery of them as true. In the other case, we have the feeling of a man whose soul is silent, because he hears God speaking, and speaking to him,—who receives the doctrines of the Bible, not because he has discovered their truth for himself, but because it is the Word of God,—whose faith in it is an homage, not to his own powers of judgment or discrimination in deciding between the truth and the falsehood, but to the authority and testimony of the Most High,—and whose attitude is not that of one who sits in judgment upon the Bible, but of one rather who sits at the feet of Him who has revealed it. It is not difficult to say in which of these two parties are best made manifest the faith of the believer and the feelings of the child of God. We do not hesitate to take up the gauntlet which Coleridge has vauntingly thrown down. We believe that it is better to say the Bible is true because we have found it to be the Word of God, than to say the Bible is the Word of God because we have found it to be true.¹

¹ "Is it safer for the individual, and more conducive to the interests of the Church of Christ in its twofold character of pastoral and militant, to conclude thus,—The Bible is the Word of God, and therefore true, holy, and in all parts unquestionable; or thus, The Bible, in reference to its declared ends and purposes, is true and holy, and for all who seek truth with an humble spirit, an unquestionable guide; and therefore it is the Word of God?"—*Confession of an Inquiring Spirit*, p. 73.

And different and wholly opposite as are the feelings and spirit in which in the two cases the truth is searched out, so also will be the effects of it when found and believed. It may be the very same truth, in so far as regards its substance and contents, which the two men have arrived at by such different routes. But, in the one instance, it is his *own* truth, which he has discovered for himself, and which he holds fast because it is his discovery, but which embodies no Divine certainty to satisfy the understanding, and no Divine authority to lay under responsibility the conscience,—which has, in fact, no other title to be believed than any other truth which he himself has found out, and no other right to submission than all truth may claim. In the other instance, it is not his truth, but the *truth of God* which he has received from on high, and believes because he has so received it,—which he does not hold, but which holds him; and which, because it is God's, given by Him and resting on His testimony, has in it infallible certainty to be the warrant for his faith, and supreme authority to be the law commanding his obedience. In the two cases it may be the same doctrine believed; but it is believed on very different grounds, and to very opposite effects.

In dealing, then, with this subject, we feel it to be of vital importance that the shortcomings of those incomplete theories of inspiration which are now abroad in the Church should not be palmed upon us in disguise, to the exclusion of the plenary doctrine of a supernatural revelation, supernaturally inspired. In maintaining the highest and strictest views of the Scriptures, we have no occasion to undervalue or deny the use of reason, or religious intuition, or spiritual insight, or by whatever other name the inward revealer may be called, in its search after truth; we are not called upon to estimate the extent or value of its discoveries in Divine things; and we need have no jealousy of these discoveries, provided they are not put in the place and advocated to the exclusion of a supernatural revelation given us by God. In the same way, we have no interest to deny the importance of that gracious illumination by the Spirit, which is the common teaching of all Christians in order to lead them into the truth; and we have no call to look upon with suspicion or unduly to limit the amount of the teaching, and the products of the illumination, of this secret Inspirer of the believer, provided these are not made to exclude the doctrine of the true and supernatural inspiration of the chosen men who wrote the Bible. There may be, and is, a discovery by reason of God, and the things of God, within certain limits; but over and above that, there is a proper and supernatural revelation from Him. There may be, and is, a teaching of the Spirit in the mind of every Christian, the products of which may be seen in the Christian authorship of the Church;

but over and above that, there are the supernatural gifts of the same Spirit, to enable selected men infallibly to record His word. And it is impossible to deny the orthodox doctrine of the twofold element, of a supernatural revelation and a supernatural inspiration, that makes up an infallible Bible, except in one or other of two ways: either by saying that the thing is impossible, or that its existence has not been proved. With those who hold that the thing is impossible,—that is to say, with the deniers of the supernatural in any shape or circumstances,—we have at present nothing to do. To those who say that it has not been proved, the defenders of infallibility are willing to submit the evidence of its existence.

We must say a word or two on the subject of this evidence before we close, not in the way of giving even the slenderest outline of it, which in our space would be impossible, but rather with a view of indicating our views as to the kind of proof relevant and sufficient to establish a supernatural inspiration.

If the distinction which has been prominently kept in view during all our previous remarks be a sound one—the distinction between a supernatural revelation and a supernatural inspiration—it is plain that the question of evidence is not the same in regard to each. We may have a revelation without an inspiration, and proof of the one without any proof of the other. Properly speaking, the defenders of inspiration, plenary and infallible, are entitled to take for granted, as a thing proved, or admitted by those with whom they differ on the point of inspiration, that a supernatural communication from God has been made. The fact of a revelation from Heaven is the point from which the controversy as to a plenary or partial inspiration must start, and from which the evidence in favour of infallibility must begin. If, in any theory as to the authority of the Bible, this fact is expressly or implicitly denied, the controversy becomes a more general one, belonging not to the defenders of infallibility peculiarly, but to Christian apologists at large, and must be so dealt with. But the question for the advocates of inspiration is this,—Is the Bible, which on both sides it is admitted contains a revelation from God, a human record of it, or a Divine record of it,—a composition written by the unaided powers of its penmen, or by those penmen, with the help of the inward illumination of the Spirit common to Christians,—or, finally, by the writers under the supernatural and infallible influence of the Holy Ghost? This is plainly a question of fact, which must be dealt with as other matters of fact which come up in controversy. No doubt the simple consideration, that the Bible contains a revelation from God, is itself a strong presumption in favour of the conclusion that it is inspired and not human,—for this reason, that we know

of no communication made by God to any of His creatures, intended and destined for other parties and all times, that has not been transmitted through a supernatural channel, and because we cannot conceive how it could reach its destination and accomplish its end unless it were so. Still this is no more than a presumption, and is not the proper or relevant evidence for inspiration. All that we are entitled to say in regard to it is, that God, having for grand and important ends in His spiritual economy performed the first great miracle of revelation, would not, according to human likelihood, allow the very object of a revelation, pointing as it does to all men and time, to be frustrated for the want of the second miracle of inspiration, if the latter were necessary to the end in view. And further, the fact of a supernatural revelation, if admitted by the opponents of infallibility in the record of it, is itself a sufficient answer, in the way of an *argumentum ad hominem*, to all those many objections to inspiration drawn from its supernatural character. But still, we repeat, this is not the primary and proper evidence for inspiration.

It is not difficult to trace, in the theology of the Reformation period, and subsequently, a strong tendency on the part of many, as a natural enough reaction from the Popish doctrine that the infallible authority of the Church is the proper foundation for our belief in the canon of Scripture, to make the evidence for the Divine and inspired character of the sacred volume to rest in the witness which it leaves in the heart of the individual believer. In some of the confessions of the early Protestant churches, and in the writings of some of the most eminent Protestant divines, from Calvin downwards, the traces of this doctrine are to be found, as if the testimony in the mind of the Christian, shining upon him from the sacred page, were sufficient evidence of what was, or was not, inspired and canonical in the record. According to Whitaker, in his "*Disputatio de Sacra Scriptura*," against Bellarmine, the Scripture is *ævidens*, having its credit and proof in itself; and Dr Owen, in his "*Discourses on the Divine Original of Scripture*," tells us that the "self-evidencing efficacy" of it is such as, without any other testimony or proof, to leave a man in no doubt as to what books, or portions of books, are truly Divine, and given by inspiration. Now, we cannot help thinking that, in their earnest recoil from the Popish principle of the impossibility of any individual having evidence of the canonical authority of the Bible, apart from the decree of an infallible Church, some of these divines misstated a good principle, and gave it work to do which it never was intended or fitted to accomplish. They seem to us to have, to some extent, confounded the distinction, which it has been our aim all along to bring prominently into view, between a super-

natural revelation given by God, and a supernatural inspiration effected by Him, and to have mistaken the evidence sufficient for the one of them, for that distinct evidence which avails for the other. The "self-evidencing efficacy" of which Dr Owen speaks, belongs to the revelation, not to the inspiration; it may suffice to prove that the Bible contains a communication from God, but not to show that the record of it is in all its parts and sentences inspired: the Bible is *avtibarivoc*, in the sense of embodying a message of Divine truth, that, by its adaptation to the wants and capacities of man's moral and spiritual being, proves itself to be Divine, but not in the sense of showing that the message has been written in a book composed under supernatural direction. The ultimate ground of certitude which believers have in the Scriptures, as embodying a Divine revelation to their souls—a communication of saving truth to them—is, no doubt, that internal witness in the heart—that secret mark of divinity, which no man knoweth but he who has himself received it; but this is a very different matter from the question, whether or not that revelation has been embodied in a human record, or in a record partially divine, or, finally, in a Bible composed under miraculous and infallible influence from above. The evidence that proves the one of these, is not, in our view of it, relevant to establish the other. We cannot help thinking that the judgment of Richard Baxter is nearer to the truth, when he says, "For my part, I confess I could never boast of any such testimony or light of the Spirit (nor reason neither), which, without human testimony, would have made me believe that the Book of Canticles is canonical, and written by Solomon, and the Book of Wisdom apocryphal, and written by Philo." "Nor could I have known all or any historical books, such as Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, etc., to be written by Divine inspiration, but by tradition."

From the very nature of the case, the testimony of the inspired men is the proper and only possible evidence in the matter. They were cognizant of the fact that God called them up into the Mount, and did invest them there with supernatural endowments, to enable them unerringly to record His revelation given to them; and they *only* were cognizant of it: as witnesses, competent by adequate knowledge and complete veracity, they could depone to the fact, and none other could. Inspiration, from its very nature, is one of those "invisible miracles," of which Butler speaks, that do not, like outward signs and wonders, appeal to the external senses, and draw their evidence from the public testimony which the eyes of many beholders might render. It was a matter between the prophet himself and God. There was none other with him in that secret presence-chamber of Divine

wisdom, where he heard the words of the Eternal spoken to him, and received supernatural commission and power infallibly to record them; and no testimony but his own could avail to prove what was done there, even as no ear but his own heard what was spoken. In respect of the kind of evidence that can properly reach and substantiate the truth of it, the fact of inspiration stands in the very same predicament with the fact of revelation, or with the fact of the incarnation, the special example of "invisible miracles" which Butler gives. When John, in the isle that is called Patmos, recorded the communication from God, which told him of the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter, there was no human eye but his own present to see, and no human ear but his own near to hear, the revelation granted to him; and the only evidence which the Church of Christ has to the fact of such a revelation being then and there vouchsafed, is ultimately the witness of John himself, the only one who knew the fact or could tell it, and a witness sufficient as to the fact, because confirmed by his veracity as a man, and his miraculous gifts as an apostle. When Luke relates the "invisible miracle" of the miraculous conception and incarnation of the Son of God, he speaks of a matter that could not be known to himself or to any other from their own knowledge—which did not appeal to the senses of any one, and could not be established by merely outward observation; but which, from the very nature of the case, must rest solely upon the testimony of those to whom God had revealed it, and who, by the revelation, were made to know it themselves, and the proper witnesses of it to others. And, had the testimony of Luke stood alone in Scripture for the mysterious fact to which he depones, it would have been enough for the faith of the Church of Christ, even although, in this case, it would have been the testimony of one whose veracity as a man was not, so far as we have reason to believe, additionally confirmed by the display in his person of miraculous powers. And so it is in regard to inspiration. The evidence proper and sufficient to prove the truth of it is the witness of the men whom God inspired. They alone knew when and how the supernatural powers were given to them, to qualify them for the task to which they were called; and they alone are competent, by knowledge of the fact, to testify to it. The only question is, was their testimony true? No more than in the case of Luke, when the awful fact of the miraculous conception of the Son of God was revealed to him—no more than in the case of John, when his solitary ear listened to the voice that spoke with him in Patmos—no more than in the case of any one man to whom a revelation from God was ever granted, were there other witnesses at hand, who could hear the words or see

the hand that invested the inspired man, in the moment of inspiration, with his prophetic powers to record in the Bible the communication made to him in secret. If any one is inclined to put the question, How, or by what means, was the prophet satisfied that he *was* inspired by God, and that the Holy Ghost had actually come upon him, to endow him for the work of a Scripture writer, and that he was not the victim merely of delusion? the only answer that can be given is, that this is one of those secret things which, from the nature of the case as supernatural, must remain unknown; it was a matter between God and the man miraculously clothed upon with the prophetic mantle, and could not possibly be explained to us, because it is miraculous. We have not been told, because we could not understand, how any man was supernaturally filled with the Divine wisdom in the case of revelation; and we have not been told either how any man was supernaturally endowed with the Divine power in the case of inspiration. We do not know, and have not been told, either the process by which Paul heard unspeakable words, or the other process by which Paul wrote inspired words, which it was as little possible (*ἔξω*) for him, as a man, to receive as to utter. But we do know that it would be to limit God, in a way in which the least of His intelligent creatures are not limited, to say that He cannot, like them, communicate His thoughts to others, and make these other parties certain that the thoughts are His: and we know also, that it would be a no less daring limitation of the Almighty, to say that He cannot, after the communication is given, furnish them with complete assurance of His desire, and of their own supernatural ability, to record it. Having certain knowledge both of their commission and powers as inspired men, the only question is as to the truth of their testimony, when they tell us that they are inspired; and this point is to be determined by the ordinary principles and methods of evidence by which human testimony is judged of. This is not a matter peculiar to the question of inspiration, but belongs rather to the department of Christian apologetics in general. Having the testimony to the point, of men whose competency and veracity as witnesses have been established and found unimpeachable by the ordinary principles of evidence, we have the only proof that, from the nature of the case, is possible, and we have the sufficient proof. In addition to this, there may be, in certain cases, the further attestation of miracles confirming their testimony; although the endowment of miraculous power is not the invariable accompaniment or the primary proof of inspiration.¹

¹ Men were often inspired who wrought no miracles; as, for instance, many of the prophets under the Old Testament, and John the Baptist under the New; so that miraculous powers were not, in the first instance, the proper

Whatever, then, was the mysterious character of that transaction which passed between the prophets and God, when He summoned and empowered them to "write all the words" of His revelation in a book, and whatever the solemnities that accompanied their investiture with office, and witnessed to their own mind the truth of their call, there could, from the very nature of the case, be no ground of certainty furnished to other men as to the supernatural powers conferred, except from the testimony of those who in secret received, or of Him who, unseen, conferred them. We have in Scripture the testimony of both these parties. We have the evidence of the inspired men, who tell us expressly that they "received of the Lord" what they delivered unto us; or tell the same thing implicitly when they claim that what they wrote and spake should be received with a faith, and obeyed with a submission, not due to the words of other men. And we have the evidence of the only other party cognizant of the inspiration given, and therefore competent to declare the reality of it,—we have the evidence of God, who conferred the gift, when He speaks through the lips of other men, inspired by Him as they were, and taught by revelation both to recognise and declare to the world the inspiration of their fellow prophets. The only two parties who had knowledge of the transaction are at one, and give separate and harmonious evidence to the fact: the witness of each writer of Scripture to his own individual inspiration is strengthened and confirmed by the witness of his fellows, when they were enabled by God to see and affirm it also; and the numberless references and allusions from one part of Scripture to another, so extensively and intimately interwoven with the text, embodying, as they almost always do, a recognition of its Divine character, constitute the testimony of God—repeating ever and anon the personal assertion of the inspired man as to the reality of his own supernatural gifts. In this way the evidence for the inspiration of Scripture is almost indefinitely multiplied and augmented; and the testimony of each single writer to his own inspiration is not to be taken and valued singly, but as one of many, and part of a whole.

We really have no patience to deal with the objection, so often answered, yet always reproduced, that our putting the argument for inspiration, on such grounds of evidence, is in reality reasoning in a circle; and that we are assuming the inspiration of the sacred penmen in order to prove them to be inspired. We observe that

evidence of inspiration. In saying this, we do not overlook the fact—and it is an important point in the proof—that inspired men, not workers of miracles themselves, are yet part and parcel of a miraculous system in that method by which God confirmed His revelation to the world, and so indirectly received from miracles a confirmation of the truth of their inspiration.

Dr Donaldson, one of the latest and most intemperate railers against Bibliolatry, has not thought it unworthy of him to set off his novelties directed against the Bible with this old objection.¹ We really can do nothing else, in such a case, than repeat what has been so often repeated before, that in proving the inspiration of Scripture from the assertions of its writers, we do not take for granted that they are inspired men, but only that they are honest men, who know what they said, and said it truly;—that the exigencies of our argument require nothing more than this assumption, which we are entitled to make, on the general grounds of the Christian evidences; and that we do not want, and do not assume, “infallible witnesses to their own infallibility.” The fact of inspiration rests, in respect of its evidence, on precisely the same basis as the fact of revelation. We do not require to take for granted that the authors of the Bible had a revelation given them in order that we may believe their assertion that it is revealed; the fact of a revelation from God is no doubt a revealed truth; but all that we have to do, in the first instance, in order to prove its existence, is to ascertain that the men who profess to have received it were honest men, who knew what they said, and were entitled to be believed when they tell us that they *did* receive it. In like manner, we do not require to take for granted that the penmen of the Bible were inspired men, before we can believe their assertion that they were inspired: the fact of inspiration is undoubtedly an inspired truth; but all that we have to do in the first place, in order to justify our faith in their assertions, is to see that they were not inspired men, but honest men, who could not be deceived in what they said, and who would not deceive others. The fact that the evidence of a revelation from God is a truth revealed, does not supersede the other fact, that it is a truth that can be proved from other evidence apart from revelation; and the consideration, that inspiration is a doctrine asserted and guaranteed by inspiration, does not do away the other consideration, that it can be established on separate grounds independent of inspiration. We take it for granted

¹ Speaking of Mr Lee's argument for inspiration, Dr Donaldson proceeds:—“When he (Mr Lee) says, ‘We do not, at starting, believe what is contained in the Bible, because it is inspired; but having previously established its claims to our belief, we are fully entitled to draw our main argument for inspiration from its own pages,’ he endeavours to make a distinction without a difference; for he knows very well that the statement of a writer's belief that he was inspired by God might be erroneous, and yet he might believe so; that his credibility would not be affected by his unintentional error, whatever occasioned it, unless by credibility we mean infallibility, which is the thing to be proved. Mr Lee's argument, when reduced to its elements, is simply this: the sacred writers claim inspiration; but they were inspired; therefore they are infallible witnesses to their own infallibility.”—*Christian Orthodoxy Reconciled with the Conclusions of Modern Biblical Learning.* By JOHN WILLIAM DONALDSON, D.D. P. 316.

that Dr Donaldson, notwithstanding the comprehensiveness of his views, and the narrowness of his creed, still believes, and that firmly, in a revelation from God, whether it be contained in the Book of Jashar, or in the Bible; and which, in so far forth as it is a revelation from God, and not corrupted by intermixture of foreign matter,—in so far forth as it is the word of God contained in the Bible, and not the Bible itself,—must, in the estimation of Dr Donaldson, be infallible, as surely as any Bibliolater holds the whole Bible to be so. But on what is that belief of his founded, if not on the very same principles and grounds of evidence as those on which rests the fact of inspiration, which he declares to be incapable of proof? In laying down the foundation of our argument for inspiration, we do not want “infallible testimonies for the fact,” any more than for the corresponding fact of revelation; we are contented, in both cases, with those ordinary but sure grounds of faith, on which we believe other historical events the best accredited and most undoubted. We shall be happy to learn that, without “infallible witnesses to their own infallibility,” and upon grounds of plain historical evidence, Dr Donaldson believes in the inspiration of the Bible with the same confidence that he does in his own restoration of the Book of Jashar.

In thus putting the fact of revelation and the fact of inspiration upon the same level in respect of evidence, and resting them both, in the first instance, on the grounds of ordinary moral and historical proof, we are quite aware that we are renouncing in their favour the “infallible testimony” which Dr Donaldson unfairly avers that the argument for infallibility secretly and illegitimately assumes. Nay, more than this: we are aware that, in basing our proof on the ordinary grounds and principles of historical evidence, we are admitting the theoretical possibility of “unintentional error” on the part of the witnesses for inspiration, when they assert the fact of their own supernatural endowments and commission by God. But this possibility is no more than the possibility which, from their nature, must belong to the testimony of fallible beings, and amounts simply to the concession, that the argument for revelation and inspiration is made up of probable and not demonstrative evidence, in the technical sense of these words. That a man could be subject to “unintentional error” as to the fact of his receiving or not receiving a communication from God, is possible, not more, but less, than that he could be so as to his receiving, a moment before, an important oral communication from a fellow-creature, in the words familiar to his ear of his most intimate acquaintance. That a man could deceive himself, as to recording or not recording the communication given from God, is a possibility not more, but less, likely to occur, than that he could do so as to whether or not, an hour

ago, he sat down and wrote the words that now lie before him, as the record of the communication of his nearest friend. The possibility stands upon very much the same level, in point of evidence, as the possibility that no man in the world knows whether or not Dr Donaldson has addressed to it a lengthened book, misnamed "Christian Orthodoxy," although some few have actually read it; and that his printer does not know whether or not he transferred the manuscript thoughts to the printed pages, although it got him much labour and little wisdom to do so. As a matter of historical fact, the questions of a revelation or an inspiration being given or not from God, belong, from their nature, to the department of probable not demonstrative evidence,—the former admitting of degrees of certainty which the latter does not; and they stand, in this respect, on the same footing as our belief in any truth that rests on testimony, and any historical fact, the most familiar and certainly believed. Such probability, to use Butler's expression, is the guide of life, and must be so. But while inspiration, in one sense, is an historical fact to be proved and legitimately established on grounds of historical evidence in the first instance, it is also a fact of revelation to be received, on the testimony of God, by all who believe that a revelation has been given. These two aspects of the fact are not contradictory or exclusive of each other. The fact that holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, is one that can be established, on strict grounds of historical evidence, as much as any fact of profane history, the most familiar and best accredited. The same fact is an announcement and doctrine of revelation, which, to those who receive a revelation on its proper evidence, comes to them in addition with the seal and authority of God.

But we must have done. We have made no attempt, in the course of these remarks, to indicate the amount of the positive evidence in favour of the inspiration of Scripture, nor have we touched upon the wide field of the objections that have been brought against the doctrine which, with many people, is the most difficult part of the discussion. Our limited space has forbidden us to do either.

For the present we content ourselves with stating our belief, that there is evidence, sufficient both in amount and in kind, to establish the fact of the supernatural inspiration of the sacred record; and that the objections which have been brought against the doctrine, whatever may be made of them as difficulties to be explained or not, ought not to be allowed to counterbalance the proof of the fact.

- ART. X.—1. *Selections from the Papers of Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, etc., etc.* Edited by J. W. KAYE, Author of the "Life of Lord Metcalfe," etc. London : 1855.
2. *Allen's Indian Mail ; or, Register of Intelligence from British and Foreign India, etc., etc.* July, 1857.
3. *The Homeward Mail, from India, China, and the East.* July, 1857.
4. *The Mutinies in the East Indies.* Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. July, 1857.

THE prophets of evil are always unpopular. The howlings of Cassandra are answered with a howl. If this does not silence the ill-omened cry, it is bellowed down by a chorus of the nation. Neither states nor individuals can bear to be aroused from sleep, and to be reminded of danger. The intrusion upon our tranquillity is sure to be resented. We call the alarmist a fool, and betake ourselves again to our slumbers. The next time we wake up, we find our house in a blaze.

This has, unhappily, been the case with respect to our Indian possessions. For many years there have been prophets of evil, announcing, with more or less distinctness, that mighty dangers were casting their shadows before. Considering the nature of our tenure of India, it was really not a hazardous prophecy. We have been accustomed to contemplate, with quiet and level eyes, the most wonderful political phenomenon that the world has ever seen. The spectacle of a handful of white-faced men, from a remote island in the western seas, holding in thrall an immense oriental continent numbering a hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants, has long been so familiar to our sight that it has ceased to lift our eyebrows or to raise our hands with a look or gesture of astonishment. And yet it was altogether so strange and exceptional a case, that if any one declared that it was not in the nature of things that such an anomaly should last for ever, he uttered a mere truism to which every one might have been expected to yield assent. But if any one assented to it, it was in a limited and qualified sense. To hint at the existence of any impending danger, that might at any time descend upon us, was to raise a suspicion of the weakness of the alarmist's intellect ; or, if the "howl" proceeded from a man of generally high reputation, this doubt of the stability of our rule was regarded as a whim—a crotchet—a spot upon his intellectual escutcheon. Thus, when, a few years ago, the life of Lord

Metcalf was published, and people gladly recognised the soundness and clearness of his intellect, as well as the marvellous sweetness of his temper under all provocation, and his almost unexampled patience and fortitude under suffering, they could not forbear from asking one another how it happened that a man of such strong sense and large experience could be perpetually doubtful of the stability of our Indian empire, and continually declaring that we should wake some day and find it crumbling beneath our feet. His biographer speaks of these as the "peculiar views of Sir Charles Metcalfe," and evidently seems to think—indeed he more than hints—that such opinions were not in accordance with the general wisdom of the man.¹

In this respect, the *Life of Charles Metcalfe*, and the *Selections* from his papers now before us, were published some two or three years too soon. If the materials of these works were now placed, for the first time, in Mr Kaye's hands, he would, doubtless, take some pains to illustrate the extraordinary foresight of this great Indian statesman, and instead of speaking apologetically of the occasional prognostications of evil which, in the performance of his editorial functions, he seems to have inserted somewhat reluctantly in the published volumes, would have dwelt with laudatory zeal upon such evidences of prescient sagacity as now lie intelligibly before us. "Time's old daughter, Truth," has come to the rescue. The "barrel of gunpowder," upon which Metcalfe used to say that we were sitting, has now exploded; and we read such passages as the following, by the light of present history, with a right appreciation of their wisdom. The first which we have marked for quotation illustrates the feelings with which Metcalfe regarded what we now look upon as the paltry mutiny at Barrackpore in 1824. It is taken from a letter to a private friend:—

"News has come from Calcutta—you have already seen it in the papers—of the blackest hue and the most awful omen, such as for a time must absorb all the faculties of a man anxiously alive to the dangers which beset our empire in India. I allude to the mutiny at Barrackpore. A regiment of Bengal Sepoys, ordered to Chittagong to form part of an army to be opposed to the Burmans, refuses to march, separates itself from its officers, turns the major-general of the station off the parade, quits its lines, marches to the race-course with forty rounds in pouch, and there threatens to resist any attempt to bring them to order!

¹ As a matter of fact, however, Mr Kaye is quite right when he says, "There is no parallel of this in the antecedents of Indian history. It is commonly the home-bred statesman who is most alive to the dangers of our position. Lord Wellesley and Lord Minto were much more sensible of danger than Sir John Shore and Sir George Barlow."

All expostulation failing, two King's regiments, which happen by chance to be within call, the body-guard and the artillery, are brought against them. The mutineers refuse to lay down their arms, are attacked, make no resistance, and flee. About 70—at first said to be 450—are killed on the spot. Six more (*vide Gazette*), I have heard, have since been hanged; others brought in prisoners and in chains in the fort. About 100 taken prisoners in the first instance. Now, what does this mutiny proceed from? Either from fear of our enemy, or from disaffection to our Government. The Sepoys have always disliked any part of Bengal, and formerly no corps marched thither from the Upper Provinces without losing many men by desertion. They detest the eastern part of Bengal more than the western; and the country beyond our frontier they believe to be inhabited by devils and cannibals; the Burmans they abhor and dread as enchanters, against whom the works of mere men cannot prevail. What does all this amount to in brief but this—that we cannot rely on our Native Army? Whether it be fear of the enemy, or disaffection towards us, they fail us in the hour of need. What are we to think of this, and what are our prospects under such circumstances? It is an awful thing to have to mow down our own troops with our own artillery, especially those troops on whose fidelity the existence of our empire depends. I will hope the best. We may get over this calamity. It may pass as the act of the individual mutineers. The rest of the army may not take up their cause. A feeling may be roused to redeem the character thus lost. But we shall be lucky if all this turn out exactly so; for there is no doubt that the feelings which led to the mutiny were general. Open mutiny, indeed, was not confined to the 47th: 200 of the 62d seized the colours of their corps and joined; 20 men of the 26th seized one colour of their corps and joined the mutiny. What were the rest of the regiment about, if 20 men could commit this audacious outrage? The whole business is very bad; and we shall be very fortunate if it lead to nothing more. But we are often fortunate; and the mind of man is an inexplicable mystery.

" Sometimes these violent ebullitions of bad feeling are succeeded by good conduct; let us hope that it may be so in this instance; and let us take warning not to rely so entirely on one particular class of troops. More officers, more European regiments, and a greater variety in the composition of our force, seem to be the only remedies in our power to counteract the possible disaffection of our Native Infantry; and whether our resources will enable us to carry these remedies to a sufficient extent is doubtful. Enough of this for the present. It is the most serious subject that could have roused the anxiety of those

who, like myself, are always anxiously alive to the instability of our Indian Empire."

Four years before, Metcalfe had written with reference to his favourite Colonisation Scheme, that he would give it up, if he were "sure that our army would always be faithful." "But," he added, "drawn, as it must be, from a disaffected population, it is wonderful that its feeling is so good; and it is too much to expect that it will last to eternity." At a somewhat later period, when the revision of the Company's Charter was under consideration he wrote:—

"Our hold (of India) is so precarious, that a very little mismanagement might accomplish our expulsion; and the course of events may be of itself sufficient, without any mismanagement.

"We are to appearance, more powerful in India now than we ever were. Nevertheless, our downfall may be short work. When it commences it will probably be rapid, and the world will wonder more at the suddenness with which our immense Indian Empire may vanish, than it has done at the surprising conquest that we have achieved.

"The cause of this precariousness is, that our power does not rest on actual strength, but on impression. Our whole real strength consists in the few European regiments, speaking comparatively, that are scattered singly over the vast space of subjugated India. That is the only portion of our soldiery whose hearts are with us, and whose constancy can be relied on in the hour of trial. All our native establishments, military or civil, are the followers of fortune; they serve us for their livelihood, and generally serve us well. From a sense of what is due to the hand that feeds them, which is one of the virtues that they most extol, they may often display fidelity under trying circumstances; but in their inward feelings they partake more or less of the universal disaffection which prevails against us, not from bad government, but from natural and irresistible antipathy; and were the wind to change—to use a native expression—and to set in steadily against us, we could not expect that their sense of honour, although there might be splendid instances of devotion, would keep the mass on our side in opposition to the common feeling which, with one view, might for a time unite all India from one end to the other.

"Empires grow old, decay, and perish. Ours in India can hardly be called old, but seems destined to be short-lived. We appear to have passed the brilliancy and vigour of our youth, and it may that we have reached a premature old age. We have ceased to be the wonder that we were to the natives;

the charm which once encompassed us has been dissolved, and our subjects have had time to inquire why they have been subdued. The consequences of the inquiry may appear hereafter.

"If these speculations are not devoid of foundation, they are useful in diverting our minds to the contemplation of the real nature of our power, and in preventing a delusive belief of its impregnability. Our greatest danger is not from a Russian invasion, but from the fading of the impression of our invincibility from the minds of the native inhabitants of India. The disaffection which would willingly root us out exists abundantly; the concurrence of circumstances sufficient to call it into general action may at any time happen."

In the same paper, Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote:—"We can retain our dominion only by a large military establishment; and, without a considerable force of British troops, the fidelity of our native army could not be relied on." One more passage will suffice. It is doubly important, inasmuch as it contains a remarkable dictum of Sir John Malcolm, which Metcalfe emphatically endorses:—

"The prevalent disaffection of our subjects, the uncertainty under which we hold any part of our Indian possessions, without the presence or immediate vicinity of a military force; the utter inability of our civil establishments to stem the torrent of insurrection, their consternation and helplessness when it begins to roar, constitute in reality the greatest of our dangers in India; without which a Russian invasion, or any other invasion, might, I doubt not, be successfully met and repulsed. . . .

"Persons unacquainted with our position in India might throw in our teeth that this disaffection is the consequence of bad government, and many among us, connecting the two ideas together, are reluctant to credit the existence of general disaffection. But this feeling is quite natural without any misgovernment. Instead of being excited by our misrule, it is, I believe, in a great degree, mollified by our good government. It exists because the domination of strangers—in every respect strangers—in country, in colour, in dress, in manners, in habits, in religion, must be odious. It is less active than it might be, because it is evident to all that we endeavour to govern well, and that whatever harm our government does proceeds from ignorance or mistake, and not from any wilful injustice or oppression.

"Although Lord William Bentinck appears to despise the dangers of either foreign foes or internal insurrection in India, his Lordship admits some things which are quite sufficient to show that danger exists. He admits that we have no hold on

the affections of our subjects; that our native army is taken from a disaffected population; that our European soldiery are too few to be of much avail against any extensive plan of insurrection. This is quite enough, and more than I have hitherto alluded to; for it is impossible to contemplate the possibility of disaffection in our army, without seeing at once the full force of our danger. As long as our native army is faithful, and we can pay enough of it, we can keep India in order by its instrumentality; but if the instrument should turn against us, where would be the British power? Echo answers, where? It is impossible to support a sufficient army of Europeans to take the place of our native army.

"The late Governor-General appears also to adopt, in some measure, the just remark of Sir John Malcolm, that 'in an empire like that of India we are always in danger, and it is impossible to conjecture the form in which it may approach.' This sentiment expresses the reality of the case in perhaps the truest manner, and I will not longer dwell on this part of the subject."

We wonder now that such utterances as these should have been rare and exceptional, and not at all consonant with the general belief. For, looking at this whole question of Indian government, or endeavouring to look at it, as though we were regarding the great political phenomenon for the first time, the feeling uppermost in the mind is one of wonder, not that a great disaster should befall us at the end of a century, but that the structure we have reared should have lasted half that time, with even a semblance of stability about it. But this marvellous edifice of our Indian Empire had become a mere matter-of-course. Content with its wonderful present, people troubled themselves little about either its past or its future. Practically they seemed to doubt whether it had ever had a beginning; and they felt assured that it could never have an end. It was enough for the multitude, that the Anglo-Indian Empire, like Topsy in Mrs Stowe's fiction, had "grewed." The fact is, that we have been too successful. From generation to generation, through one reign after another, we have floated down the stream of prosperity, basking in the summer sunshine, and falling asleep with the rudder in our hand. From this pleasant drowse we have now been awakened by a terrible collision; and have therefore begun to condemn ourselves, or more properly, to condemn one another, for the want of ordinary prudence and caution, which has led us to disregard the rocks and whirlpools lying in our way. And yet nothing is more true than that disaffection may be prevalent without any actual mismanagement on the part of the Indian Government at home or abroad.

That cartridges greased with bullock's fat should be served out to Hindoo Sepoys, appears *prima facie* to constitute a case of mismanagement. But we know so little about the history of these cartridges, that we are not prepared either to fix the extent to which this alleged grievance may have contributed to the great military outburst, or how it happened that anything so inflammable was placed in the Sepoys' hands. All, indeed, that we know with any certainty is, that there has been a terrible disaster. Whole regiments of Sepoys, in different parts of the Bengal presidency, have broken out into revolt. They have not only raised the standard of rebellion, but have turned against their European officers, and murdered them without a pang of remorse. In many places, the mutineers have struck indiscriminately at white life; massacring, often with a refinement of cruelty impossible to describe, man, woman, and child; burning and pillaging in every direction; sweeping away the civil government like chaff; and openly declaring the rule of the Feringhee usurper at an end. And this storm, it may be said, has burst suddenly on the land. It is true that we heard, some months ago, distant murmurings, indicating a troubled state of the political atmosphere. We knew that one or two regiments near the capital had exhibited symptoms of disaffection; but it was believed that the feeling was local, that it had been suppressed, and that it would not break out in other places. In this country it had excited no alarm, and scarcely any attention, until, on the morning of the 27th of June—four days after the centenary of the great battle of Plassy, which, in the stereotyped historical phrase, "laid the foundation of our Indian Empire"—the pregnant sentences of the telegraph announced as tragic a story as has ever yet been embodied in a few terrible words.

We need not enter into details, which will be found fully and accurately narrated in the excellent summaries of Indian intelligence, the names of which we have placed at the head of this article.¹ Every reader in the United Kingdom has made himself more or less familiar with these details; and, as we write, is anxiously awaiting the arrival of further intelligence, upon the nature of which greatly depends whether order will speedily be restored to the disturbed districts, or whether, at the commencement of the cold weather, England will have to commence the reconquest of Northern India. In the meanwhile, people knowing something about the matter, are loudly and angrily accusing and condemning, and people knowing nothing about it are, in accord-

¹ It is difficult to over-estimate the value and the interest of these publications at the present time, when even the copious details in the morning journals fail to satisfy the painful curiosity of the public; and especially of that large portion of it which is personally connected with India.

ance with the usual scale of inverse proportion, louder and angrier still.

It is natural that there should be an outcry against some one. Some one ought to have known better; some one ought to have foreseen all this; some one ought to have prevented it. But, after all, it is the great Outis, or No one, who has done all the mischief. Outis has put out the giant's eye, and left him to grope in the darkness. We say it not ironically, but seriously, truthfully, that no one is to blame for the false security in which the nation has long been lapped. It was the necessary result of progressive success. Indeed, we are by no means sure that it has not been also the *cause* of our progressive success. A more cautious and suspicious policy might not have been so successful. We have raised, step by step, during the last century, an army consisting of two hundred thousand natives of India—men of different nations and different castes, all differing from ourselves in colour, creed, institutions, language, habits, everything that can separate one people from another. Over this immense mass of Indian humanity, a handful of English gentlemen has held undisputed sway. The thousands and tens of thousands have obeyed the word of the dominant tens. And not only have these thousands and tens of thousands obeyed the dominant tens, but millions and tens of millions have followed the same straight line of obedience. Hireling troops—foreign mercenaries are to be found everywhere, ready to fight and to kill any one for pay. In India, the English pay has been paid with a regularity wholly unknown under any oriental government. The Sepoys, therefore, have had their reward. And for this reward, obedience was expected in return. But we have had no such claim, no such hold upon the affections of the people. The legitimate inference, therefore, was, that the soldiery were more likely to be true to us than the people; and that we should always be able to keep the latter in check through the agency of the former. The general proposition has been, that our tenure of India is safe, so long as we can rely upon the fidelity of the native army. Let the bayonets of the Sepoys bristle on our side, and we are safe.

But, was it likely that the bayonets of the Sepoys would always bristle on our side? We confess that it appeared to us very likely that they would. The belief was not at all a preposterous one. There was no discredit in credulity. No mightier lever than self-interest moves the hearts and shapes the actions of men. It is true that Indian armies always mutiny. The Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, the Arab soldier, lives in a chronic state of mutiny. But the Mahratta, the Sikh, the Patan, is always in arrears of pay: when the arrears are paid, the mutiny

ceases. In these days, on the other hand, the pay of the British Sepoy is never in arrears. It is liberal in amount: regular in disbursement. The soldier has never had, and is never likely to have, so good a master as "John Company." The son follows the example of the father, and enlists into the service of the British Government, well knowing that in youth, in maturity, in old age, he insures a provision for himself; that a certain number of years will see him in regular receipt of pay, and an uncertain number of years in regular receipt of pension. It is manifestly to his interest to uphold a state of things which secures him advantages never to be expected under any other government. There has always been good reason to believe that the natural tendency of the Indian soldier to revolt would be suppressed, in the person of the British Sepoy, by the conviction of the folly of the movement.

From this belief we may except those small local and accidental mutinies, on account of some order, real or supposed, connected with the pay of the Sepoy. These mutinies are little more than strikes for wages, not peculiar to military society. They are limited to the locality of the special grievance—are epidemic, but not contagious. The cause is of an exceptional character, and the result only "proves the rule." So long as the Sepoy has nothing to complain of on the score of his pay, it has been assumed that we may rely upon his fidelity. And so long as we may rely upon the fidelity of the Sepoy, it has been held that we may feel assured of the security of our Indian empire.

So long, it has been said, "and no longer." But now it appears that this latter proposition is as likely to be falsified as the former. The Sepoy receives his pay and pension with the old regularity—but he is mutinous; and we are now about to demonstrate to the world that we can hold India in spite of him. Sir Charles Napier, seven years ago, wrote of "losing India"—"after a destructive collision between the European regiments and a mutinous native army." The collision we have now actually seen; but we have not lost India, nor are we about to lose it: we are simply about to inaugurate a new system.

Read by the light of recent events, the old system of holding India by the agency of a native army, now appears to be a failure; and, of course, it is declared that the Government of the East India Company are responsible for this failure. The native soldier, who would, it is said, under good management, have stood by us to the last, has risen against his European officers, and turned our cantonments into shambles. Therefore, it is argued, there must have been mis-management. Only by some

culpable folly could such an element of strength be converted into weakness and danger.

And this is, of course, supported by the assertion that the present crisis has been steadily approaching, and that many have seen and have announced its approach. In such a conjuncture, hasty verdicts and rash judgments were to be expected. The time has, perhaps, not yet come, for a calm, dispassionate, judicial consideration of the whole case. Already, in the absence of information, has much been written very vehemently on one side of the question. Little time does it take to acquire the materials of a virulent condemnation. It is quite sufficient that something has gone wrong, for people, with the least possible knowledge of that something, to denounce the Government under whose hands the disaster has arisen, and to cry frantically, "*Down with it—delenda est Carthago.*" This shout, as we have said, has gone up already: condemnation has preceded inquiry. It is probable, however, that ere long there will be a reaction; at all events, there will be an inquiry—a grave, solemn, and deliberate inquiry. In prospect of this we now write. Many difficult political problems will press for solution. We do not, at this early period, declare ourselves competent to solve them. On the contrary, it is with much humility that we offer to our readers some considerations which may, perhaps, enable them, when the time comes, to approach the discussion in a proper judicial spirit.

We have already observed, that the wonder is not that, once in a hundred years, there should be such an outbreak as we now are deploring; but that such a disaster should have occurred only once in a hundred years. "All government," it has been truly said, "is more or less an experiment. In India it is especially an experiment, and it is one on a gigantic scale. We have been compelled to experimentalise on a foreign people not easy to understand—upon a people whose character and institutions are not only extremely dissimilar to our own, but so fenced in with exclusiveness, so bristling with all kinds of discouragements and denials, that it is difficult above all things to acquire that comprehensive knowledge of their feelings and opinions, which can alone enable us to adapt our legislation to their moral and physical requirements." In a word, we desire that it should be always remembered, that it is not easy to govern such a country as India; and that the wonder truly is, that the experiment has been attended by so *few* serious mistakes, not that it has been characterised by so *many*.

Having anticipated this consideration, in the earlier part of our article, we need say nothing more to bespeak general toleration towards the errors of our Indian government. We pass on, therefore, to another and a very important point of inquiry. It

is extremely desirable that it should be well considered in this conjuncture, whether the present crisis is not the result of an over-anxiety to govern well, rather than of any culpable negligence and indifference—whether, indeed, we have not done too much rather than too little. Sir John Malcolm, who knew India and her people as well as any man who ever lived, was continually insisting upon the evils of precipitate reform. It was his opinion that great evil would result from over-governing the country—from attempting to do too much for the amelioration of the people. The government of the East India Company has been perpetually reproached for being so slow in the work of improvement. But we suspect that it will appear, on inquiry, that it has been not too slow, but too rapid. And as the people of England at the present time—men of all classes and all interests—are crying out against the misgovernment out of which our disasters have arisen, it may be not undesirable to consider whether many of the circumstances which have contributed to evolve the present crisis, are not the results of their own incaution and impatience—the growth, indeed, directly or indirectly, of some clamour at home, some urgency for particular reforms. The progress may have been all in the right direction. The Parliament, the Platform, and the Press of Great Britain may all have urged what is right; and the government of the East India Company may have been right in yielding to the pressure: but it does not follow that, because it was right, it was not dangerous.

Indeed, we do not see how this inquiry can be entered into, in a proper spirit, unless we entirely divest our minds of the assumption that whatever may weaken our hold of India, is necessarily culpable. We hold it to be, on the other hand, the first principle of Indian government, that we are to do our best for the country and the people, without a thought of the effect that our measures will have on the duration of our empire in the East. If what we do be right in itself, it cannot be made wrong by the fact or the conjecture that it may be injurious to our own interests. Keeping this ever steadily in view, the reader will not misunderstand us. There are things which, if it were clearly shown that they had been the immediate and the sole cause of our recent disasters, we should never wish undone.

It is our duty to enlighten and civilise the people. No fear of consequences should ever deter us from the steadfast prosecution of measures tending to wean the people from the cruel and degrading superstitions to which they have so long been given up, bound hand and foot, by a priesthood, whose interest it is to perpetuate ignorance and barbarism. We do believe that what we have done for the people at large, has given dire offence to the Brahmins. At present affairs are in a transition-state.

The Brahmans feel that their influence is declining, and will decline still more, as the effects of European education diffuse themselves more and more over the face of the country. But they have still power to lead the people astray, and especially that class—the soldiery—which is least exposed to counteracting influences. That they have been busily employed in disseminating a belief of the intention of the British Government to interfere, in a far more peremptory and decided manner, with the religion of the people, is a fact which is rarely questioned. They have, doubtless, pointed to repeated measures of interference, of no great import, perhaps, when viewed singly, but alarming in their aggregation. The abolition of Suttee—the suppression of female infanticide—the prohibition of the cruel ceremonies attending the Churruck Poojah—the modification of the Hindoo law of inheritance—the promotion of female education—the legalization of the marriage of Hindoo widows—the diminished endowment of religious institutions—and the relaxation of the once stringent rules interdictory of all, even indirect or constructive, encouragement of educational or missionary efforts for the evangelisation of the people, are, doubtless, all referred to as indications of the insidious endeavours of the Feringhees to break down the walls of caste. A little thing will fill the cup of suspicion and alarm, to the brim. Nothing could answer the purpose better than the greased cartridges, of which we have heard so much. Alone, the cartridges would not have stirred a single company to revolt. But, added to all these foregone manifestations of our disregard of Hindoo superstitions, and coupled, moreover, with vague and mysterious rumours of some more open and undisguised assault to be committed upon Hindooism, under the protection of an overwhelming European force, even a less outrage than this might have made the seething cauldron bubble over in rebellion.

We should be far better pleased if we could bring ourselves to believe that religious alarm were not the main cause of this outbreak among the soldiery of Bengal. But we cannot resist the conviction that the Brahmans have wrought upon the fears and the prejudices of the military classes, by assailing them with stories, in which a vast superstructure of falsehood is reared upon a basis of truth. If this “leprous distilment” had not been poured into their ears by the dominant class, they would never have admitted a belief of the intention of the Government to use any other instrument than that of persuasion. We have heard it said that the delusion has been fostered by the indiscreet zeal of some Christian ministers, who have preached God’s word in military hospitals and military lines; and that some, not connected with the Christian ministry, servants of the Government, in some cases

regimental officers, have endeavoured, in like manner, to win over the Sepoys to the truth. But the quiet, unobtrusive efforts of individual men were not calculated to alarm the general body of the soldiery. It was the apprehension only of the interference of the State that could have raised such a wide spread feeling of dismay and resentment. And it demanded the agency of some active emissaries of evil to make the poison do its fatal work. The Brahmans have good reason to hate us. The tendency to all our ameliorative measures in India, is essentially anti-Brahmanical. The education of the people is alone sufficient to make them gnash their teeth in despair. The white man has come with his new truths; and the old errors of Hindooism must fall prostrate before them. What wonder, then, that the priestly and privileged class should chafe at our presence, and desire to sweep us from the face of the land?

We do not mean to affirm that the disaffection is limited to the Hindoos. But it appears that the open manifestation of discontent originated with them. The Mohammedans appear to have been easily persuaded that some of the objectionable cartridges were greased with hog's lard. This was probably a mere invention of the enemy. At all events, it appears that none of the cartridges from England had in them any of the grease of the unclean animal. Intelligible as was the objection raised by the Hindoos to tallow made of bullock's fat, it was for some time hoped and believed that the movement was confined to the Hindoos. Later events, however, have shown the fallacy of this hope. The Mussulmans have their own special grievances. "The resumption measures,"—says a recent well-informed writer,¹—"the discontinuance of the use of Persian in the courts,—the attempted conversion of the Calcutta Madrisa, an institution founded by Warren Hastings to educate Moolavees, that is, doctors of Mohammedan law, into a common English school,—the striking off from that establishment of all officers whose service was religious, and the introduction of such tests and conditions of admission to public employment as have had the effect of excluding Mohammedans entirely from the courts and other public establishments,—these and many similar observed results of the new principles adopted by the ruling authorities, are quite enough to account for the alienation of this part of the population. There needed very little perversion of representation to induce the Mohammedan Sepoy to believe, equally with the Hindoo, that the subversion of his religion also was the object and aim of the government he was serving." He had his own faith to defend, and in defence of it, who so violent and outrageous as a Mohammedan?

¹ "The Mutiny in Bengal: Its Causes and Correctives."—*Allen's Indian Mail*.

Assuming this to be the correct view of the case—that the revolt in Bengal has been fostered by our interference with the religious customs and privileges of the people, or with laws and customs supposed to be sanctioned by religion, does it, therefore, follow, that the government of the East India Company is culpable? If such is the inference, it is only right that it should be remembered that the blame is shared by a large body of the people of England. It was long a reproach to the East India Company, that they were too keenly alive to the dangers of such interference—that they sanctioned and sustained the cruel and idolatrous rites of Hindooism—and were altogether too tolerant of error. It was long declared to be a shame and a disgrace to a Christian government thus to shelve the religion of the Redeemer, and to appear openly as the friends and abettors of an abominable superstition. If, then, there be any blame in this matter, it is clear that there are thousands and tens of thousands of culprits out of Leadenhall Street. But we hold that there is really no culpability anywhere. As regards the government, it cannot be said that it has not respected the religious faiths of the people of India, because it has suppressed, or endeavoured to suppress, certain abominations, which were clearly breaches of the law of the land, and which were really not sanctioned by the national religion, although the priesthood, for their own purposes, made it to appear that they were divinely ordained.

We concur entirely in the view of the duty of government towards its native subjects in India, enunciated, some forty years ago by Sir John Malcolm, in a letter to Dr Marshman, the eminent missionary of Serampore. "Though most deeply impressed," he wrote, "with the truth of the Christian religion, and satisfied that were that only to be considered in a moral view, it would be found to have diffused more knowledge and happiness than any other faith man ever entertained; yet I do think, that from the construction of our empire in India, referring both to the manner in which it has been attained, and that in which it must (according to my humble judgment) be preserved, that the English government in India should never, directly or indirectly, interfere in propagating the Christian religion. The pious missionary must be left unsupported by government or any of its officers, to pursue his labours; and I will add, that I should not only deem a contrary conduct a breach of faith to those nations whom we have conquered, more by our solemn pledges, given in words and in acts, to respect their prejudices and maintain their religion, than by arms, but likely to fail in the object it sought to accomplish, and to expose us eventually to more serious dangers than we have ever yet known."

With such information as we have before us, it does not ap-

pear that the government of India has transgressed the principles enunciated in the above passage. If there be one act more than another which may be construed into an indirect support of proselytising efforts, it is in the admission of missionary schools and colleges to the privilege of receiving, in common with other scholastic institutions, the benefits of grants in aid from the public purse. This measure was greatly approved at the time, as was the whole scheme of education, launched whilst Sir Charles Wood was President of the Indian Board, doubtless in obedience to a popular outcry. But the propagation of the Christian religion is one thing, the extension of secular education is another. The latter, however, which is unquestionably the duty of government, is as fatal to Brahmanism as the former. In this, and in another more enlarged sense, the education of the people is dangerous. The "danger" is the loss of India. But we have never closed our eyes to the possibility of this result—and we believe that we have never been deterred from doing what is right by any fear of hastening the downfall of our empire.

Still, it may be said, that the proximate cause of the outbreak in Bengal, is to be found in certain lies disseminated, with a malicious object, among the native soldiery; and that if the authorities in India and in England had been duly acquainted with the state of feeling in the army, they might have anticipated and counteracted the evil influences of those who have exerted themselves, with too much success, to fan the latent fires of disaffection into a blaze. There are, indeed, two distinct branches of inquiry; the one, why the disaffection arose; the other, why, having arisen, it was not allayed by the European officers before it broke out into acts of violence. If proper relations had been maintained between the Sepoy and his English officer, there would never have existed this dangerous delusion, "that they should believe a lie." The Sepoy is very credulous. There is, indeed, a childlike simplicity in the readiness with which he believes and ponders over the most absurd story. But he has far greater faith in the word of the white man than in that of his own people. A few words of explanation from an officer esteemed by the men under his command, will speedily remove a dangerous error rankling in the Sepoy's mind, and send him back to his lines a contented man and a good soldier. Fortified by the assurances of his captain, he will be proof against the designing falsehood of the emissary of evil. No one, knowing how easily the Sepoy is alarmed, will doubt for a moment the effect which the greased cartridges may have had upon his mind, especially when interpreted to him by one bent upon mischief. But no one knowing how docile and tractable he is, when properly managed by his European commander, will have any more doubt

that this alarm might have been easily dissipated by a few words of timely explanation.

Then, why were these words of timely explanation not spoken? We desire not to be understood as making any sweeping assertions. We do not say that in *no* case has a statement been made on the subject of the cartridges, tending to allay the alarm and irritation in the Sepoy's mind. It may have been made in time; it may have been made too late; or it may not have been made at all. We will assume the worst, although we have no information to lead us to a belief in anything better. But it is impossible to resist the conviction that, in the greater number of cases, the explanation was *not* offered; and that regiments have broken out into rebellion, because there have not been intimate relations between the Bengal Sepoy and the British officer.

And why? Simply for this reason: that it has been the inevitable tendency of the social, the administrative, and the material progress of the nineteenth century, to weaken the bonds between the Hindostanee soldier and the European officer. Little by little, the English in India has been more and more un-Hindoo-ised by the growing civilization of the West. In the old time, he conformed himself, more or less, to the habits of the people. If he did nothing else, he conformed himself, with wonderful alacrity, to their vices. He might not adopt their religion, but he very soon forsook his own. There were few Christian churches; there were few Christian ministers; there were few Christian women. He, therefore, soon ceased to worship, and he found his female companions among the women of the country. He lived in the Zenana. He participated in the ceremonial festivities of the people. He was all things to all men—now a Hindoo, and now a Mussulman. He was a Sepoy officer; and content to be a Sepoy officer. His regiment was his home. The native officers were his brethren; the soldiers were his children. He spoke their language—though, in all probability, he could not read a single word. Reading, indeed, was not part of his vocation. He, therefore, talked all the more. He was glad to converse with his native officers. The soobahdar or jemadar of his company was ever welcome to his bungalow. He had always a kind word to say to them; he seldom failed to ask what was going on in the lines; and what was the bazaar *gup*, or gossip. It is the pleasure of the native officer to be communicative. He is never slow to talk if he is encouraged. He will not hoard up his grievances if he can find a sympathising listener; he will not hatch sedition in secret if he is encouraged to make a confidant of one who has any power to redress them. So, when he visited his officer in the olden time, when Englishmen were content to be mere soldiers in India, he

freely disclosed to him all that was done and was talked of in the lines. If sinister rumours were afloat, they were communicated to the officer, who investigated their origin, and explained the circumstances in which they originated. The native soldier then carried back to his comrades words of comfort and assurance. The lie was strangled; the delusion vanished; the panic subsided; and men went to parade with cheerful faces as before.

That this is not the case now, or, if ever the case, is the exception, and not the rule, is generally admitted. The Englishman in India has become more English—the officer has become less a soldier. We no longer leave our country, with its religion, its manners, its literature, its domesticities behind us, when we set our faces towards Calcutta or Bombay. We carry with us to the East our civilization, our propriety, our old ideas and associations, and, as far as possible, our old way of life. We do not cast off the mother country, but still turn fondly towards it; and as increased facilities of communication multiply around us, we hanker more and more after home. The English drawing-room has supplanted the native Zenana. Instead of the dusky paramour, the pale-faced English wife has become the companion of the officer's solitude, and the mother of his children. A wide severance between the conquered and the conquering races is the result of this social change. Some may lament it—some may say that we have become too English, and that a greater assimilation to the manners and customs of the people, and a more thorough appreciation of their tone of thought, and a more enlarged sympathy with their feelings, are absolutely necessary to insure our permanent occupation of the country. But this is simply impossible. The change of which we speak is the inevitable result of the civilization of the nineteenth century. We cannot Hindooise ourselves again, any more than the butterfly can return to the *status ante* of the grub. We cannot demolish our Christian churches, or burn our English books, or place a five month's voyage between India and Great Britain. When we consider the atrocities which have been inflicted during the last few months upon delicate women and innocent children, it is not unreasonable to surmise that there may be less willingness than heretofore to transplant English ladies to so perilous a land; but even if this, as we greatly doubt, were to be the permanent result of our recent disasters, there are other influences (not the least of these being the progress of public opinion with respect to religion and morality), which would prevent our again assuming the old loose garments which once we wore in true Hindostanee fashion. We have divested ourselves of them for ever.

But is it only by ceasing to be Englishmen—by ceasing to be Christians, that we can win the confidence and affection of the

natives? We believe that there are other and better ways,¹ but scarcely as the present military system of the country is maintained. The men whose names are borne on the lists, as officers of our Sepoy regiments, are far better specimens of English gentlemen than their fathers and grandfathers in the days of Wellesley and Cornwallis. But modern improvement has here again been fatal to the native army. It is now of administrative progress that we are speaking. There has been long an outcry against the old exclusive civil service and the regulation system. All our more recent acquisitions of territory, as the Punjab, Pegu, Nagpore, and Oude, have been administered since their annexation, under the "non-regulation system," by a mixed commission, composed of civil and military officers—the latter generally predominating in respect of numbers. These military administrators are commonly the picked men of the service. They are not the sons and nephews of directors, or young men of good connections at home, strongly recommended to the Governor-General, but men of proved capacity and undoubted vigour, acquainted with the native languages, with the country, and with the people, and full of activity of the best kind. These are the men who are most wanted with their regiments, but they are not suffered to remain soldiers. The temptation to accept any extra-regimental employment is great. There is better pay, more credit, a better prospect of gaining future distinction, and rising to eminence in the service. The allurements, therefore, is not resisted; and regiments, already denuded of their best officers to supply the ordinary requirement of the staff, are still further stripped, and all the remaining men of any mark and likelihood carried off to administer new provinces, or to take the place in other detached situations of those who have been selected for the government of our new acquisitions. Thus the civil administration is strengthened, but the strength of the army is sacrificed to it. Everybody admits that the experiment has been in itself amply successful—so successful, that, whatever new provinces may be added to our Indian empire, the old system of pure civilianism will never be resorted to again. It was the growth, too, of the very best intentions—of a laudable desire to govern in the most effectual and

¹ It is very possible not to be too English, and yet at the same time, not to be too Oriental. The biographer of Sir John Malcolm says of him:—"The great secret of Malcolm's success was, that he was neither too native nor too European. He understood the native character, and he could sympathise with the feelings of the natives, but he never fell into native habits. . . . It was by preserving the high tone and the pure life of the English gentleman, and yet carrying to his work no European prejudices, no cut-and-dried maxims of European policy, to be applied, however inapplicable, to all cases of native government, that Malcolm achieved an amount of success, and acquired a reputation among the people of Central India, such as no man, before or since, ever earned for himself in any part of the world."

least expensive manner. They who had accused the East India Company of a desire to maintain their privileged civil service at the highest possible numerical strength, and of being jealous in the extreme of all interference with the exclusive rights of the dominant few, now saw this aristocracy of caste broken down; and were compelled to admit the sacrifice and to laud the disinterestedness of the reform.

Almost cotemporaneously with the extension of the "non-regulation system," was the extension of Public Works in India. This, also, was a laudable movement. It is not to be doubted that it was promoted, in no small degree, by a pressure from this country. The East India Company had never been unmindful of the importance of great material works, remunerative and re-productive; but the pace at which they had proceeded had been too slow for home-bred politicians, and there was a clamour for greater speed. Large sums of money were devoted to roads, to canals, and other great works of public utility. The department of public works became an important department of the State. Great numbers of officers were required to give effect to our measures. Young military men took to the study of engineering, and came to England to work upon the railways. Any one with a little knowledge of practical science felt himself secure of obtaining an appointment in the public works' department; so here was another mode of escape from that penal settlement—the military cantonment. It was, doubtless, a movement in the right direction; but, excellent as it was in itself, it struck another blow at the efficiency of our native army. More active enterprising young soldiers were carried away for detached employment, and the residue became scantier, more dissatisfied, and more inefficient, until the attachment and confidence of the Sepoy towards his British officers became little more than things of the past; and this, perhaps, less because the number of officers left with a regiment was so small, than because the quality was so indifferent. We have no doubt that a few good officers are better than many bad ones. We have some tangible proof of this in the Company's Irregular regiments, which have mostly only three European officers, a commandant, a second in command, and an adjutant, and yet are always in an admirable state of efficiency. These officers are picked officers; their appointments are staff appointments, hungered after like all others. A man in command of an Irregular corps is satisfied with it; the officers beneath him aspire to nothing better than the command, in due course, of the regiment to which they have long been attached. The regiment is their home, the soldiers are their comrades. They are proud of their connection with the corps, and are eager to exalt it; whilst the officer with the Regular regiment sits loosely to his duty, and

is continually longing to escape. It is of less importance that we should secure the services of good than of many officers with the Sepoy regiments. But it is impossible that any man should be a good regimental officer who looks upon himself merely as a bird of passage with his regiment—dislikes, and perhaps despises his duties, and is expending all his energies in efforts to get himself transferred to the Staff.

The "Staff," indeed, has, for some years past, been gradually swallowing up the commissioned ranks of the Indian army. The intention of employing military officers in civil offices was, we repeat, an excellent one, and, so far as regards the administration of the country, it has been eminently successful. But it has destroyed the military feeling and the military capacity of hundreds, who might have become first-rate soldiers. We suspect that the number of officers who, if suddenly recalled to their regiments, would be quite incapable of putting a company through their ordinary marching drill, or through the manual and platoon exercise, is something really astounding. Even commanding officers, after a long series of years on the Staff, have been known to enter again upon regimental duty, as ignorant of military details as a cadet fresh from Harrow or Winchester. And we are afraid that there are not many who, after having discharged large civil and administrative functions, and been invested with weighty responsibilities, do not look upon regimental duty with something like contempt, especially under a system, the unhappy tendency of which is to transfer all real power from the regimental authorities to army head-quarters, and to make the colonel of a regiment, who ought to be a very king over his own people, a mere degraded cypher—the shadow of a name. The tendency, indeed, of our entire system has been to degrade regimental duty, in all its degrees, to the utmost possible extent, until the zeal and the pride of the soldier are almost wholly extinct.

Much more might be said upon this subject, but for the exigencies of time and space, which forbid us to enlarge, as we desire, upon the evils of excessive centralisation in all the branches of the State. But enough, we think, has been advanced to indicate—firstly, what have been the predisposing causes of the disaffection of the native army of India; and, secondly, what has prevented that disaffection from being allayed before it had become dangerous—in a word, the active and the passive causes of the recent disastrous outbreak. In both cases, an undue zeal for precipitate reform has been at the bottom of the mischief. The wheels of progress would have rolled on surely and safely, without creating alarm or rousing national prejudices into violent action, and great moral and material improvements would have

struck root in the soil, when the country was ready for them. But the pressure from without has given to these wheels of progress a forced and unnatural rapidity of rotation, and we have been roused to a sense of our danger by seeing the State machine rushing down the hill to destruction, beyond the power of human agency to control its headlong course. The Government of the East India Company has often been called a "drag." It was a drag that was much needed. But Parliament, the Platform, and the Press, scouted the dicta that India was not yet ripe for this or that measure, and that to reform effectually we must reform slowly, as the antiquated conservatism of the effete oligarchy of Leadenhall Street. The wisdom of the *festina lentè* doctrine was ignored. The prudence, which shook its head and whispered caution, was derided. There was not wanting, perhaps, some just ground of complaint, that the Government of the Company moved slowly—that it carried the *quieta non movere* principle a little too far—and that it needed some external stimulus to keep it from falling in the rear of the general progress of the age. But it was very possible to fall into an opposite extreme; and, by attempting to sow broadcast reform and improvement over the land, before the soil was ready to receive them, to do more to retard the desired progress than by advancing, with painful effort, as though the *tarda podagra* were in every limb.

We have said, and we cannot too emphatically repeat, that we are not to cease from doing good, because there may be temporal danger in the enlightenment of the people. But the highest wisdom has taught us prudence, and counselled us against pouring new wine into old bottles. They who have the most genuine—the most heart-felt desire to root out error from the land, ought to be the most eager to inculcate caution, lest all their efforts be defeated by bringing on a collision, and precipitating a crisis, which must prove fatal to the accomplishment of all their most cherished hopes. This is no mere speculation. The events which have recently occurred—which are now occurring—must necessarily check the course of progress of every kind. The saddest thing of all in connection with the great outbreak of 1857, is the heavy blow and great discouragement given to the cause of national enlightenment. It will be long now before we cease to be timid and suspicious. The good work of half a century, indeed, has been undone in a few weeks.

We believe that our hold of India is as firm as it has ever been. There may be outbreaks not yet reported; there may be more bloodshed, more terror; and there will be horrible retribution. But the English will be masters of the field, and remain rulers of India. The immediate remedy for the great disease is an over-awing European force. Upon this point there are not two opi-

nions. Brute force, however, is but a sorry cure for such an evil, and can hardly be a permanent one. India may be conquered again and again by European troops. But to conquer the country is one thing; to hold it is another. There are able men—powerful writers—who recommend that we should break up the Bengal army, and disarm the whole of India. It might be done, but it is not worth doing. Such an empire as we should then have, would not be a credit to us, and could not possibly be a profit. It could not last long, and would be a sorry spectacle whilst it lasted. Even if it did not come to a sudden and violent end, such an experiment must necessarily break down for want of money to maintain it. We must look for the remedy in some other quarter than a continued exhibition of brute force.

We cannot carry on a war of extermination against a hundred and fifty millions of people—many of them brave and warlike, skilled in the use of arms—and if we could, what use to us would be a country which we cannot colonise? If we cannot re-establish our moral influence in India, and again place our confidence in a Sepoy army, we had better abandon altogether the experiment of Indian government. When we speak of confidence, we do not mean blind confidence. We can no longer regard the fidelity of the native army as a matter of course—we can no longer go to sleep with our doors and windows open, whilst two hundred thousand of foreign bayonets are bristling around us. Doubtless there is much to be done; there is need of consummate wisdom and sagacity to turn what may at any time become a source of immediate danger into an element of continued safety. It is not so much that the Sepoy is not to be trusted, as that we have proved ourselves not worthy to be trusted with the use of so perilous an instrument. If a gun goes off unexpectedly in our hands, it is not the fault of the gun, but our own fault for improperly handling it. We believe that the Sepoy army may yet be all that it has once been to us, and much more. But we must look upon the management of these immense bodies of foreign troops as a science, and not leave things to take their course, as though the very name of a British officer were sufficient to keep these gigantic legions in control.

Everybody agrees that the first thing to be done is to put down the rebellion. This can only be done by force. Having done this, we have to punish the guilty, and we have to reward the faithful. Reward must go side by side with punishment, or we shall only do half our work. Then we have to re-model our system, and to re-organise our establishments. To accomplish this successfully, we must have full information—we must look the matter boldly and honestly in the face; we must cast aside all prejudices, all foregone conclusions, cling to no ancient errors, and care for no

vested rights. We shall find in our system and practice of government, when we come calmly to examine it, much that is good, much that is evil—but much more which, good in itself, has become evil by its excess, and has hurt where we meant to heal. So terrible a lesson cannot be thrown away upon the nation. In spite of the present darkness, it is yet permitted to us to hope that we shall yet derive strength from our present weakness ; and that, when at last we lay down the reins of empire in the East, we shall do so of our own free will, not as the beaten enemies, but as the triumphant friends of the people, leaving them to the self-government for which we have fitted them by the precept and the example of a second century of beneficent rule.

THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

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ART. I.—1. *History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852.* By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. 6 Vols. 1852–57.

2. *History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.* By Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, Bart., D.C.L. 14 Vols. 1850.

If the time shall ever arrive—and the contingency is not more improbable than a realization of many of the prophecies contained in these works—when every other contemporaneous record shall have perished, the histories of Sir Archibald Alison will be regarded as a colossal political pamphlet, written in an age of longeval patriarchs and in a land of polemical giants. The author who can devote twelve thousand pages to the perishable vindication of party “cries,” will be assumed to have been of a people who yet enjoyed a life of primitive duration, and with whom everything but their reasoning was proportionate to their physical stature. We may question, however, the success of a monster pamphleteering, which is at once the jest of Liberal politicians, and which an eminent Conservative leader (with marked ingratitude) has characterized as a history of Europe written in twenty volumes, to prove that Providence was on the side of the Tories. Yet it must not be forgotten that Sir A. Alison’s writings claim credit for the most startling revelations of modern research:—they have discovered that the Reform Act was produced by the contraction of the currency, and that the Roman Empire fell to destruction because it had no Corn Laws!

There can be no doubt, that to write a history of the great drama of the last sixty or seventy years involves great difficulties, or, at least, that it calls for the exercise of extraordinary qualifications. This is even more true of the later than of the earlier of the two periods of which Sir Archibald has treated. In dealing

indeed with bare facts, there exists, in the abstract, more information, in proportion to our proximity to the events that we record. But in questions involving the relations of cabinets, it often happens that this testimony is not available. For a narrative of battles, there are eye-witnesses among our contemporaries whose knowledge is more often freely imparted, and whose considerate statements rarely conflict with one another. But the very existence of these sources of direct and authentic knowledge renders it the more difficult to rely upon the second or third hand statements which have meanwhile appeared, and have not yet been subjected to criticism and analysis. Their existence renders it especially perilous to allow our own imagination to supply the particulars which our library does not yield.

But, in passing from facts to opinions, and in dealing with the tendencies of events whose results are yet incompletely developed, the qualification required for a contemporary historian of Europe is yet more various and more rare. He requires a profound knowledge of the state of government and of the state of society—of the nature and working of laws and institutions, and of the bent and action of opinion—in every important commonwealth. He requires, above all things, a calm judgment, an entire absence of partisan bias, a total freedom from prepossessions, and a clearness of foresight only to be obtained at once from the deepest and the most comprehensive thought. He must write in a concise style, if he would appreciably advance his unwieldy subject within any practicable compass. He must remember that the disposition of society to look upon political prophets in the light of spurious diviners, is founded on a pretty wide induction that their divinations are almost inevitably wrong. He must combine with these qualities an imitation of the immortal experiment of Thucydides, whose conciseness of narration is exactly proportioned to the relation of details to the main action of his story; and whose philosophy of contemporary events is, not the vaticination of the theorist, but the calm reasoning of the statesman in anticipation of their developed tendency.

It will be seen that, of these difficulties, as they apply to Sir A. Alison's works, part are inherent in the subject, and part are of the author's own making. He might surely, for instance, have left the Peninsular war to Sir William Napier, who had preceded him in the field. He has at least failed to displace that author, or even to put himself in any sort of comparison with him; and he has braved a civilian's difficulty of strategic criticism. His elaborate descriptions of Russia (in his new work) are as inferior to those of Haxthausen, as his elaborate descriptions of Turkey are inferior to those of Ubicini. These authors had also preceded him: and institutions dating long prior to the

period of the history can have no other concern with it than as they are directly involved in the narrative of events. This system of describing governments and manners extends to other states (in which also we have ourselves travelled); and the descriptions combine a maximum of tediousness with a minimum of fidelity. Sir Archibald's desire to hit his political opponents is so keen and predominant, in every subject of discussion, that he strikes on all sides with an aimlessness which frequently results (as we shall see) in his hitting his own party harder than his opponents, and himself hardest of all. His assertions of policy, which contravene the avowed opinion of the greatest living reputations, are continually put forward without a shadow of reasoning. Where, on the other hand, argument is offered on a few favourite topics of declamation, it is offered so singularly without any defined view or clear notion, that, if we collate the argumentative passages which are scattered over different volumes, on any one subject, the result of the author's deductions is seen, upon his own showing, to be nearly worthless, if not absolutely *nil*. The style of his criticisms similarly alternates between wearisome flippancy, and the assumption of a compassionate intellectual pre-eminence, which disdains a sarcasm. It is, therefore, the aim of the present criticism of Sir A. Alison's works, not to provoke and initiate controversy, but simply to take up the gauntlet which the author has already thrown down.

Either of these histories devotes itself, as is well known, into one of the two great periods of which the interval between the French Revolution and the accession of Louis Napoleon is composed. These periods are very fairly defined by the author as periods of equal and corresponding activity, respectively in war and in peace. There is, however, this broad distinction to be borne in mind, that the military activity of the former age was (with the exception of its first few years) the instigating activity of the few, while the pacific activity of the later age was the instigating activity of the many. It follows from this distinction, that the changes which this pacific activity has produced, are not alone likely to be more durable; but that they form an inherent part of the social condition of Europe. When, therefore, the virtual direction of the national life had passed into hands so different from those by which that life had previously been controlled, it was impossible but that great changes should result, both in the external and internal relations of nearly every state. It was to be presumed that these changes in the national life would demand a corresponding change in those relations.

It is precisely at this point that Sir A. Alison joins issue with nearly the whole of his generation. He looks upon every change in our domestic government, every fresh phasis in our foreign

alliances, and every expansion in our social and commercial life, as an evidence of our national decline. He regards the European settlement of 1814-15 as a righteous and designedly-eternal settlement; and he ascribes to popular violence every instance of its infraction, and the whole responsibility for the tyranny and insecurity that have since been experienced. The general wisdom of that settlement will hardly, indeed, be disputed, in all the difficulties which then prevailed; but it will nevertheless be seen that those European Governments which are the author's archetypes of Conservatism, were the first to violate its fundamental provisions. Sir Archibald entertains the same view of the actual constitution of England in 1815: and from that starting-point he traces our decline, successively, in the contraction of the Currency; in "the calamity of Free Trade;" in our Colonial policy; in the repeal of the Test Act, and in Catholic Emancipation; in the alleged substitution of "Liberal" for "Conservative" alliances abroad; and in Parliamentary Reform.

The first chapter of Sir A. Alison's new work is devoted to a general survey of this gloomy picture; and it is, in a certain sense, an analysis of all that follows. It ought not therefore to be entirely overlooked, as it at once evinces the manner in which the whole of this great and paradoxical proposition is sustained. We will take, in the first place, the author's argument from free trade, viewed in reference to emigration and to the alleged consequent decline of the population of these islands:—

"Great and important as were these results [the Anglo-French alliance] of the social convulsions of France and England in the first instance, they sank into insignificance compared with those which followed the change in the commercial policy and the increased stringency in the monetary laws of Great Britain. The effect of these all-important measures, from which so much was expected and so little, save suffering, received, was to augment, to an extraordinary and unparalleled degree, the *outward* tendency of the British people. The agricultural population, especially in Ireland, were violently torn up from the land of their birth by woeful suffering: a famine of the thirteenth appeared in the population of the nineteenth century; and to this terrible but transient source of suffering was superadded the lasting discouragement arising from the virtual closing of the market of England to their produce, by the inundation of grain from foreign states. . . .

"Europe, before the middle of this century, beheld with astonishment Great Britain, which at the end of the war had been self-supporting, importing ten millions of quarters of grain, being a full fifth of the national subsistence, and a constant stream of three hundred thousand emigrants annually leaving its shores. Its inhabitants, which for four centuries had been regularly increasing, declined a million in the five years from 1846 to 1850 [1851?] in the two

islands, and two millions in Ireland taken separately."—Vol. i., pp. 10, 11.

This statement is, without exception, the strangest compound of anachronisms and miscalculations that we ever encountered. The scientific world have been content to ascribe the potato disease to some chemical secret which they cannot solve: Sir A. Alison plainly refers this chemical process of nature to the repeal of the corn laws and the contraction of the currency! It will have been observed that he distinctly recounts the famine of 1846 as among the results of these two measures. But waiving this singular discovery, which throws Liebig and Playfair into the shade at once—and granting that the author cannot really have intended what he nevertheless states, let us glance next at the anachronism which this statement involves. He takes the increase or decrease of population as the true index of the expediency of the measures meanwhile in force. We say nothing more of the potato blight in this place; although it is well known that the famine produced by that blight was at its height before the corn laws were, even theoretically, repealed. Waiving this anachronism also, we pass to the author's next assertion, of "the virtual closing of the market of England to Irish produce, by the inundation of grain from foreign states." That Sir A. Alison refers to the operation of this system during 1846–50 is perfectly clear; since he regards the decline of population as the immediate result of the abolition of the corn laws, and specifies that decline during those years. Now, is it possible that he is not aware that the repeal of the corn laws did not come into operation until 1849, and that therefore these results, during three of these years at least, actually co-existed with protective laws? To this it may be replied, perhaps, that Sir Archibald intended to include the commercial legislation of 1842, as well as that of 1846. We answer, therefore, at once, that he is precluded from the benefit of this hypothesis by the very figures which constitute his own argument against the legislation of 1846. For (at p. 56) he appeals to the contrast between the decline of the population in 1846–51, and its previous increase in 1841–46, as an evidence of the distinctive results of free trade.

To turn to the next question—What are the merits of this argument of the alleged decline in the population of the United Kingdom? We have already quoted Sir A. Alison's assertion, that the population of the two islands declined by *one* million, and that of Ireland alone by *two* millions, in the five years 1846–50. This, to begin with—and accepting the author's index of prosperity in population—is a highly satisfactory indication for Great Britain; inasmuch as its population must have increased by one million in the five years, according to Sir Archibald's own statement.

What, however, is the correctness of these figures? If we turn from p. 11, in which they stand, to p. 56, we shall find quite a different statement. We find that the population during these five years declined, not by 1,000,000, but simply by 600,000. We find also, that during the whole ten years, from 1841 to 1851, it increased from 26,831,000 to 27,435,000,—or more than 600,000. We find, consequently, that the increase, during the first half of this decade, was 1,200,000. And during four out of five of those years, we had a partial free trade in corn, and a total free trade in meat, which was one great element of Irish export into England.

But apart from these considerations, is it true that our population did decline in 1846-51, in the common acceptation of the expression? Sir A. Alison tells us that emigration, during these five years, set in at a rate of 300,000 a-year. This immediately accounts for the exclusion of 1,500,000 of British born subjects, who were either in these islands in 1846, or were since born on these shores, from the census of 1851. If, then, the diminution of population, during the same period, was but 600,000, it becomes clear that, in these very five years (1846-51), there must have been an excess of 900,000 births over deaths. Although no general census of the population has since been taken, it has been ascertained, beyond all reasonable doubt, that emigration, though increasing rather than lessening in actual numbers, has since been outstripped by the excess of population. We think Sir Archibald might have had the candour to acknowledge this circumstance in one of his later volumes.

It must be observed also that he discreetly omits reference either to the Irish famine, as disconnected from free trade, or to the gold discoveries in California and Australia; although he is peculiarly *au fait* of these questions, in their relation to his own cause. He has acknowledged that the actual population of Great Britain did not decrease in numbers, and, on the contrary, that it increased as much as that of Ireland decreased, in stating that the decrease of Ireland was double that of the United Kingdom. We have, therefore, to deal with Ireland alone. Does Sir A. Alison, then, make no computation for the actual deaths caused by the fevers and starvation which prevailed in that country? Does he make no computation for the apprehension of those recurring miseries which drove the people to increased emigration? With what possible consistency or shadow of sense can he ascribe this result to the contingent evils arising from duties to be abolished three years later—and which, in their partial abolition, the Irish had experienced and not suffered from—and wholly exclude a consideration of the positive evil of starvation by the failure of their own crops, which was actually

depopulating them? And though very willing to make the gold discoveries in Australia and California a stalking-horse wherewith to cover the retreat of a defeated policy, whenever the subsequent prosperity of England under free trade is brought forward, he here omits any acknowledgment of this sudden stimulus upon Irish emigration.

Here, then, is a fair illustration of Sir A. Alison's method of arguing a party question, and of proving the impolicy of a fiscal measure, upon population returns, when those returns show that the births exceeded the deaths of the United Kingdom, during the five years in question, by 900,000; and that, in spite of an emigration from the United Kingdom of a million and a half, the population of Great Britain meanwhile largely rose; and while a famine in Ireland, and gold fields in Australia and California, presented themselves almost simultaneously as concurrent motives to emigration. If this is all that is to be said for the question that Sir Archibald has raked up, it certainly has received from him a conclusive condemnation.

We will turn to the next great element of our political retrogression—the political alliance cultivated by this country with France from the Revolution of 1830:—

"The first effect," says Sir A. Alison, "*of this identity of feeling and interest* in the class then for the first time intrusted with the practical direction of affairs in both countries, was a close political alliance between their Governments, and an entire change in the foreign policy of Great Britain. To the vehement and ceaseless rivalry of four centuries succeeded an alliance sincere and cordial at the time; though, like other intimacies founded on identity of passion, *not of interest*, it might be doubted whether it would survive the emotions which gave it birth."—Vol. i., p. 7.

When the author has made up his mind whether the alliance proceeded upon a sense of interest or not—a question, by the way, on which his whole argument turns—he will be able to render himself less unintelligible. We take up this passage, however, less with the view of criticising blunders which serve to show that the writer can have formed no notion (true or erroneous) in his own mind in regard to the subject with which he here deals, than with the aim of pointing out what these interests are, which are yearly integrating more firmly the alliance of England with what Sir A. Alison chooses to term the Revolutionary Powers.

If the author had ever analysed the commercial statistics of the last quarter of a century—which are published by Great Britain, France, Sardinia, and some other states—and especially the commercial tables of the statistical department of the Board of Trade—he would have perceived that, during that period, the

commercial relations, both direct and indirect, of this country with the states of Western Europe, have been increasing in a degree which has bound together the maritime states of the west in an alliance founded almost as directly upon reciprocal interests and necessities as the Zollverein itself. It is singular that a writer, the aim of whose whole argument it appears to be to find a solution of every problem in monetary laws, should know so little of the great commercial facts on which those laws must largely depend.

The author thus proceeds with his theme :—

"To complete the perils of Great Britain, arising out of the very magnitude of its former triumphs and extent of its empire, while so many causes were conspiring to weaken its internal strength, and disqualifying it for withstanding the assault of a formidable enemy ; others, perhaps more pressing, were alienating foreign nations, breaking up old alliances, and tending more and more to isolate England in the midst of European hostility. The triumph of the democratic principle, by the Revolution of 1830, in France, was the cause of this : for it at once induced an entire change of government and foreign policy in England, and substituted *new revolutionary for the old conservative alliances*. Great Britain no longer appeared as the champion of order, but as the friend of rebellion ; revolutionary dynasties were, by her influence, joined to that of France, established in Belgium, Spain, and Portugal ; and the policy of our Cabinet avowedly was to establish an alliance of constitutional sovereigns in Western, which might counterbalance the coalition of despots in Eastern Europe."—Pp. 27, 28.

By what ministers of England were these "old Conservative alliances" of Great Britain broken up, if broken up they were ? They were broken up by Viscount Castlereagh, by Mr Canning, by the Duke of Wellington, and by the Earl of Aberdeen. The truth is, that the divergence of Great Britain from the policy of the Great Continental Powers during the forty years between the Peace of Paris and the war of 1854, was never so broad, nor the danger of European war so imminent, as between 1815 and 1830. From the policy of the Holy Alliance, the first act of the Continental Great Powers after the restoration of peace, Lord Castlereagh at once declared the divergence of Great Britain. At the Congresses of Troppau and Laybach in 1820 and 1821, the British Government was the chief opponent of the "Great Conservative Powers ;" and Lord Castlereagh's circular of that period attests the almost total isolation of England. In 1822, Mr Canning sent the Duke of Wellington to the Congress of Verona, to protest against the conduct of the "Conservative Powers," upon the very question for which they were convened. During the four or five subsequent years, we were upon the

verge of war with France, chiefly by reason of her very prominence as the agent of the "Conservative Powers," in the invasion of Spain. In 1827, we were dissevered from Austria on the question of Greek Emancipation; and in 1828 and 1829 the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen are understood to have refrained from direct hostilities with Russia, chiefly through an apprehension that they would have been thereby involved in war with France also.

These circumstances do honour to those Tory statesmen, whom a paramount sense of public duty induced virtually to dissever their country from the alliances of 1815. But nothing can be more clear, from these examples, than that the inherent divergence of the English system from the "Conservative Powers," prevented the existence of any such alliances as Sir A. Alison has described. The state of our alliances with those powers in 1830 may be fairly inferred from the readiness with which the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen acknowledged the throne of Louis Philippe.

The author proceeds thus :—

"Strong in the support of France, whether under a throne surrounded by republican institutions, or those institutions themselves, England became indifferent to the jealousy of the other Continental Powers, and in the attempt to extend the spread of liberal institutions, or the sympathy openly expressed for *foreign rebels*, irritated beyond forgiveness the Cabinets of St Petersburg, Vienna, and Berlin."—P. 28.

We do not care to enter upon the legal question, whether the Poles (who are here designed) were rebels or not. But as Sir Archibald assumes the entire harmony of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, in 1830 and 1831, in adhering to the "Conservative Alliance," we may as well remind him, that Austria and Russia were upon the verge of war at this very juncture, and upon this very question. It is perfectly well known to all public men in London, that Prince Metternich warmly espoused the cause of the Polish "rebels," and was preparing for an armed intervention in their support, on the condition that an Austrian prince should fill their constitutional throne, when the vigour of the Russians unexpectedly terminated the war.

Sir A. Alison thus winds up with the proof of his consistent proposition :—

"But all alliances founded on identity of feeling, not interest, are ephemeral in their duration. *A single day destroyed the whole fabric on which we rested our security.* Revolutionary violence worked out its natural and unavoidable result in the Continental States. A military despotism was, after a sanguinary struggle, established in Austria and Prussia : *the 2d of December arrived in France; and in an instant that power was turned over to the rank of our enemies.*"—P. 28.

So much for all this boasted discernment! That many persons should have connected the idea of a Bonaparte in absolute power in France with Continental usurpation, and a threatened invasion of this country, by the mere historic relation of the two ideas, was not unnatural. But that a writer who had passed half his life in a study of the political history of this century, should have failed to perceive the three great determinating influences in the policy of the present Emperor of the French, is really surprising. He did not anticipate the probability that that prince, as he existed under the force of his uncle's name, would adopt the alliance of England in the interest of commerce, which that uncle had so often declared should have been his policy, could he but have had his career over again. He did not anticipate the effect of the adverse prepossession of the legitimist sovereigns towards the house of Bonaparte—added to the hauteur and disdain with which they had treated even King Louis Philippe, twenty years before. He seems to have had no perception that the *national* alliance of France and England was a great commercial fact. We have already adverted to this, as an evidence of Sir A. Alison's strange misconception of the real bases of the present political system of Europe. He appears able to see no further than the actual fabric of government; and referring the coincidence of more popular power in France and England with the avowed alliance of the two States to the mere sympathy of a popular system, he augurs the ruin of the alliance from the fall of the popular system. With regard to his repeated assertion (this time stated without a contradiction), "that the alliance could not be durable because it was not founded on an identity of interest," we may reply, that perhaps the experience of twenty-seven years may now be taken as an evidence of its durability; and that the fact of its durability may be alone held as a presumption of its basis in an identity of interest.

It is certainly not a little amusing to turn from this volume to p. 383 of vol. IV., and to observe how Sir A. Alison wreaks his revenge on the Allied Powers for disappointing his prediction. Now elsewhere, throughout these volumes, he has justly held in view the importance of the Turkish Empire to the balance of European power; and, more than all, the pre-eminent necessity of preserving that Empire from the encroachment of Russia. Yet in this passage, written during the late war, he holds up to European indignation the spectacle of France and England uniting for the defence of a Mohammedan State! This certainly strikes us as a somewhat unsuccessful retreat from a false position.

This defence of Turkey being here referred to "the Reform Act" (1), it may be as well to add, that Lord Castlereagh, who is Sir Archibald's political archetype, was himself as strenuous

a supporter of that State as Lord Palmerston himself. We remember asking the late Lord Londonderry what course Lord Castlereagh would have pursued with regard to Greek Emancipation, if he had lived five years longer. Lord Londonderry replied, "I am certain my brother would never have consented to anything of the kind."

Before we quit the subject of foreign affairs, it is worth while to advert to Sir A. Alison's view of the increased military establishments of the despotic powers, in their relation to the probability of general war. This question is of the more practical import, since it is directly connected in the narrative with that of our own defences. The author argues,—

"Since the battle of Waterloo, all the contests of Europe have been *internal* only. There have been many desperate and bloody struggles, but they have *not* been those of *nation with nation, but of class with class, or race with race*. No foreign wars have desolated Europe; and the whole efforts of government in every country have been directed to moderating the warlike propensities of their subjects, and preventing the fierce animosities of *nationality and race* [!] from involving the world in general conflagration. . . .

"But this has been materially changed by the consequences of the great European revolution of 1848; and it may now be doubted whether the greatest dangers that threaten society, are not those of foreign subjugation, and the loss of national independence."—i., p. 22.

It is, of course, difficult to argue with an author who has no distinct idea of the meaning that he would assign to his own terms. In the same breath he uses the terms "nation" and "race," first in antithesis, and then as implying nearly identical ideas. The anticipation of external war, as the ultimate characteristic of this age, is however fair and plausible: though the financial break down of France and Russia (since this volume was written) has not favoured the experiment; and though the increase of military force in Austria and Prussia is only proportionate to the increase of popular disaffection.

But this picture has apparently been drawn, only to bring out more vividly our own alleged defencelessness, which, as may be expected, Sir A. Alison refers to the contraction of the currency. It is, of course, a broad question, whether the popular voice has not been raised too loudly for retrenchment. The author, however, proceeds to illustrate his position with much the same circumspection as before:—

"The military strength of Great Britain has been strained to the uttermost to withstand the hostility, at the Cape of Good Hope, of the Caffres, who never could bring six thousand men into the field."—P. 25.

Now, everybody knows that the Caffre war was a guerilla war; and with the suppression of such a war numbers can have little concern. The late Duke of Wellington stated in the House of Lords, when this war was pending, that such hostilities were to be met, less by numbers than by tactics. The war was a war of depredation by the Caffres; and their operations were carried on upon the basis of a nearly impenetrable jungle, which was always their retreat. The Duke's advice was, therefore, that roads should be made through the jungle, by the cutting down of the wood, as the only means of suppressing the Caffre invasion. To say, therefore, that "our military strength was strained to the uttermost" in these proceedings, involves a misconception of the whole character of the war. It might have been remembered, too, by this annalist of the Peninsular campaigns, that the hosts which Napoleon poured through the Pyrenees were never able to overpower the guerilla bands of Navarre and the Basque Provinces.

But Sir A. Alison continues:—

"Every gleam of colonial peace has been invariably followed by profuse demands at home for a reduction of the establishments, and a diminution of the national expenses; until they have been brought down to a point so low, that the nation, which, during the war, had a million men in arms, two hundred and forty ships of the line bearing the royal flag, and a hundred in commission, could not now muster twenty thousand men and ten ships of the line to guard Great Britain from invasion, London from capture, and the British Empire from destruction."—P. 25.

In the first place, it must be remembered that this alluring picture of the armaments of England before the calamitous contraction of the currency—*Priami dum regna manebant*—has its vanishing point in a charge of eight hundred millions upon the present generation. It is clear, therefore, that England, since the contraction of the currency, has paid far more for the naval and military displays terminating with 1815, than she ever did before it. Secondly, we find in the estimates proposed by Mr Sidney Herbert in 1853,—before there existed any apprehension of a war with Russia, and when, therefore, they were presumptively similar to those of 1852, which is the date of this volume,—a vote for 108,000 men for the army alone. As the author acknowledges that only half our army was in the colonies (a proportion, indeed, largely overdrawn), it follows that our home force, exclusively of marines, yeomanry, etc., was, on his own reasoning, nearly-triple what he has stated it to have been.

Thirdly, with regard to our having had a "million in arms" previously to 1815, we remember the late Mr Hume calculating, in

1850 or 1851, that we had then about eleven hundred thousand. The hyperbole of Sir A. Alison is pretty nearly as great as the hyperbole of Mr Hume; only that the latter financier gave us the process of his calculation, which the former does not. Mr Hume included the militia, yeomanry, police, Indian and Colonial armies, and perhaps every man who received a shilling from the State. If, however, the author's view of the military strength of England forty or fifty years ago were in any degree correct, how would he account for the fact, that, during four out of the six years of our share in the Peninsular war, Lord Wellington never found himself at the head of more than 20,000 British bayonets? We believe that the largest *British* army that has taken the field during this century, was arrayed before Sebastopol in 1855.

Sir A. Alison's views of our colonial policy during this downward period of our history, are as accurate and precise as anything we have yet noticed. Thus he speaks of the Revolution of 1830 in its colonial results:—

“Its first effect was to bring about the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies. Eight hundred thousand slaves in the British colonies, in that quarter of the globe, received the perilous gift of unconditional freedom. For the first time in the history of mankind, the experiment was made of extending the institutions of Japhet to the sons of Ham. . . . New Zealand was added to the already colossal empire of England in Oceania; and it was already apparent that the foundations were laid, in a fifth hemisphere (?), of another nation, destined to rival, perhaps eclipse, Europe itself in the career of human improvement. For the first time in the history of mankind, *the course of advancement ceased to be from East to West.*”—P. 9.

Why, in the very same breath he has been characterizing the introduction of European institutions among the West Indians, as one of the greatest incidents of this period! The English settlements in the American continent were meanwhile yearly extending themselves, and European emigration was there pouring in with continually increasing volume.

Let us now turn to the fourth volume, in which Sir A. Alison deals with the Repeal of the Test Act, Catholic Emancipation, and Parliamentary Reform. On the two former of these questions, we are agreeably surprised by his liberality. He approves of the repeal of the Test Act, and he regards Catholic Emancipation as “a great and wise measure.”—(P. 185.) To be sure, Lord Castlereagh was for Catholic Emancipation; and the author's opinion in its favour is thereby saved from heterodoxy. The origin of this measure is, of course, referred to the contraction of the currency; and it is very pleasant to find that this unfortunate

legislation—"from seeming evil still educing good"—was the parent of "a great and wise measure."

But it was not to be expected that Catholic Emancipation would get off scot free. Accordingly, we read, at p. 193, that "Emancipation has brought a righteous retribution to both parties." The retribution is thus explained and vindicated:—

"England has been punished, and justly punished, for doing a right thing from wrong motives; and the consequences of the fault have already been amply experienced. The great precedent of yielding, not to justice, but to coercion, has not been lost upon the agitators within her own bosom. The Reform movement was the child of the Catholic agitation, the Anti-Corn Law League of the triumph of Reform."—Vol. iv., p. 193.

On this reasoning we have four observations to offer. *First*, the Divine government of nations is one of the most solemn and mysterious questions that can be entertained; and it is one, assuredly, on which the greatest intellects would refrain from expressing an opinion without the greatest circumspection. To deal out judgments in this way, is one of the most certain attributes of superficial and egotistical declamation. *Secondly*, the argument itself is marked by an obliquity of perception so great, as necessarily to strike the most careless reader. If a nation is to be punished according to the extent of its failings, which is the greater failing—to do a just act from a wrong motive, or to persevere in the unjust act? After England had so long persevered in the unjust act, without, as it appears, experiencing retribution, is it consistent with our notions of justice—and it is by these notions that the author decides the question—that retribution should follow our commission of a just act, even though the motives qualify the justice? *Thirdly*, how does he arrive at the obliquity of the motive? How can he assume that those who ultimately conceded, did not deem concession more just than the alternative of general bloodshed? How does he show that the distributive assignment of civil rights rested upon a positive Divine law, and not upon a human calculation of the balance of social and moral good to the whole community? *Fourthly*, what is the significance of the retribution, and what the aim of this flippant denunciation of the Reform Act and of the Repeal of the Corn Laws—in the face of a nearly universal concurrence in the expediency of the measures which constitute the retribution itself? And, with regard to the indirect results of the machinery by which these measures were carried, the Political Unions expired in the first Reformed Parliament, and the League has, in its turn, undergone a similar fate.

To pass to the next subject, let us see how Sir A. Alison deals

with Parliamentary Reform. This is one on which we admit that a certain allowance ought to be made for the inherent prejudice of which few who lived in the period of that measure can entirely divest themselves. The author's estimate of the influence of Catholic Emancipation on Parliamentary Reform is no doubt well-founded. He takes care also, that, among its influences, the contraction of the currency shall not be forgotten. But he proceeds to assert the converse of the proposition, and to argue it in these terms :—

“No one doubts that, if the Reform Bill had been the first measure carried, the Catholic Relief Bill would never have been the second. The present House of Commons (1854), even with the addition of fifty Catholic members for Ireland, is greatly more hostile to the Catholics than that of 1829 was. The opposition to them is to be found now rather in the Lower than the Upper House. This is a very remarkable circumstance, in a country so much influenced by public opinion as England, especially during the last half-century, has been. *It* [what?] was carried by the liberal opinions of the holders of a majority of the close boroughs, which brought the Government into such straits as compelled it to force through the measure.”—Vol. iv., p. 185.

This strikes us as a very doubtful proposition to assume so confidently. The close borough seats abolished by the Reform Act were 141; and this number pretty closely coincides with the difference between the close seats now and the close seats before 1832, although the change of the franchise may somewhat have affected the distinction. The Tory nominees in the House of Commons, with very incidental exceptions, must be subtracted from this number; for the author, by supposing that the nomination-holders forced the measure on the Government, excludes from calculation those Tory peers whom the Duke of Wellington's influence may have induced to favour Emancipation. We have therefore to set the Whig nomination-members against the fifty Irish seats secured to the Catholics, as the author asserts, by Parliamentary Reform, and against the presumptive difference of opinion between seventy or eighty members nominated expressly to withstand Catholic Emancipation, and such a number chosen chiefly by free suffrages. Allowing, then, these scales nearly to counterpoise each other, we have to account for the increased endowment of Maynooth under a Reformed House of Commons. And, more than all, we have also, in considering the relative anti-Catholicism of the House of Commons in 1829 and 1854, to bear in mind the difference between the views of that House when the claims of the Catholics were withheld, and when they were conceded. This is what Sir A. Alison's argument entirely loses sight of. Surely the alleged prepossessions of the

House of Commons against Catholic encroachment in 1854, after relief had been granted for a quarter of a century, affords no sort of index of what their views towards the Catholics would have been if that relief had never been conceded.

So much for the argument which appears designed, on the threshold of a discussion of Parliamentary Reform itself, to instil the reader with a wholesome preconception of the illiberality and injustice of popular institutions. Let us see what is the author's view of the practical working of the old House of Commons, and of the representation of classes which prevailed in it:—

“But the aristocracy, which had gained the ascendancy in England at the fall of Napoleon, was not entirely, or even principally, a territorial aristocracy. It was a mixed body, composed of merchants, manufacturers, bankers, colonial proprietors, shipowners, and shopkeepers (!), even more than landholders, in Great Britain or Ireland. The House of Commons was the representative, not of one species of property, but of every species of property; and although numbers were by no means unrepresented, yet the members elected by the popular constituencies were few in number compared to those who rested on the mercantile, landed, or colonial interests.”—Vol. i., p. 311.

If we turn to vol. IV., p. 387, we shall find the same proposition asserted, consistently enough:—

“Thus, the House of Commons had come to be an assembly, not of the representatives of any one class or section of society, *but of all sections and classes* [the italics are the author's]; and though the influence of wealth, landed or commercial, was mainly influential in procuring the returns,” etc. And the same statement is repeated.

But from this point the two statements broadly diverge, if they do not directly contradict each other. In the *former*, the author asserts that “the mercantile aristocracy pursued measures for their peculiar interests;” and that “it was to the *undue ascendancy* of the mercantile interest in this mixed aristocracy—springing out of the vast riches they had amassed, and the influence they had acquired during the war—that the remote cause of the whole subsequent difficulties of the British empire is to be found.”—P. 311. This, if it be so, is a pretty plain evidence of the defective balance of classes in the old representation.

The *latter* statement—that from the fourth volume—is thus followed up:—

“That this was the true character of the House of Commons, and the secret of its long-continued influence and popularity, is decisively proved by its legislative acts. Every interest in society was protected by the laws or the fiscal regulations which it passed, and none in such a degree as to *beget the suspicion that any one interest had acquired a disproportionate sway in the legislature.*”—Vol. iv., p. 387.

Sir Archibald has asserted in volume I., that the "mercantile aristocracy" alone had gained, at this very time, such an "undue ascendancy" as to produce "the whole subsequent difficulties of the British Empire!" Where, then, was the action of this alleged equipoise of classes?

Sir A. Alison's *narrative* of the struggle regarding the Reform Bill appears to us both interesting and reliable. The popular excitement, the vacillation of the sovereign, are well told: there is none of the distressing magniloquence which pervades the discussion of other topics. Justice is usually done to the late Earl Grey and his friends, so far as their motives are concerned. It is when the author begins to reason upon this question, and to enter upon what he frequently terms "reflections on these events," that he loses himself so terribly. His criticisms of the Whig Ministers are reserved for intellectual, not moral characteristics: and although it is impossible to do otherwise than commend the gentlemanly feeling which dictates this distinction—and which has not always been borne in mind in the ranks of his own party—the almost invariable recoil of these criticisms upon the author himself, inevitably renders the whole commentary somewhat serio-comic. At p. 375, for example, the author has his fling at Lord Macaulay, in the shape of a criticism which he quotes, with great zest, from Mr Roebuck's History of the Whig Ministry. The question is that of the charge given by the King to the Duke of Wellington to form a new Ministry in May 1832, on the defeat of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords:—

"Among the rest, Mr Macaulay said—'The new ministry will go forth to the contest without arms, either offensive or defensive. If they have recourse to force, they will find it vain; if they attempt gagging bills, they will be divided; in short, in taking office, they will present a most miserable example of impotent ambition, and appear as if they wished to show to the world a melancholy example of *little men* [Sir A. Alison's italics] bringing a great empire to destruction.' A curious proof of excitement, as Mr Roebuck remarks, when we recollect that among those 'little men' the Duke of Wellington was numbered."—Vol. iv., p. 375.

It is singular that neither Mr Roebuck nor Sir A. Alison should have perceived that Lord Macaulay's criticism referred to a contingency not then come to pass. "Such," in other words, "would become the character of the Tory ministers, if they did take office." The issue implied that the Duke pretty closely agreed in Lord Macaulay's opinion. The author has just been lauding his Grace's "practical good sense:" it seemed to be the dictate of this "good sense" that the Tory leaders would put themselves in just such a position as the Whig orator had described; for the

Duke declared himself unable to govern the country. We should have expected something better of Mr Roebuck.

Here is the author's criticism on the Reform Bill, as it finally stood :

"Thus in the Imperial Legislature, as it now stands, there are 253 county members, and 405 for boroughs ; an immense disproportion, when it is recollected that they are nearly in an inverse ratio of the population and wealth raised by these different classes of society, three-fifths of both of which are drawn from or dependent on the rural population."—Vol. iv., p. 382.

In vol. I., and at p. 311, the author has told us, that "the aristocracy [or wealthy classes] in ascendancy in England, was not, even principally, a territorial aristocracy," but that "it was a mixed body, composed of merchants, manufacturers, bankers, colonial proprietors, shipowners, and shopkeepers, even more than landholders." If the aggregate wealth of each class bear any relation to the "aristocratic" wealth in each class, how can the argument hold as to the relative wealth of town and country ? With regard to population, the statement, *as a bare and abstract fact*, is no doubt perfectly true. But what is the inference to be deduced from the author's criticism ? Clearly, that the Reform Act increased the borough and diminished the county representation. Now this is exactly what the Reform Act did *not* do. Thus, the author says again, vol. iv., p. 398 :—

"To understand how this came about, it is only necessary to recollect that, by the Reform Bill, nearly *two-thirds* [author's italics] of the House of Commons was composed of members for boroughs."

It was the pre-eminent aim of the Reform Act, in sweeping away nomination boroughs, to do justice to the county constituencies. Sixty-five were added to 94 county members. Meanwhile, in place of the 141 nomination seats for boroughs that were abolished, not more than 64 borough seats were added. Before the reform of Parliament, the proportion of borough to county representation, in England and Wales, was 405 to 82 : it is now 159 to 341. The borough representation of the United Kingdom now exactly equals the borough representation of England alone before the Reform Act.

Of course, if Sir A. Alison were arguing this question as one of the relation of noble to borough interest, it would remain perfectly true that the abolition of so many nomination boroughs more than counterbalanced the concessions to the counties. But he argues it as a question of justice, not to the territorial magnates, but to the "rural population," to quote his very words. And this is now becoming a more real distinction than ever. The great Tory noble adheres generally to his family traditions, while

his tenantry are notoriously liberalising. The Tory landholders, therefore, cannot be relied on as the exponents of the will of the farming and peasant class. It is clear, then, that the Reform Act did a great act of justice, not simply to the large towns—which the author, in vol. I., has indirectly acknowledged to represent the great proportion of the national wealth—but, even more largely, to the country population.¹

We will now pass from the question of the Reform Act in its direct results. It is as well, however, to advert to Sir A. Alison's characterization of the old House of Commons, "that it had grown up like a code of consuetudinary law, with the wants and requirements of six centuries." This is the most remarkable misapprehension that we have yet encountered. Is not Sir A. Alison aware that no significant changes, if indeed any changes, were made in its borough representation during the whole period for which the House of Hanover had sat upon the throne, while changes were continually being made in that representation during previous ages, and that the importance of the great unrepresented towns dated from this very period of the Hanoverian dynasty?

One of the most startling deductions from the policy of Parliamentary Reform, is that which refers our emigration to this measure:—

"It must be obvious to every *partial* observer that this prodigious change, with all its incalculable effects on the world in general, and this country in particular, is mainly to be ascribed to the alteration in the dominant class in the British Islands by the effects of the Reform Bill."

The theory, so obvious, is thus illustrated:—

"When we recollect that the annual emigration from the British Islands, for the seven years prior to 1832, was from 20,000 to 40,000 a year, and that it is now not less, on an average of years, than 350,000, it is evident," etc.—Vol. iv., p. 385.

The author's argument is contradicted by his own figures. Those figures show that emigration, from 1826 to 1832, had risen from 20,000 to not less than 103,000 (p. 384). From 1832 to 1846 he gives no figures; but he states the emigration

¹ The constitution of this House of Commons is termed, at p. 379 of the same volume, a "*Poligarchy*!" The italics, as before, are the author's own. Sir Archibald appears to possess a precise and accurate notion of the etymology of our language where it is founded on the Greek. The expression seems to have been manufactured as a correlative of "oligarchy;" and the author must have been guided by a vague notion that the letter "p," like a single letter at an electric telegraph station, meant a great deal,—that this affix distinguished the "multitude" from the "few," and, in fact, spoke volumes. Perhaps, however, the Greek substantive in this compound is assumed to be, not *πολις*, but *πολις*.

of 1846 to have been 129,000. We assume this, therefore, to have been the maximum up to that year; after which the Irish famine introduced an entirely different incentive to any that had existed before. We find, then, from Sir Archibald's own figures, adduced in support of his "obvious" theory, that, during the *seven years preceding* the Reform Act, emigration had increased by more than *four hundred per cent.*; while, during the *fourteen years succeeding* it, it had increased by only *twenty-five per cent.*!

If we turn to volume VI. we shall find another judgment—the dissolution of Lord Melbourne's Government in 1841, which was produced by—the Reform Act! It would be unjust, even to Sir A. Alison, to pass over that portion of his thirty-eighth chapter, which is entitled, "Reflections on the Fall of the Whigs," as it seems to be regarded as the retributive vindication of the wrongs of the old constitution.

"Thus fell the government of the Whigs, and fell never again to rise. The Liberal or movement party have been in power, indeed, for the greater part of the subsequent period, and to all appearance, they are destined for a long period to hold the reins. But the Liberal party is very different from the old Whig party—much more opposed to it than ever the Tory had been. . . . But the case is very different with the Liberals, who, since the fall of the Whigs, have succeeded them in the administration of affairs. The proof of this is decisive: it is to be found in *their* [whose?] legislative acts. *They* [Whigs or Liberals?] have been obliged to substitute favour to the Roman Catholics for the stern hostility of the Revolution; Free Trade, for the protective system, which for a century and a half had regulated their policy," etc.—Vol. vi., p. 447.

Assuming that the author here alludes to the Whigs, in spite of the obscurity of his grammar, are even the statements of fact, from which these opinions are drawn, historically accurate? The whole argument is, of course, based on the assumption, that the Whigs are a race of odious oligarchs, as obscure in intellect as they are rapacious in disposition. They are assumed to be incapable of originating, in fact even of inculcating, any political truths; and it appears to be set down as a proposition too obvious to be argued, that their concessions have been made invariably to pressure, and never consequently to justice. This might be a matter on which Sir Archibald would be entitled to his own opinion, did he not himself furnish us with the means for its decisive confutation. He fixes 1841 as the date of the definitive cessation of the Whig power. The return of the Whigs to power in 1846 he considers as virtually the installation of the Liberals.

Now, Sir A. Alison has taken for his examples the questions of the Roman Catholics and the Corn Laws. Any instance of favour to the Roman Catholics, and of disfavour towards the Corn

Laws, dating previously to 1841, therefore must be assumed to be the result, not of pressure, but of justice or foresight. Does not Sir Archibald remember that the Whigs retired from office in 1807, in one of the most critical junctures of the war, because they were unable to carry Catholic Emancipation? Does he not remember also that, in a far earlier period, Mr Burke lost his election for Bristol, through his advocacy of that very Free Trade with Ireland, which the author has elsewhere described as the chief instrument of the agricultural productiveness of that country before the famine of 1846?

The great discovery, however, that the fall of the Whigs was brought about by the Reform Bill, is attained by means of three classes of figures, each of which flatly contradicts the other. Let us compare, or rather contrast, in this 38th chapter, Sir A. Alison, sec. 57, with Sir A. Alison, sec. 60, and with Sir A. Alison, sec. 61. *First* :—

“The result of the contest was more favourable to the Conservatives than their most sanguine supporters had anticipated; for it showed a majority in the whole United Kingdom of 76 in favour of Sir R. Peel. In England, the Conservative majority was 104, which was reduced to 76 by a Liberal majority of 9 in Scotland, and 19 in Ireland. A striking proof how much greater and more lasting had been the change worked in the two latter countries by the Reform Bill than the former—[*Quære*, ‘than in the former’].”—*Sec. 57.*

Secondly,

“The result of the elections in 1841, when 220 borough members in the United Kingdom were on the Liberal side, and only 181 on the Conservative, while in the counties 181 were on the Conservative and only 72 on the Liberal, proves how completely he [Earl Grey] was mistaken,” etc.—*Sec. 60.*

Thirdly,

“Even in the election of 1841, when the Conservatives for a period obtained the majority, it was by the aid of a majority of 58 in Ireland and Scotland that the Liberals were enabled to make head at all against the majority of 129 against them in England.”—*Sec. 61.*

Now, what possible theory can Sir Archibald concoct out of such contradictions? In the *first* quotation, he tells us that the Conservative majority in England was 104, and the Liberal majority, in Scotland and Ireland together, was 28—the result being an aggregate majority for the Conservatives of 76. (How, then, did the first division of this House give a Conservative majority of 91? But that is less important.)—In the *third* quotation, he says that the Liberal majority in Scotland and Ireland was, not 28, but 53—or nearly double: and that the Conservative majority in England was, not 104, but 129. The

result, it is true, is in either case 76 ; but it is therefore, on that very account, in either case wrong ; inasmuch as the division gave a majority of 91. If we recur to the *second* quotation, we find that the Conservative members mustered 220 added to 181, or 401 ; and that the Liberal members mustered 181 added to 72, or 253. On this computation, therefore, the Conservatives were in an aggregate majority of 148 !

Now then for the "mistake" of the late Lord Grey :—

"The deficit in the revenue, which weighed so heavily upon them [the Whig Ministers], and *was the immediate cause of their fall*, arose indeed from the monetary system, for which they had been the first to contend, but which had been latterly cordially accepted by their opponents, and sanctioned by an unanimous vote of the House of Commons.—*The real cause of their overthrow is to be found in the constitution of Parliament which they themselves had forced upon their Sovereign, and the fatal mistake committed by Earl Grey in supposing that the boroughs, returning three-fifths of the entire representation of the United Kingdom, would fall under the dominion of the territorial magnates in their vicinity, because the nomination boroughs had hitherto done so.* The result of the elections in 1841, when 220 borough members in the United Kingdom were on the Liberal side, and only 181 on the Conservative, while in the counties 181 were on the Conservative and only 72 on the Liberal, proves how completely he was mistaken in his anticipations, and how utterly erroneous was his opinion, *that the change was aristocratic in its tendency.* The result proves that the Whigs put themselves into Schedule A as completely by the Reform Bill, as they fondly flattered themselves they had put their opponents."—Vol. vi., pp. 448–49.

Sir A. Alison has not quite made up his mind what the cause of the dissolution of the Melbourne Ministry was ; and it strikes us that this ambiguity is rather fatal to the whole hypothesis. We are told that "the immediate cause" was "the monetary system ;" but that "the real cause" was "the constitution of Parliament." The only explanation of this apparent inconsistency is, that "the real cause" was the *indirect* cause, as distinguished from the "immediate," which was the monetary system. But even this charitable solution inverts the whole genealogy of our political disasters, as they are chronicled by Sir Archibald ; for he tells us that the "monetary system" produced the "constitution of Parliament," and was, in fact, the basis of our whole edifice of perdition. The author would therefore, by this construction—which strikes us as the only alternative of nonsense—make children of fathers, and fathers of children.

But, with reference to the alleged "mistake" of the late Lord Grey, it happens that Lord Grey never said anything of the kind. It is perfectly monstrous to put such expressions into his

mouth; and, what is more, they are directly contradicted by Lord Grey's own words, *which Sir Archibald himself quotes in volume IV.* Let us compare the two statements:—

Late Earl Grey's speech, April 9, 1832 (Parl. Deb., vol. xii., p. 23):—

"How stands the argument with respect to the agricultural interest? I am prepared to contend that the 144 county members of England [Wales excluded] will belong to that interest, and that, of the 264 old borough members, there will be as large a proportion as ever in favour of the landed proprietors. [Sir A. Alison's italics.] There will remain, then, the 64 new members; and even should the whole of these fall to the lot of the manufacturing and commercial interests, it will be a share to which those interests will be justly entitled."—Vol. iv., p. 382.

Repeated quotation from the text:—
"Fatal mistake committed by Earl Grey, in supposing that the boroughs, returning three-fifths of the entire representation of the United Kingdom, would fall under the dominion of the territorial magnates in their vicinity, because the nomination boroughs had hitherto done so. The result proves . . . how utterly erroneous was his opinion, that the change was aristocratic in its tendency."—Vol. vi., p. 449.

Our readers can now judge between the statesman and his critic, who builds up this tower of straws, and knocks it down so triumphantly. No man in his senses could suppose anything so absurd, as that the boroughs which were preserved *because* they were vitally distinct from those which were suppressed, and the boroughs which were created anew with a yet more vital distinction, would follow the same principle of election as the suppressed boroughs. The late Lord Grey expressly contemplated *the sixty-four new members falling to the lot of the manufacturing and commercial interests.* Neither does he even suppose for an instant, as Sir A. Alison represents him to do, that the 264 old borough seats will be under aristocratic influence. He predicts simply, that the relation of aristocratic to democratic influence, in the securing of those 264 seats, will not undergo change. This is an intelligible proposition; and certainly, if there be even any approximate truth in Sir Archibald's assertion, that, in 1841, not less than 181 borough members of the United Kingdom—Scotland and Ireland being, as he says, chiefly hostile to the Conservatives—were on the Conservative side, the prediction of the late Lord Grey may be presumed to have been strikingly verified. The assertion, that that statesman regarded "the change as aristocratic in its tendency," is such an abuse of terms as hardly to merit notice. Any one would suppose that the Reform Act had been the measure of Lords Eldon and Londonderry themselves. When the late Lord Grey said that that Act was an "aristocratic measure," he implied very truly, that it sanctioned a prominent provision for aristocratic interests. The

Conservatives themselves have so far come round to this opinion, as to follow the leadership of one of Lord Grey's Secretaries of State. But no sensible person, if he reflect for an instant, can possibly imagine of another, that he regarded the *tendency of the change* as aristocratic.

But, waiving all this—even if the author's figures were consistent, and his criticism on Lord Grey were just—how does he imagine that he proves that the fall of Lord Melbourne's Ministry was produced by Parliamentary Reform? He says that there were many more Liberal than Conservative members returned for boroughs in the general election of 1841; and (as far as we can understand him) that, because the Government had this borough majority, therefore they were defeated!

It is from this high point of logical superiority that Sir A. Alison looks down, with a dignified compassion, on "the ruin of the old world." This catastrophe is traced to the measures immediately following the peace of 1815, and originating, as we cannot forget, from the very statesmen who, up to that period, are lauded for their policy. For Sir Archibald, in the next paragraph, which is headed "Vicissitudes and ceaseless chain of events in human affairs," takes care to remind us, that the Treaty of Vienna did *not* bring creation to a stand-still; that we "*forget* that, in real life, events grow in a perpetual chain, and share in the undying succession of the human race;" and, in fact, that the generals and diplomatists of 1815 did not conclude the drama of the Revolution, like the characters in Othello. It must be peculiarly satisfactory to the Tory party to learn that, according to the dictum of their great champion, the authors of "the ruin of England" were, *not* the late Lord Grey and his friends, but that the authors of the ruin of England were, Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, Mr Vansittart, and Mr Peel!

We now turn to Continental affairs. In either of the two histories of Sir A. Alison, the French Revolution is the starting point of his foreign politics. The two last chapters of his earlier history (vol. xiv., c. 95 and c. 96) are especially devoted to a retrospective survey of the influence of this event on the drama of the whole subsequent period. This edition, be it observed, is dated 1850, and bears the mark of a large revision.

The author's view of the actual condition of society and land in France, although we cannot commend his essays upon other nations, appears to us a just one. His remarks on the evil of territorial subdivision are generally true; his view of the condition of the Gallican Church is, in most respects, as correct as it is lamentable; and his statement of the backwardness of agriculture we can corroborate from our own experience in several

distinct parts of the country. But when we ascend from these facts to their causes, or pass to the effects of great events, we must find fault with him again. Let us, for instance, take the following statement of the *international* effects of the Revolution :—

“It would require volumes to portray the whole effects of the French Revolution, and the wars arising out of it, on the moral, social, and political state of France and the adjoining nations. The time has not yet come when they can be *designated* with perfect certainty,—this *designation* of them being free from error. The *ultimate* effects of all great changes in human affairs do not appear *for a considerable time after they occur* (!) ; and it is from mistaking the first consequences for the last results, that not the least errors in the deductions from history have arisen. Some of the *effects* are evident on the mere surface of affairs. The power of Russia had been immensely increased *during* the struggle. A dangerous supremacy had been given to the northern nations in the arbitrement of the affairs of Europe. The Cossacks had learnt the road to Paris ; the Germans had come again, as in the days of Cæsar, in multitudes to cross the Rhine ; Poland had disappeared from among the nations ; Prussia had risen from a second to a first-rate power, and contained within itself the elements of more rapid increase than any states in Europe.”—Vol. xiv., c. 121.

We say nothing of the italicised truism ; and we say nothing of the looseness of the logic which assumes that an event occurring “*during*” a struggle was the “*effect*” of that struggle. But does the assumption, in this instance, fall in with the fact ? Was Russia greatly increased in power during this struggle ? —and if so, was the increase caused by the struggle ? The European encroachments of that empire had been made upon Sweden, Poland, and Turkey. The conquest of Finland had already been virtually made before the Peace of Abo, in 1743. The constitution of the Tauric provinces of Turkey into an independent state, had been the work of the Treaty of Kainardji in 1774. Their subsequent incorporation into the Russian empire was in 1783. All but the last partition of Poland preceded the war of the Revolution ; and that last partition was not connected with it. The same may be said of the treaties of Sistova and Jassy. More than all, Austria and Russia had entered into an alliance, in 1787, for the partition of Turkey ; and it was this very Revolution, more than the alliance of Great Britain and Prussia, that in all probability prevented its accomplishment. We have therefore, previously to 1814, little more to account for—if territory be the index of power, which with Russia it is usually assumed to be—than the Peace of Slobojæ in 1807, and the Peace of Bucharest in 1812. And whatever were the territorial concessions of Turkey to Russia in the latter treaty, it may be assumed that they would have been much

greater, had not the French invasion of Russia compelled the latter power to make peace with Turkey.

We have all these considerations to set against the acquisition of the Duchy of Warsaw. Thus far we have dealt with matters of opinion. But when we turn to vol. II., p. 114, we find Sir A. Alison broadly asserting, as a matter of fact, that Russia has "consolidated her power in Georgia and the Caucasus," and "incorporated Moldavia and Wallachia!"

Let us, however, glance at Sir A. Alison's view of the social results of the Revolution upon France itself. He ascribes to that Revolution the setting aside of the territorial aristocracy, in government as well as in landholding, and the subdivision of the soil. Hence he draws his great moral against "Poligarchies!" Now, if his political philosophy depend upon the accuracy of these two assumptions, we can only say that it is in a most unfortunate predicament; for either assumption happens to be equally erroneous. The errors, it is true, are not proportionate to the importance of the subjects to which they relate, for the subsequent work of M. de Tocqueville (although his discoveries have been enormously exaggerated in this country) has gone far to clear our knowledge of what was done by the Revolution, and of what was done by the last age of the Bourbon rule. Therefore we will merely say, that Sir Archibald has accepted loose notions, which have been floating in the brain of every superficially educated person in the country, without investigating, or even deeply thinking. But we cannot say this little of the following statement:—

"To such marvellous and unforeseen results has an overruling Providence conducted the *convulsions consequent on the scepticism of Voltaire*, and the *changes emanating from the dreams of Rousseau!*"—Vol. xiv., p. 297.

This is the longest exploded vulgarity of all that have attached to the French Revolution. It would be far more rational to say that Tom Moore and Lord Byron produced the Reform Act. If Sir Archibald had thought for one moment, before he incorporated such a wild theory into a "History of Europe," in what manner literature could so work upon the political and religious prepossessions of a whole people, he would, we imagine, have acknowledged that the effect could be produced only by complete organization through successive generations. It is clear that the mind of the people must have been prepared by the irreligious example of civil or sacerdotal superiors, and the increasing tendency to irreligion of more than one previous generation, on the one hand, and by the immorality and oppression of the laws, on the other, before the immediate influence of

individual writings could be appreciable on the mass of society. At any rate, the *fact* is clear, that this religious and political alienation had been long in progress,—that the territorial aristocracy were shorn of their rights, not by an insurrectionary people, but by the government of their legitimate sovereign,—that the *new* subdivision of the soil arose under the monarchy,—and that the grinding oppression of king and noble continually fanned the democratic flame, of which the subdivision of the soil was itself a reciprocal evidence.

We entirely acquiesce in Sir A. Alison's view of the Revolution itself: we readily concur that, as it was perhaps the greatest, so it was certainly the most hideous event of the modern age. But what we do say is, that it is in the last degree unphilosophical to throw the blame of the events which have transpired in France since 1789 to the principle of revolution (as distinguished from a full comprehension of the policy antecedent to the fact of revolt). It has been long as clear from external evidence, as it has always been apparent from internal probability, that that blame must fall on the antecedent principle of misgovernment, and that the people were demoralized, un-Christianized, and revolutionized, by the brutalizing sense of daily oppression, and example of crime. These "*Histories of Europe*" entirely overlook the truth, that a vicious despotism is liable to produce equal evils with a communistic Republic.

Elsewhere Sir A. Alison has his fling at the principle of liberty in another shape. "*Mankind*," he tells us, "do not escape government by revolution: they merely change their rulers." And he cites, in evidence of this assertion, the despotism erected by Robespierre in succession to that of the Bourbon kings; as though he deemed he could make an induction on such a premise. This reflection, indeed, appears to give infinite satisfaction to Sir Archibald. It is rather an inconsistency, however, that he has been continually asserting our Reform Act to have been a revolution, and has as regularly been bemoaning the overthrow of "*rulers*" in consequence. In fact, he tells us in his chapter on the Reform Bill, in significant italics, that with that measure "*the ruling power passed away from the realm of England*;" and he considers us to have been in a condition of qualified anarchy during the last twenty-five years.

Again, he moralises in these terms on the Revolutions of 1848:—

"What have been the effects of this great triumph of the revolutionary principle in the principal states of Continental Europe? . . . the Lombard rose up against the German; the Bohemian against the Austrian; the Magyar against both. The revolutionists of Prussia invaded Denmark; those of Piedmont, Austria; those of Ireland, England."—Vol. xiv., p. 218.

So far as our own country is concerned, these mighty "effects of this great triumph of the revolutionary principle" were comprehended in an assembly of Irish democrats on Kennington Common, and in a squabble in an Irish cabbage garden. With respect to the other nations, the author here commingles all constitutional relations, and ignores all distinctions in the originating principles of these several contests. There is no doubt that the policy of Piedmont was indefensible according to received public law; but inasmuch as the conduct of Prussia towards Denmark was, at all events, no better, he takes care to ascribe the whole movement in the latter case to revolutionists, while it is very well known that the king of Prussia was by no means indisposed to its success. The assertion, that the Magyar rose up against the Austrian, is a misstatement beyond all pardoning; since every one knows that the Magyar rose in defence of his hereditary rights against the usurpation of an alien, who had no more claim to the throne of Hungary, until he had received the suffrages of the people, than Sir Archibald Alison himself. The author compares this noble vindication of right against wrong—of law against force—with the assemblage of a mob dispersed by a shower of rain, and with a trumpery and seditious scuffle in an Irish cabbage garden!

"And what has resulted from this general triumph of democracy, and universal stirring up of the social passions? Consequences only the most disastrous to the interests of real freedom, and the ultimate happiness of mankind. Austria, well nigh torn to pieces in the struggle, has been saved only by the interposition of Russia: a hundred thousand Muscovites have combated in Hungary, and found there the road to Constantinople. The incapacity of Italy for free institutions has been rendered evident to all the world. Misery unheard of has been spread in Ireland."—P. 218.

Now, does Sir Archibald seriously think that any one—even accepting the whole of his refuted and untenable hypothesis of Irish misery and emigration having been occasioned by the repeal of the Corn Laws—can possibly swallow the anachronism which here refers this misery to the action of the democratic passions instilled from the Continent in 1848, as though with a view of swelling out the list of revolutionary evils? We need not recur to the evidence which implies that that misery was the result of the industrial dislocation involved in the Irish famine: for the two dates coincide: the repeal (though it did not come into immediate force) was carried in 1846, two years before these Continental revolutions had broken out. With regard to the incapacity of Italy for free institutions, his opinion was hardly warranted in 1850, and certainly will not be accepted in 1857. And as respects the Russians, who in 1849 are said to have "found the road to Constantinople through Hungary," as the re-

sult "of the triumph of democracy," he has already held up to indignation the alliance between France and England for their repulsion from that capital, as itself a glaring instance of democratic passions. The author did not see that these rival tirades went far to neutralize each other.

Sir A. Alison next affords us his explanation of this recurrence of revolutions:—

"It is the principle of HUMAN CORRUPTION. In referring to this principle, it is not meant to assert, as has sometimes been erroneously imagined by divines, that any inherent taint has descended to the human race, from the fall of our first parents, like a hereditary physical disease, independent of their own acting as free agents."—xiv., p. 219.

And the author thence passes into a dissertation upon original sin, which seems not very relevant to the point at issue.

Sir A. Alison must surely have written this as a school-boy, and have introduced it into his history, with something of that egotism of early life which marked Samuel Rogers. No sane man of this generation could think twice over such an obvious proposition; and even if he did, what possible analysis of the evil itself is obtained? Does not "the principle of human corruption" apply to the British people as well as to the French, the German, and the Italian? And how then—if this analysis can go no further than the discovery of this common principle—is it to be explained that we have possessed freedom in the midst of tyranny, and law in the midst of revolution? If the author had shown how far the difference of our social history had been the result of our different polity, and how far of original national character, he would have done something for the philosophy of government. To be sure, he is precluded from this course by his own position, that national character is the result, not of institutions, but of race; forgetting, all the while, that there must have been originally some predisposing cause for the distinction in external life, and that this principle may operate in a civilized as well as in a barbarous state. There is no doubt that character thus originally formed, and maintained by the habits of life which the necessities of the soil or the situation may render durable, is rarely, if ever, destroyed by any change in government; but to assert the proposition broadly, that national character is the result, not of institutions but of race, throws back upon its author the necessity of recognising a species of "sliding scale" in "human corruption," which it would not be easy to institute, and still less to apply.

If we turn to the fifth volume of Sir A. Alison's new history, we shall find a pretty clear solution of this enigma furnished by himself. The twenty-seventh chapter, in that volume, is devoted to a sketch of the constitutional history of Germany, from the

Peace of 1814 to the Revolution of 1848. The author there adverts to the promises of constitutional rights continually held out by the Prussian Government to its subjects; to the public acts of the collective Governments, to a similar effect; and to the violation of the pledges thus given in nearly every instance. His statement on this point is marked by the greatest candour; and his quotations from the acts themselves are made with every fidelity. We most cheerfully make Sir Archibald this acknowledgment; and we do so with the more satisfaction, that it has hitherto been our misfortune to differ with him so frequently. The following passage is remarkable for its justice and moderation:—

“In nations, as individuals, it too often happens that promises made during a period of danger, or under the influence of extraordinary feelings of terror or gratitude, are forgotten when the peril is over, or the period of excitement is past. The selfishness of libertines has invented the infamous maxim, that lovers’ vows are made only to be broken, although many a noble heart and heroic deed has (have?) proved the falsehood of the assertion; but there are, unfortunately, fewer instances of unswerving faith in governments, whether monarchical or democratic. The monarchs of Germany broke faith as completely with the people, who had won for them the victory, after it was gained, as the *Tiers Etat* of France did with the clergy, whose accession had gained them the majority over the privileged orders at the commencement of the Revolution. Ten days after the signature of this solemn act of the Confederation, which guaranteed Parliaments to all the States of Germany, the battle of Waterloo was fought, the independence of the country was secured, and, with the danger, all memory of the promises passed away. The 1st of September came, but no committee met to arrange and settle the organization of the provincial and national representation in Prussia; years elapsed, but nothing was done generally towards the formation of the estates of the realm in any countries of the Confederation.”—*Hist.* 1815–52. Vol. v., pp. 17, 18.

These remarks are a virtual recantation of what has passed before. Surely all this official malversation is a very obvious cause of the German revolutions of 1848. No doubt there was a principle of “human corruption” at work; and Sir Archibald shows very clearly that the scenes of its operation were the Cabinets of the German States. The zeal with which the people came to the succour of their sovereigns in 1813 (if we merely follow the author’s narrative of that period in his former history) indicates that their pervading spirit was a loyal patriotism. How, then, does he account for this revulsion of popular feeling, but by throwing the blame on Government itself?

But our perusal of Sir A. Alison’s works involves very much

what Burns has termed "drops of joy with draughts of ill between." A few pages further on, the author throws the blame upon the German people, for their insurrectionary demonstrations in 1819. It appears, from his own statement, that they waited patiently during four years for these promised political rights; and when Sir Archibald has before criticised the German Courts for not beginning to reform on the 1st of September 1815, he appears to preclude himself from a criticism of those who waited, not *three months* alone, but *four years*. His inconsistency is here very striking. He considers the strong measures of the Congress of Carlsbad (1819) to have been produced (and very truly so) by popular discontent—and he thence assumes that this popular discontent destroyed the hope of political liberty; while he has already shown that the question had been settled in the minds of the German rulers before the discontent arose.

This morbid desire to prove that every revolution has but injured the cause it was designed to befriend, draws the author into many inaccuracies of fact as well as of reasoning. He tells us the same story of the Revolutions of 1830. The following passage betrays a remarkable misconception of the politics of Northern Germany with reference to that event:—

"It is probable, therefore, that the rapid growth of population, wealth, and prosperity in Prussia would have had its usual effect in inducing a struggle for political power much earlier than it actually occurred, were it not for another event which occurred ere long, and for a considerable period totally altered the ideas and prevailing passion of men. That event was the French Revolution of 1830.

"*Calamitous in every quarter to the interests of freedom, that great event was in an especial manner fatal to Teutonic liberty. It gave a new direction to men's minds, and in the end, for a course of years substituted the terror of French conquest for the sturdy spirit of German independence.*"—Vol. v., p. 43.

Is Sir A. Alison aware that every statesman—every merchant—in Germany at this day will concur in referring the "wealth and prosperity of Prussia" during the last quarter of a century, in great degree, to the Prussian Customs League; and that the Prussian Customs League (though shadowed forth indeed in the most vague manner, in a previous and temporary remission of duties) was incontestibly a result of the general movement of 1830? According, therefore, to his own just estimate of the influence of popular wealth on government, this movement must, *pro tanto* at least, have *accelerated Prussian liberty*. The very concession to commercial wishes (and in such this measure arose in a great degree), is in itself not simply an indication, but a

result, of a certain freedom, whether the act were that of a theoretically absolute sovereign, or of a representative Chamber. With regard to the next statement, that this Revolution was "in every quarter calamitous to freedom," and "in an especial manner fatal to Teutonic liberty," as Sir Archibald calls it, can he possibly be unaware that the movement of 1830 gave birth to Constitutional Government in several of the more considerable states of Germany; and that the commercial wealth of Saxony, for instance, was computed in 1848 to have nearly doubled its amount in 1830? It is true that much of this increase may be ascribed (if it can really be dissociated from the legislative action of the Chambers, which did much to secure the inclusion of Saxony into the Zollverein) to the Prussian Customs League— itself, however, according to Sir A. Alison, an indirect element of liberty. "The terror of French conquest," described as enduring for "a course of years," is an equal misstatement: M. de Metternich and M. de Hardenberg soon began to snap their fingers at Louis Philippe, though he was apparently secure upon the French throne within two years after his accession. But if this "terror of French conquest" had continued, nothing would have been more likely, as in 1813, to provoke "the sturdy spirit of German independence!"

When we meet with such misconceptions of the leading relations of German politics, it becomes hardly worth while to point out how little Sir A. Alison has availed himself of the authentic records before the public, which would have enabled him to follow the most important and interesting of the historic negotiations connected with his subject. Thus he devotes a great deal of applause to the Germanic Confederation of 1815. He terms it, rather quaintly, "a sage constitution;" and enumerates its provisions which "received the consent of all parties concerned." Now, in a measure so novel and so important, it would have been interesting to know something of its origin, and to learn how this "consent of all parties" was brought about. If the author had referred to the Castlereagh Correspondence, he would have seen that this "consent of all parties" was the ultimate result of a fierce contention; that the scheme was that of Prince Metternich, and of Prince Metternich alone; that it encountered very strong opposition even at the Austrian Court; and that that minister, after a contest which it is as amusing as it is instructive to read, carried his point against the strong opposition of the Emperor Francis, of Prince Schwarzenberg, and the heads of the Austrian bureaucracy, and finally against the other German Governments. We advert to this, because the fact was not generally known until the publication of one of the later volumes by the late Lord Londonderry; and because it is one of the few

facts connected with the German Confederation which had not been already told by successive historians.

We beg Sir Archibald to understand, that we in no greater degree sympathise with revolutions in the abstract than he does himself. We readily concur with him, that, as a historical fact, the results of many revolutions have done injury to the cause of freedom. We cheerfully acknowledge, also, that the immediate tendency of many has been so strongly anti-social, that the recoil even of military despotism has been preferable beyond comparison to governments, often rather anarchies, which are founded upon them. But we refer that tendency, in nearly every instance, to the impolicy of the previous despotism. And the ill-success of just and intelligent reformers is, to us, matter not of satisfaction, but of sorrow. But the author's view of the uniform action of revolutions is as contracted, as his notion that a national religion and a national polity could be overthrown by the writings of two imaginative indeed, but superficial sceptics.

We will take another subject. What shall it be? We will take Turkey.

Sir A. Alison is by no means at home in Turkey. He is not *au fait* of dates; he enjoys a very limited knowledge of facts in general; he is apt to atone for the original unkindness of the gifts of memory and application by availing himself of that of the imagination; and his deductions occasionally run in an opposite direction to the facts upon which they are based. He tells us, both in the contents page, and in the text at page 491, of the fifth volume, that the date of the Treaty of Adrianople was 1828,—whereas every one knows that, in 1828, the Turkish and Russian power was nicely poised in battle, and that the Treaty of Adrianople was signed in 1829. As a set off against this repetition of a wrong date, he fires three shots at the date of the great Treaty of 1841, hoping, like an indifferent sportsman in chronology, to bring it down between them! At p. 566 of vol. V., he tells us that it was signed on the 13th of March; at p. 105 of vol. VI., that it was signed on the 13th of February; and at p. 107 of the latter volume, that it was signed on the 13th of July. This is not mere carelessness. In the first place, it happens that this treaty was a provision consequent on the *expiration* of the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, which did not expire until the 5th of July; and, as Sir A. Alison declaims so strongly upon the question of this treaty, he might as well have ascertained when its provisions expired. He would then have seen that the Treaty of 1841 could not have been signed either in February or March, because they contravened the stipulations of Hunkiar Skelessi. In mitigation of this error, it must be remembered that Sir Archibald was by no means aware, as we shall see, that

the two treaties did run in opposition to each other; although he only saves his logic at the expense of his learning. In the second place, it was a peculiarity of this treaty, that Lord Palmerston, who went out of office with the Melbourne Ministry, which resigned on the 30th or 31st of August, was fortunate enough to make an entire settlement of the Eastern Question, but just before his retirement.

Now, the neutralization of the Channel of Constantinople, which was the chief provision of the treaty of the 13th of July 1841, and that against which Sir A. Alison's blind invective is directed, has long been a cardinal point in our diplomatic faith. Without appealing, however, either to reason or to precedent, we have a shorter way of meeting Sir Archibald: we shall judge him, as we have judged him before, out of his own mouth.

It is necessary, first, to set the author right with respect to the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, of 1833, where he alludes to our non-interference in that year:—

"Instead of this, what did England do? She *refused succour*, [italics of author, who has just before said that she had no succour to give]; threw the Ottomans into the arms of Russia, who extorted, as the price of her protection, the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi; which converted the Euxine into a Russian lake, and left the forts of the Bosphorus *vis-à-vis* to the bastions of Sebastopol, with a few sail of the line, ill manned, to combat eighteen line-of-battle ships, the skill of whose gunners England so fatally experienced on the ramparts of the Malakoff and the Redan! Thus are nations led to destruction by the want of foresight in the national councils."—Vol. v., p. 568.

We suggest the reading, in lieu of the last sentence,—“Thus are authors brought to destruction for want of knowledge and reflection.”—Is it possible that Sir A. Alison was not aware that this stipulation was merely temporary—having expired, as we have said, on the 5th of July 1841—that on the 13th of the same month, it was replaced by a permanent treaty between Turkey and all the Great Powers, recognising the *exact antithesis* to the principle involved in the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi,—and that from the 13th of July 1841, the Black Sea was no more a Russian lake than it had been prior to 1833, which is the date of all this lugubrious and egotistical foreboding of the fall of the East?

Turn, then, to the criticism on the Treaty of 1841 itself:—

“Unquestionably one set of dangers was obviated by its successful issue; for the authority of the Sultan over Egypt was re-established, and the imminent risk the Ottoman Empire ran after the battle of Konieh removed. But is that the greatest danger that Turkey really ran? Is it from the north or south that its independence is most seriously menaced? Has it nothing to fear from the Northern Colos-

sus, to whom, by this treaty, the Euxine became an inland, inaccessible lake? Undertaken to rescue Constantinople from the perilous exclusive guardianship of Russia, the war left the Sultan tête-à-tête with the Czar in the Black Sea; intended to secure British influence in the Isthmus of Suez, the high-road to India, it left the Pacha bound by strong ties of interest and gratitude to the French government! The terrible war of 1854, intended to open the Euxine to foreign vessels, and terminate the fatal supremacy of Russia in its waters, was the direct consequence of the Treaty of 1841, purchased by the victories of Beyrout and of Acre!"—Vol. v., p. 567.

We would not write with needless discourtesy; but we must tell Sir A. Alison plainly, *that he knows nothing of what he writes.*

1. The Treaty of 13th of July 1841, which is represented as "first recognising the vast concession of the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi," *did just the reverse: it repudiated the concession.* The obnoxious stipulation of Hunkiar Skelessi provided for the closing of the *Dardanelles* against all powers with whom *Russia* might be at war; while it recognised, in practice, the opening of the *Bosporus* to Russia (for Russian aid had already been demanded and obtained). It was, therefore, the effect of this treaty to lay open Constantinople to Russia on the one side, and to preclude, in any danger, the summoning by Turkey of the naval succour of any power whom Russia might choose to ostracise by a hostile declaration. It was the provision of the Treaty of 1841, on the other hand, to close the *Bosporus* against Russia, by reciprocally closing the *Dardanelles* against other powers, so long as Turkey was at peace. The one treaty extended the authority of Russia to the *Ægean*; the other neutralized the whole Channel of Constantinople. Russia (supposing her to be the apprehended or the open enemy) was excluded from the *Bosporus*, by the Treaty of 1841, both in peace and in war: the other Powers, excluded from the *Dardanelles* in peace, were admissible in war by the free suffrage of Turkey.

2. Sir A. Alison speaks of the "Northern Colossus, to whom, by this treaty, the Euxine became an inland, inaccessible lake" [Quotation, Vol. V.]; and of "the Treaty of 13th July 1841, which first recognised as part of the public law of Europe," etc. [Vol. VI., p. 107]. The Treaty of 1841, on the contrary, introduced no fresh principle. It simply re-asserted the immemorial law of the Ottoman Empire. It is certain that the writer can never have read the treaty which he thus criticises, or he would have seen it, at a glance, stated at the very outset, that this was its principle and its aim. If he had ever so little as looked at the Turkish Capitulations, he would have seen that this point had been always reserved. If he had ever read the *Treaty of the Dardanelles*, and known anything of its history, he

would have been aware that this was the treaty between Great Britain and Turkey which the Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi had overruled—which the Treaty of 1841 called again into action, with the concurrence of the Great Continental Powers—and which was negotiated by Sir Robert Adair in 1809, at the instance of the much-belauded Administration, led by the Duke of Portland, and Mr Perceval, and Lord Castlereagh, and Mr Canning!

3. We are told that "the Sultan was left tête-à-tête with the Czar in the Black Sea;" and, again, we find the following intelligent criticism:—

"Lord Palmerston, having succeeded in bringing all Europe into his measures, thought he had secured the independence of the Ottoman Empire, by adopting the Russian Treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, closing the Bosphorus [this is just what that treaty took care not to do] and Dardanelles against foreign vessels of war; forgetting that Russia, with eighteen ships of the line, was already there; and that the only result of his diplomatic triumph was to leave Constantinople, with (?) its fleet destroyed at Navarino, unsupported, vis-à-vis of Sebastopol, with its impregnable bastions and four thousand pieces of canon."—Vol. vi., p. 108.

It seems clear, from this passage, that Sir A. Alison supposes Sebastopol to be on the Bosphorus, and, in all probability, mistakes it for Scutari! [*"Russia was there already"*—on the Dardanelles!] But we promised Sir Archibald to confute him out of his own mouth. The confutation is to be found in the tenth¹ volume of his former history, and at page 445. Unlucky paragraph!

"A broad inland sea, enclosed within impregnable gates, gives its navy [i.e., the Turkish] the extraordinary advantage of a safe place for pacific exercise and preparation; narrow and winding straits, on either side of fifteen or twenty miles in length [they happen to be sixteen on one side, and seventy on the other], crowned by heights forming natural castles, render this matchless metropolis impregnable to all but land forces!"

Here we take leave of Sir A. Alison on Turkey, with the friendly advice, that, before he favours the world with his threatened history of the late war in the East of Europe, he should

¹ Edition of 14 vols., already quoted from. 1850. Chap. 69, on Turkey. Among other curiosities in contradiction, there are two distinct accounts of Constantinople, each opposite to the other, and both irreconcilable with the truth. These are to be found respectively in vol. x., p. 445 (*Old Hist.*), and vol. iii., p. 38 (*New Hist.*). The latter speaks of the "charming suburb of Galata," which we visited shortly before the late war broke out, and formed a widely different opinion of.

acquaint himself a little with the geography of that region; and that, if he were less absolutely ignorant of the leading historic relations of Turkey with the Great Powers, he would also be less flippant in his criticisms of the policy of the most accomplished statesman of Europe. It is certainly rather humiliating to find one's self the dupe of one's own inconceivable self-confidence, after assuming such a majestic superiority—not, indeed, over Lord Palmerston alone, but over such statesmen also as Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and Lord Clarendon (who, in 1841, were his colleagues in the administration)—over the astute M. Guizot, and the wary and anti-Russian M. de Metternich—and over statesmen, in the English Opposition, of the insight and sagacity of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen.

Let us turn to the chapters which treat of Spain. Sir A. Alison favours us with a long statement of the condition of that country. Now, if a historian design to describe the condition of a country at such length, he should do so with fidelity. We are speaking, not of its transient, but of its permanent characteristics, which must hold as true now as they did in 1820. And we say (if we may speak on personal authority), that much of this description of Spain is a grotesque caricature. But, as this is a defect of less moment on the part of a historian, we will pass to historical subjects.

Take the question, for instance, of the French invasion of Spain in 1823, and of the recognition of the South American Republics. Sir Archibald is fond of paradox, and the paradox is not always very defensible. That which is set up on this occasion is, that the French invasion of Spain *was* justifiable, and that our intervention in South America *was not*. The author's proposition is stated as follows:—

“No doubt can now remain that the French invasion of Spain, against which public feeling in this country was so strongly excited at the time, was not only a wise measure on the part of the Bourbon Government, but fully justifiable on the best principles of international law. The strength of this case is to be found, not in the absurdity and peril of the Spanish constitution, or even the imminent hazard to which it exposed the royal family in that country, and the entire liberties and property of the country, it is to be found in the violent inroads which the Spanish revolutionists, *and their allies to the north of the Pyrenees*, were making on France itself, and the extreme hazard to which its institutions were exposed in consequence of their machinations.”—Hist., 1815–52, vol. ii., p. 788.

This, then, is the case on behalf of France; and it is a novelty to argue with Sir Archibald on international law. Now, the law of intervention, stated broadly, is pretty clear in theory, al-

though it is often a very nice question to demark right and wrong in its application. If the independence or the *vital interests* of one state are so threatened by another, as to render intervention an act of self-preservation, the right is clear. Let us take, first, the theory, and then the facts, on which this intervention proceeded. Sir A. Alison assumes it to have been the spontaneous act of the French Government in defence of its national interests. If he will refer to the records of the Congress of Verona, he will find that this intervention proceeded on the authority of the Holy Alliance, of which France made herself the instrument. This surely involves an important distinction in the right of intervention; and the act of the French Government was no more immediately based on the theory of special interest, than the Austrian intervention in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which proceeded on the authority of the Congresses of Laybach and Troppau (1820 and 1821), without even the fact of territorial proximity to support the plea of "self-preservation." The illegal assumptions of the Holy Alliance thus *indirectly subtracted from the legal privileges of each component State*, and went far to bar the plea of self-preservation, which would otherwise at any rate have been plausible. Waiving, however, this difficulty in the theory of intervention, what were its grounds? Sir A. Alison tells us that they were to be found, not simply in the conduct of the Spanish revolutionists, but in that of *the subjects of the King of France in his own territory*.

But the counterpart of the proposition—the justification of our interference in South America—remains:—

"What was the justification of this armed and powerful intervention? Was the freedom of England menaced by the re-establishment of Spanish authority in South America? Confessedly it was not: the hope of commercial advantages—the vision of a vast trade with the insurgent states, was the ruling motive. But commercial advantages will not constitute legal right, or vindicate acts of injustice, any more than the acquisition of provinces will justify an unprovoked invasion. It sounds well to say you will call a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old; but if that new world is to be carved out of the dominions of an allied and friendly power, it is better to leave it to itself."—Pp. 739, 740.

Now, the whole of this statement proceeds upon a false parallel between France and England. The author argues as though the French Government did one thing, and the English Government another. The decisive intervention of England was that of *individuals*, in opposition to the views of their Government. The author's sneer at Mr Canning, who is designated in

the passage with regard to "the new world," is answered by himself. Thus he says (p. 716):—

"But be the intervention of England in South America justifiable or unjustifiable, nothing is more certain than that neither its merit nor its demerit belongs to Mr Canning. The independence of Columbia was decided by a charge of British bayonets on the field of Carabobo, on the 14th of June 1821, more than a year before Mr Canning was called to the Foreign Office."

It is possible that Mr Canning's language may not have been justified by his share in the transaction. But it is clear from Sir A. Alison's own statement, that before the *recognition* of independence in South America, which *was* the work of Mr Canning, and the first direct act of the British Government, *individuals* had decided the whole question in fact. And with regard to the author's stricture on the repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, he elsewhere himself quotes Lord Castlereagh's statement, that British officers engaging in the South American revolt would forfeit their commissions. Whatever leaning, therefore, the British Government may naturally have entertained towards the emancipation of South America from the worst rule that this century has seen, it is clear that Sir A. Alison's position involves, virtually as well as theoretically, a comparison between a government and a body of individuals, upon which no legal argument can be founded.

Let us see, too, how the author reasons out this proposition by analogy:—

"England saw very clearly the iniquity of this insidious mode of proceeding when it was applied to herself, when Louis XVI. allowed covert succours to the American insurgents to sail from the French harbours, and the Americans sent some thousand sympathisers to aid the Canadian revolt in 1837. She loudly denounced it when the Americans allowed an expedition to sail from New Orleans, in 1852, to revolutionize Cuba; and she exclaimed against the Irish democrats who permitted the French Revolutionary Government, in 1848, to recognise a Hibernian Republic in the Emerald Isle. But what were the two last, but following her example?"—P. 740.

When the author passes from a legal proposition to a moral grievance—and from looking upon a government and an individual as essentially the same, to dealing with the feelings and sentiments of an interested nation—he of course entirely changes his ground. There is no doubt that Spain, not alive probably to the extent of her colonial misrule, had a fair pretext to feel aggrieved that her misfortunes did not gain sympathy from the British Government. But when we come to Sir A. Alison's

precedents, by which the extent of the grievance is to be tested, we find the obliquity of the author's reasoning such as could hardly escape a school-boy. As he speaks of the "*two last*" illustrations as his parallels, we imagine he designs to exempt the *two former* from the ordeal of analysis. We will content ourselves, therefore, with what is given us. With regard to Cuba, is he aware, either that the American expedition to that island was a spontaneous aggression, not proceeding from any antecedent fact of revolt upon the part of the Cuban subjects of Spain; or that the object of that expedition was avowedly one, not of delivering and making free, but of subjugating and incorporating into the state of the invading people? With regard to Ireland, does he imagine it to be the same thing (waiving all distinction between good and bad government) for the Spanish Crown to complain that subjects of the British Crown have aided the disaffection of its colonists, that it is for the British Crown to denounce the disloyalty of its own subjects?

Sir A. Alison's remarks upon the existing principle of succession to the Spanish Crown are still more inconsiderate and indiscriminative. We revert to his view of the results of the Anglo-French alliance of 1830, in reference to Spain. He tells us in the first volume:—

"The Orleans family continued firmly, and to all appearance permanently, settled upon the throne of France. Belgium was revolutionized, torn from the monarchy of the Netherlands, and the Cobourg family seated on its throne; *the monarchies of Spain and Portugal were overturned, and a revolutionary dynasty of Queens placed upon their thrones, in direct violation of the Treaty of Utrecht*; while in the east of Europe the last remains of Polish nationality were extinguished on the banks of the Vistula. *Durable interests were overlooked, ancient alliances broken, long-established rivalries forgotten, in the fleeting passions of the moment.*"—P. 8.

We have no concern with any but the Spanish Question; and shall turn from the other instances with the remark, that so far as they bear upon Sir Archibald's theory of the aggregate loss of freedom resulting from a revolution, the author presents us in this picture (independently of Spain and Portugal) with *two* monarchical states which gained constitutional government under the revolutions of 1830, as a set-off against *one* which lost it, and whose population barely reached one-sixth of the combined population of France and Belgium. Perhaps, moreover, the constitutional history of the latter state may now be allowed to form some evidence of the foundation of its government in a "*durability of interest.*"

But, with regard to the Spanish succession, the tender care

with which Sir A. Alison handles the work of Mr Harley and Lord Bolingbroke, in the altered relations of the State, is somewhat amusing. That the champion of kingly freedom and conservative tradition should characterize in such glowing terms that stipulation of the Treaty of Utrecht which introduced a direct innovation into the constitutional law of Spain, and offered a slight to the national independence, was hardly to have been anticipated. Yet such is the fact. It is far from our design to criticise the policy of the provision in this treaty which excluded from the throne the female descendants of Philip V. When Sunderland and Godolphin had withdrawn, and St John and Harley had resolved to compromise the question of the succession in Spain, such an exclusion was necessary to prevent a repetition of the expedient under which Louis XIV. had gained the virtual dominion of the Peninsula. This provision, dictated by expediency, was, therefore, a violation of the most cherished traditions of Spain, and a slur upon its independence.

Why, then, Sir Archibald should have expected such a revolutionary provision long to survive the exigency that could alone have given it birth, we can no more imagine than why he should cherish the memory of a constitutional innovation and a national slight, which, had he but lived a century ago, would surely have been the theme of his most vehement invective. If he would refer to our own constitutional records three centuries ago, he would see that it was made high treason to declare that the Queen and Parliament could not alter the succession to the throne of England. So far as the conduct of the Spanish court itself is concerned, it may be presumed that we should ourselves have resented, on the death of William IV., any provision, previously enforced upon us by a congress of belligerents, which excluded from the throne the female descendants of the Princess Sophia of Hanover. And, so far as the Anglo-French alliance of 1830 is concerned, when the last exercise of kingly power in Spain repudiated the stipulation of the Congress of Utrecht, under a manifest difference in the circumstances of the succession (whatever were the intrigue by which the change was immediately brought about), it is hard to suppose that any moral obligation for the maintenance of the stipulation of 1713 remained in force, on the part of the two great Powers which had been most directly interested in the settlement of that year, when there was a clear presumption that this change in the succession consulted the national benefit. And although the hopes entertained of Spain, on the cessation of the civil war, have unfortunately not been realised, perhaps even Sir A. Alison himself, who glosses over the mediæval atrocities of the reign of Ferdinand VII., will not have the hardihood to affirm that the subse-

quent sufferings of Spain are to be compared with the military and sacerdotal tyranny which Don Carlos was ready to uphold. He will acknowledge, too, that of those subsequent sufferings, since the civil war was ended, nearly all have been experienced, not from the legitimate Queenites, but under the shadow of the Carlist power, and in the specious title of a Moderado policy. He will acknowledge also that that ecclesiastical spoliation, which he may justly deplore, was introduced, *not* by the Progresista party, but by the Moderado or semi-Carlist chiefs, during the existence of the Estatuto Real.

It has already been observed, that Sir A. Alison's narrative of the Revolutionary War, in his previous work, is by much to be preferred to his politics of the Peace in the subsequent history. There is in the former, very happily, less room for political reflections. "So many conquerors' cars were daily driven," that the narrative, either of negotiation or of military events, kept the writer's pen pretty well occupied in sublunary subjects. His histories of the German and Peninsular campaigns have been nearly as much criticised as his narrative of the campaign of 1815. It would hardly serve any purpose to revert to these questions at length; and public opinion is nearly agreed that Sir Archibald's history of the *German* campaigns of Napoleon is, upon the whole, tolerably accurate, especially as it advances. The author has had access to German documents of authority. This incident of advantage over some other writers, is, however, qualified by the apprehension that an author, who in his new work quotes statistics in the slap-dash sort of way that we have evinced—and quotes them, too, with a truly laudable impartiality, in the face of his own directly opposite theories—may nevertheless not be precluded from falling into grave error. In proportion as the drama of Napoleon's wars advances, the contemporary records appear to increase in authenticity as well as in number. The public are therefore more critical and more exacting as the period proceeds. With reference to the German campaign of 1813, the most reliable statement, so far as the Allies are concerned, is the history of that campaign by the late Marquess of Londonderry, then Sir Charles Stuart. Lord Londonderry was alternately at the camp and at the court; and he had better opportunities, not simply than any other writer, but than any other general or diplomatist in Germany, of knowing what happened at all points. His narrative, too, is written with a succinctness, and an absence of theorising, which Sir A. Alison would have done well to imitate. Between it and Sir Archibald's there are, however, important discrepancies, especially in the worthy baronet's favourite domain of figures. We will not go so far as to say that he sees double on these points; but

he frequently over-rates the forces engaged on either side. This observation holds true, not only as against Lord Londonderry's history, but as against several other authorities. To speak generally, however, it may be assumed that where Sir A. Alison quotes the German authorities on the German side of the questions at issue, or quotes such English authorities as Sir Robert Adair for 1806, or Lord Londonderry for 1813, he may be relied on, if exact accuracy be not required.

But it is singular that where he deals with our own share in the military annals of this period, so much cannot be said. For the Peninsular War, Sir William Napier's history is, and we suspect always will be, our standard, even if a future generation of Frenchmen do not accept his testimony as implicitly as ourselves. That much of Sir A. Alison's account of the Peninsular War not only contradicts that by Sir W. Napier, but that it contradicts even the Wellington dispatches, which Colonel Gurwood had published at all events before Sir Archibald had arrived at the era of the Peninsular War, is too well known to require any illustration. That his narrative of 1815, though patched up and ingeniously defended in each successive edition, remains an essential fiction, is equally notorious. We shall not attempt to drag our readers through a detailed criticism of Sir A. Alison's narrative of the campaigns of Vimiera, Oporto, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onoro, Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo. The mistakes which pervade the detail of each campaign are the result sometimes of carelessness, and sometimes of entire misconception. Occasionally they are absolutely absurd; and that an annalist of the Peninsular War should gravely assert, as Sir Archibald does in the very title of chap. 68, vol. x., that the British campaign of Salamanca, in 1812, was the Duke of Wellington's *first campaign in Spain*, will hardly be believed by any one who does not refer to his work for a corroboration of our statement. The edition of his history of the French Revolutionary War from which we have quoted, dates from 1850; and it is, we believe, the latest. Even in this edition but a small proportion of the errors which had been before the public during ten or fifteen years have been retrieved; and we are almost forced to suppose that one who is so indifferent to accuracy, is also indifferent to reputation. In this respect, Sir A. Alison reminds us of a saying quoted by Blackstone, "that a man may keep poisons in his closet, but that he may not publicly vend them as cordials." This, however, is a restriction which Sir Archibald has the hardihood to break through. His adherence to the most manifest errors, in fact, is as tenacious and as dogged, as his assertion of disproved and exploded opinions in his new history.

But there are some matters of political philosophy discussed in the author's former history, and especially in the fourteenth volume, which bear a closer relation to his new work. These, we take it, are his most finished and erudite thoughts; for they are to be found in chapters ninety-five and ninety-six, which bear the mark of a wide revision that is not condoned to chapters involving the lustre of our military arms.

Sir Archibald has a theory, which is propounded at great length in Vol. XIV., "of the final cause of war," and which is asserted to be "the purification of mankind." It is an idiosyncrasy in the philosophy of the author, that all his theories are, as it were, *self-existent* in his own mind: that is to say, he does not draw theories from facts; but he asserts facts on the basis of theories. He makes the most unfounded and extravagant misstatements in general history, which are not to be submitted to question, because they conform to the GREAT DOGMA with which his argument has set out. Thus he asserts that war is only increased by democratic ascendancy; and thenceforth he sweeps down the cardinal facts of European history into conformity with his proposition. Let us take a few examples. Of the affairs of 1848 we read,—

"And the first effect of the French Revolution of 1848 was to light up the flames of war— . . . to arm the *Muscovite* against the *Magyar*, and drench Europe in blood, to be stayed only by the triumph of the aristocratic principle, at least in the first stage of the contest."—P. 265.

As we have no right to question the sincerity of any man, we can but say that this is one of many passages which stamp Sir Archibald Alison as the most ill-informed person of the events of which he writes that we ever met with. Can it, however, be possible that he is ignorant that the Magyar cause was the aristocratic cause at issue in the Hungarian war?—that nearly the whole titled nobility, and the whole untitled nobility, were ranged upon its side?—that the judicial murders of the Austrian Government were the murders, not of democrats, but of ancient magnates?—that its constitution was the purest aristocracy which this century has seen?—that the "*Muscovite*" differed from the "*Magyar*," as a modern despotism differs from an ancient oligarchy?—that, so far as the difference of "democratic" and "aristocratic triumph" was concerned, the triumph (a negative one, to be sure) was that of the Slavonian democratic peasantry?

But more. In the third volume of the later history, the author tells us (p. 238) that "it is a markworthy circumstance, that all the serious wars in Europe, between 1815 and 1830, have been wars between the Christians and the Mohammedans." In order to make out this proposition, he is under the unfortunate neces-

sity of raking up all our wars in India during this period, which he has himself, with a rare infelicity, determined prior by two years to "the popular revolution!" The recounting of all these wars in India, in his sixth volume, is nearly interminable. Finally, it is a somewhat novel theory to class the pacific colonization of territories—such as Australia, which *we already possessed*—among the instances of "*aggressive propensities*," p. 264. It seems scarcely discriminative to institute this close comparison between this colonization—which, by the way, is elsewhere described as a "*Divine*" means of the diffusion of civilization—and the irruptions of the French revolutionary armies!

It occurred to us, as we were reading these luminous reasonings, that the perpetual warfare of the oligarchical Italian republics would be hard of subordination to the above theory; and we began to wonder how this difficulty would be surmounted. Our curiosity was soon satisfied. A few pages further on we read, that "in modern times the marvels of this expansive (democratic) power have not been less conspicuous. From the Republics of Genoa and *Venice* the democratic spirit again penetrated," etc. The oligarchical constitution of the Venetian Commonwealth presumed to stand in opposition to the GREAT DOGMA: accordingly, the Venetian Republic was transformed into a "*Poligarchy*!"

We pass to the general relations of Europe with Asia; and in the *later history*, vol. IV., p. 608, we find the following astonishing assertion:—

"*Unity renders Asia formidable: diversity constitutes the strength of Europe.*"

In vol. XIV. of the *former history*, p. 262, we find the following commentary upon this axiom:—

"In Asia, the vigour of the chief who seizes the diadem rarely descends to his successor who inherits it; and even the hardihood of a new race of northern conquerors is found, after a few generations, to be irrecoverably merged in the effeminacy of their subjects. *Hence the extraordinary facility with which they are overturned, and the perpetual alternation of external conquest and internal corruption which marks every age of Asiatic history.*" (!)

With reference to "Europe and Asia," we are told that Asiatic sovereigns are more despotic than Europeans. The remark is just, though hardly original; but we have immersed ourselves into a portion of Sir A. Alison's works, in which we treasure up any just observation, be it ever so trite. But when Sir Archibald proceeds, on the strength of this assertion, to his favourite topic of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, we are obliged to differ with him again. Assuming that these patriarchs respectively peopled Asia, Africa, and Europe, he illustrates the milder

sovereignty of the Japetic race (iv., 608) from Homer's description of Agamemnon. Does he not know that the earliest accounts of Greece that we possess, and which are quite as reliable as the exploits of Agamemnon, distinctly refer the foundation of Greek Commonwealths to Egyptian and Asiatic emigrators?

Our allotted space is already exceeded; but it would be unjust to overlook Sir A. Alison's gallery of political portraits. If this have not the merit of discrimination, it has that, at least, of generosity. There is no grudging of merit in any of these characterizations. Sir Archibald will speak as well of his political opponents as of the leaders of his own party. This is certainly a very fine trait in a writer gifted with such ineradicable prepossessions. It is, no doubt, an inconsistency; for the author has already described the shortsightedness of his opponents, in a manner which renders the praise somewhat inexplicable. But he has forgotten all that, as he has forgotten a good many other things that he has written in the course of his bulky volumes; and, when he begins to describe the characters of public men of his day, he acts on the principle of *de mortuis*, etc.,—makes his portraits all very attractive, though singularly like each other. It is true that he says of Lord Brougham, in respect of his speeches, that he has "an overwhelming deluge of words," and that "his verbose habit is much to be regretted."—(Vol. IV., p. 287.) Lord Brougham might perhaps think that the critic had put himself out of court, and was disqualified, by his own example, from pronouncing the censure. But Sir A. Alison has a high opinion of "his merits as an equity lawyer,"—a judgment, at all events, from which he was not precluded by any *positive* demerits of his own. Sir Archibald pays a handsome tribute to the late Lord Grey (notwithstanding the "fatal mistake," to which he again alludes), and says, that "he was, beyond all doubt, a most remarkable man."—P. 280. The observation will not probably be gainsaid. He falls, however, into two singular mistakes. He has the hardihood to assert that "Lord Palmerston has been a member of every Administration, with the single exception of the short one of Lord Derby in 1852, for the last fifty years" (p. 288); whereas every one else is aware that, during both the Administrations of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston was one of the leading members of the opposition; and that, "fifty years" before this volume was written, Lord Palmerston had not entered political life. He speaks of Lord John Russell's "conduct as the leader of the House of Commons in 1831;" whereas every one else is no less aware, that it was a peculiarity in Lord John Russell's political position, during the whole struggle of the Reform Bill, that he had taken the office of Paymaster-General without a seat in the Cabinet. Why

Sir James Graham should be applauded, and Mr Gladstone (the master-mind of his party) should not be noticed, is not apparent. Neither is Lord Althorp mentioned; and we are reduced to the solution, that Sir A. Alison was not aware that he had been Leader of the House of Commons during the four most stormy sessions of its existence. But, as we have said, there is no disposition to injustice; and we are told of each of the prominent statesmen of our day, he has "administrative abilities of a very high order." This is at least gratifying, if it be not discriminative.

Any detailed criticism on the subject of *style* would be superfluous. It is certain, however, that any three of Sir A. Alison's volumes might be very advantageously compressed into one. The author's aversion to monosyllables is fatal to the force of his diction; and we have roughly calculated that the omission of useless adjectives would alone reduce the work by some twenty or thirty pages a volume. Nearly all his substantives end in "ation;" a peculiarity which ensures them, on an average, an inordinate length. His affection towards the word "superadd," not seldom costs the simple sense of his passage; and his perpetual introduction of the epithet "human"—*ex. gr.*, "human affairs," "human emancipation," etc.,—with studied distinctiveness, suggests the notion that he had been writing a political history (if such there could be) of zoology in general. But the wearisome iteration of trite ideas, exploded theories, and false reasoning, is what chiefly swells his second history to its present dimensions.¹

We cannot help noticing also the appalling epithets which are coupled with the expression of almost every idea in the analyses of chapters, that stand at the beginning of each volume. We are perpetually referred to sections entitled "astonishing success," "prodigious enthusiasm," "universal transports," etc. We had a vague notion, on first reading the latter expression, that "universal transports" were transport ships on a vast scale, somewhat after the fashion of the "Great Eastern;" but we were mistaken. Similar expressions are stored up for our sorrows, to those which indicate our joys. Thus, we continually read of "unbounded alarm," and "appalling distress." But our national temperament—and that, indeed, of all the races of

¹ Sir Archibald favours us with numerous Latin quotations—some of which he goes out of his way to translate; and does it in a manner which eliminates the whole epigrammatic collocation of the original. These quotations are commonly of a very hackneyed kind: we find such as "*Cælum non animum mutant*," etc.; "*didicisse fideliter artes*," etc.—(the verb in the last instance being misspelt, and the qualifying adjective forgotten)—and many others which, through the dim vista of some ten long years, we remember, in our old Harrow days, to have perused in a little book called "Wordsworth's Latin Grammar!"

"Japhet"—is so happily elastic, that these sentiments quickly pass away; and, a few lines further on, we are sure to recur to a condition of "prodigious enthusiasm" and "universal transports."

We may fairly presume that an author who places himself in deliberate opposition to every statesman, and to every other political writer, is nearly indifferent to any criticism of his work. To depict Sir A. Alison's character as a reasoner or as a writer of fact, is what no one can do so well as himself; and he has described it—in a delineation of Napoleon, which seems as though it had been designed for autobiography—with a fidelity which exhausts our own powers. It shall be transcribed:—

*"Unconquerable adherence to error, in point of fact, in the face of the clearest evidence, is, in like manner, often so characteristic of his writings, where any of his marked prepossessions is concerned, that one is apt to imagine that the account of the peculiarity given by his panegyrists is the true one, that his imagination was so ardent that his wishes were, literally speaking, father to his thoughts, and that what he desired, he really believed to be true."*¹

¹ Sir A. Alison's Character of Napoleon, vol. iii., p. 628.

- ART. II.—1. *The Genesis of the Earth and of Man*. Edited by REGINALD STUART POOLE, M.R.S.L., etc. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1856.
2. *The Testimony of the Rocks, or Geology in its bearings on the two Theologies, Natural and Revealed*. By HUGH MILLER, Author of "The Old Red Sandstone," etc. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1857.
3. *Creation and the Fall: A Defence and Exposition of the first three Chapters of Genesis*. By Rev. DONALD MACDONALD, M.A. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1856.
4. *The Mosaic Record in Harmony with the Geological*. By JAMES SIME, M.A. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co. 1854.
5. *Twelve Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion*. Delivered in Rome by CARDINAL WISEMAN. 5th edition. Two volumes. London: Charles Dolman. 1853.
6. *Things New and Old in Religion, Literature, and Science*. London: Nisbet & Co. 1857.
7. *Geological Facts*. By the Rev. W. G. BARRETT. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1855.
8. *Geology and Genesis; or the Two Teachings Contrasted*. By "C." London: Whittaker & Co. 1857.
9. *On Parthenogenesis*. By PROF. OWEN. London: Van Voorst.
10. *Scripture and Geology*. By the Rev. PYE SMITH, D.D. London: H. G. BOHN.
11. *Religion of Geology and its Connected Sciences*. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D. Glasgow: William Collins (American Reprint).
12. *Noah and his Times*. By the Rev. J. M. OLMSTEAD, M.A. Glasgow: William Collins (American Reprint).

MILTON's remarks on the vitality of books, and on what should be the attitude of the State to them, are well known. "I deny not," he says, "but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that evil was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they

are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." This characteristically shrewd estimate has much force, when applied to the rapidly increasing literature of present physical science. Certain phases of this, especially those which are alleged to have theological bearings, claim the earnest attention of all thoughtful Christian men. Modern discovery has scattered the dragon's teeth broadcast over the land, and the natural result is a mailed host, more formidable than the fabled one which rose threateningly before the eye of Cadmus. Numerous books, all held by their authors to be equally well-fitted for the defence of the truth, and for chasing out of the world those antiquated religious beliefs which obstruct civilization in her onward march, meet us in every bookshop, lie invitingly, in their covers of crimson and gold, on drawing-room tables, and demand double space on our library shelves, from which they seem to smile contempt on the unpretending volumes of our older literature, whose weighty utterances were wont to quicken our intellects and solace our hearts! How is this great army to be met? Must Swift's "Battle of the Books" be fought over again? If so, some of the names of the combatants of his time might be retained. An addition of another legion to the army of the moderns, is all that is necessary to fit the satire to our day. The change of the battle-field could also be made. Swift found his "on a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of Parnassus." But we would require to go down to the foundations of the world, and to pass through the great strata, which tell the wondrous tale of the bygone ages of nature. The contest *there* would concern the question, whether the All-wise One who formed the world has written legends on the rocks which contradict the utterances of His own Wisdom in the Bible?

We know, indeed, that the progeny of the dragon's teeth were not all useless. Cadmus found many of the warriors helpful in doing him good service in his chosen Bœotia. We may find the modern offspring useful too. The fruits of civilization and enlightenment—the revelations of philosophy and the triumphs of science, may all be welcomed by Christianity, and used in the service of The King. The chief thing will be, to get quit of the dangerous members of the mailed host. This must continue to be the constant effort of all who know the truth and love it. Circumstances will determine whether this shall be by finding joints in the harness, through which the arrows of truth may find their way to the heart of error, or, as in the old fable, by turning every man's hand against his fellow,—

"Suoque

Marte cadunt subiti per mutua vulnera fratres."

We have no wish even to *seem* to treat with levity a confessedly great and momentous subject, but there are aspects in the modern controversy of book with book, in which science sets up as theologian, and theology claims control over all science, which must provoke a smile.

The list of Works, which stands at the head of this article, will indicate the somewhat formidable character of our proposed discussions. In conducting them we have need of much charity, and our readers have need of much patience. Some recent contributions to the literature of so-called physico-theology, make it needful that those who love the old paths, and are not ashamed to be found standing in them, should be willing to give valid reasons for their conservatism. They must at least look such works as are quoted above full in the face, and ascertain whether they can *all* be regarded as speaking the truth with forthright earnestness, keeping nothing back, and hesitating not in their speech. We are, however, well aware that the determination to look honestly at much of the current literature of physical science, and to tell plainly what we think of it, are hazardous undertakings. In addressing ourselves to the task we have undertaken, certain preliminary remarks fall to be made, in the light of which we wish to look at the subjects under review.

Our first remark has reference to the very narrow limits within which the observations of physical science are, as yet, contained. Only a few remote corners, which, because of their isolated character, must be imperfectly understood, have been visited and examined, in that great field of observation which surrounds man. We make this statement in the full knowledge of the ground which geology, for example, has gone over, and of the grouping of its discoveries under general divisions, corresponding to the present state of human knowledge. Still, we have been working in, comparatively, mere corners of the great field; and, certainly, the philosophical attitude of the students of this science should be that of men who are content to work on in the line of discovery—to gather up facts, and to classify phenomena, in the spirit of those who love the work for its own sake, and not for any grand theological generalizations they may hope to build on it. But, carried away by over-confidence in their own powers, many leave the attitude of true wisdom, and rashly generalize, without having patiently gathered up sufficient material for this. The results will always be hostile to the advancement of knowledge. "The sole cause and root," says Lord Bacon, "of almost every defect in the sciences is this, that while we falsely admire and extol the powers of the human mind, we do not search for its real helps."¹ This, as we shall see, has

¹ *Novum Organum*. Lib. i., Aph. ix.

often led to such neglect of the "real helps," as to make the foundations for a theory of trifling moment, and the might in the mind which has formed it everything. We can have no objection to the geologist coming to any conclusion he may think fit, if his observations fairly warrant it; but his conclusion should be held with the acknowledgment that all the elements needed, in order to make it absolutely true, may not have been taken into account. This would render the boldest speculations comparatively innocuous, because all men would regard them in the light of the acknowledgment. But what seems to us remote from the spirit of a sound philosophy is, that many of our most accomplished discoverers, in the various departments of physical science, seem to have constantly in their thoughts, the presence of *another* book than that one whose leaves they are trying to turn, and whose wondrous rock-written legends they are seeking to decipher. If the student happen to be a man whose heart has yielded to, and whose mind has been pervaded with that higher truth revealed in and by Jesus Christ, his tendency is to labour to gather facts from the field in which he toils, to corroborate the initial historical statements of that book in which he has found the new life, and its fruits, joy and peace. If he be not a man of this mind, but, on the contrary, an idolater of natural law, and a sceptic as to the lawgiver revealed in the Scriptures, we may expect that he will begin by hinting a doubt on one point, and hesitating dislike on another. The Bible will soon come to be denounced by him as a book of false science; and this, he will believe, warrants him to reject its moral and spiritual teaching also. His scientific researches will be regarded successful in the measure in which they help to build him up in his prejudice against it. We must ever protest against this mode of following knowledge. We have, indeed, nothing to fear from men who, prosecuting science with minds under the influence of the highest truth of God, are yet wise enough not to attempt to make the bible responsible for what it is no part of its divine mission to teach, and whose thoughts shall not constantly act as if the Scriptures needed the help of the natural sciences, either on the matter of their authenticity or on that of their influential teaching. Yet this vicious tendency (to drag the discoveries of geology into questions which bear upon the subject-matter of revelation) is not confined to the school of prejudice now referred to. It is found in men from whom the Church might have looked for better things. It is done too, in such a way, that you become persuaded they believe that the field of observation has already been so thoroughly searched—the discoveries made so conclusively abundant—and the classification of phenomena so complete, that we are constrained either to acknowledge direct and

unmistakeable antagonism between the Word and the World—between the positive teaching of the strata and the no less positive statements of the opening chapters of Genesis, or that we are necessarily put on the defence, and must now, for the truth's sake, learn to read Genesis in a way which had never before entered into the imagination of the most devout, most intelligent and most learned students of the Word of God. We admit that times may come in the future, as they have more than once done in the past, when, from some apparent contradictions between Scripture and Science, we may be forced to question long-accepted interpretations of Bible narratives, and to seek in new ones some ground of harmony. But in such rare cases the new readings will have nothing *outré* about them, and they will find ready belief from their manifest simplicity, and their likeness to the modes of interpreting other portions of the sacred book. We should like to see much more caution in regard to this, and far less readiness, either, on the one hand, to believe that isolated phenomena demand immediate explanation, or, on the other, that there can be any safe ground for coming to sweeping general conclusions on solitary facts.¹ This is so well put in Mr Miller's "Old Red Sandstone"—a work which, we are persuaded, will continue to be estimated more highly than any other he has written—that we would direct the attention of our readers to the whole of the seventh chapter, which opens with some remarkable statements on this point. He shows how cautious the geologist should be in concluding, from the juxtaposition of fossils, that they must have been contemporary. "The convulsions and revolutions," he says, "of the geological world, like those of the political, are sad confounders of place and station, and bring into close fellowship the high and the low; nor is it safe in either world—such have been the effects of the disturbing agencies—to judge of ancient relations by existing neighbourhoods, or of original situations by present places of occupancy." Forgetfulness of this, we shall have occasion to show, has led to many errors.

It will always be a leading feature of the men who are under the influence of the true spirit of the inductive philosophy, that they will regard with suspicion, conclusions which have been arrived at by observations confessed to be partial and limited. And when such conclusions shall seem to enter the domain of historic or of dogmatic theology, and claim to be regarded as either ques-

¹ Dugald Stewart reckons among the causes of the slow progress of human knowledge, "a disposition to grasp at general principles, without submitting to the previous study of particular facts."—(*Outlines of Moral Philosophy*. Sect. iii. Edinburgh, 1793.) This, not less than the tendency now referred to, is not only obstructive to knowledge, it is very unsafe also.

tioning or corroborating the positive statements of the Word of God—as, for example, the Mosaic record of creation—the utterances of other Scriptures, on the connection between sin and death, and the presence of death before the introduction of sin, they will regard them with still greater distrust. Such a state of mind would be sure to keep men far away from rash theories, and would lead them to seek a position, in regard to Scripture and geology, like that which is so admirably maintained and illustrated by Bishop Butler. The author of “*The Analogy*” made use of nature as the ground on which to vindicate religion. But we would now reverse the process; and, we think, there are multitudes of intelligent men who would attain to rest amidst the wild surging billows of unbelief around them, if the Scriptures, in which they believe, it may be only with a traditional faith, were more used to illustrate God’s ways in nature. This would lead us to reason,—if we find such modes of procedure in connection with the Church, why should we esteem them arbitrary, and as such, to be rejected when seen in creation, and in the building up of the world?

Again, the whole question as to the place and the amount of miracle to be expected in God’s ways, with the outward world, would need to be well weighed before we attempt to form any grand general scheme, which shall be held as fully illustrative of the harmony between *Genesis and Science*. And not only would we need to acknowledge miraculous power as to the creative act, by which, that which had not been became; but also, we should be willing to find it in all the giant ages, from the time when the foundations of the earth were laid, upward and onward to this present epoch, when man walks amidst those works in which God delights, and in which all who delight in God, take pleasure. Such a state of mind, on the part of the student of science, would lead him to look at this “miracle-question” in a light both more accordant with a sound philosophy, and more consistent with the belief in the omnipotence of Jehovah, than we find it generally regarded in the present day. Besides, an almost bewildering confusion exists in the minds of men on this subject. We could occupy all our allotted space with quotations illustrative of this. Even in the books at the head of this article, we might find many passages about “the unphilosophical character of tendencies to fall back on miracle—the great waste of miraculous power—the likelihood that there was only the one miracle of creation (though some of our authors grudge even that), and that it is inconsistent with what we know of God’s general procedure, to allege that He would interfere by miracle, or that the result would not harmonize with the miraculous power put forth in order to it.” Men seem strangely to forget, that the character of the agent is

the refutation of all such remarks. How could there be waste of power in connection with any work of an Almighty One? But, apart from this, is it not strictly philosophical to argue, that whatever is associated with miracle at its origin, should be regarded as within the influence of miraculous keeping unto the end; consequently, we should not deem it inconsistent with this, but the opposite, if we find one point and another at which we are shut up to the acknowledgment of miraculous interference. It was by true miracle—the passing of the non-created into the created—that the grand system of the universe was realized. And when we meet with the same form of power in any department of the universe, or side by side with our commonest phenomena, why should the spirit of man be ushered into scepticism on that account? The settlement of the question, as to harmony between the power employed and the results, is beyond the scope of our faculties. We might, indeed, be held competent to form a pretty correct estimate of the first result, because that might frequently be small, and fairly within the range of our powers, but no such forth-putting of might as we now refer to, ever terminates in the one, first, and outstanding effect. Yea, it is capable of proof that the *immediate* result is often the smallest, and that a series of links in the great chain of circumstances, of which the observed and clearly seen one has the first, are continued indefinitely, ever enlarging as they proceed. Or, it is like the effect of the pebble, cast by a well exercised arm, into the centre of some lake, as it reposes in its own beauty under the eye of God, and reflects every cloud which hangs softly in the deep blue above it. The first result is, the stirring of the placid surface, and the manifestation of this is the circlet not larger than the water displaced by the stone. But the circle widens, and ultimately the whole bosom of the lake acknowledges its influence; not the surface only, but the whole body of the waters, down to the lowest depths through which the stone has passed. We would like that our friends would admit, not the possibility only, but the likelihood of results, thus connected with some first forth-putting of miraculous might, which eagle-eyed as some of them may be, pass far beyond the range of their vision, and reach into other fields than they have ever travelled, even in the most gorgeous of their great imaginings. Then the questions might arise whether, with all their philosophy, and with all their attainments in exact science, they could believe themselves able to trace the connection between some first miraculous act and its sequences, and whether it might not be an evidence of truest and highest wisdom, to entertain the probability that many phenomena, which they seek to explain by referring them to simple natural causes, may find their true explanation only by

associating them with miracle. We would be very far, indeed, from countenancing taking refuge in the thought of miracles whenever we find wonders which for the time, are past finding out. Neither would we give any weight to them, when they directly contradict or outrage man's common sense, or do not fit into the analogy of God's ways and works in other departments of the moral or physical world. The subjection of the Christian understanding to that which does violence either to its own direct utterances, or to its knowledge of God through the written Word, is superstition. But what we plead for, as believing that it would prevent many hasty and dangerous generalizations, is, that students in the sciences, whose revelations have a constant tendency to run into theology, should not be so chary of the very thought of the probability of the presence of the effects of direct miracle, in many of the deeper spheres of investigation into which they rightly love to penetrate, even when they see none of the connecting links. In a word, and more precisely, it ought to be kept in mind, that the primary act does not always carry its chief characteristics into those ever varying states, into which it often passes. Plato's doctrine of the *ἐν καὶ πολλὰ*—the one grand primal type, keeping some of its distinctive features in all the transformations it may undergo, however beautiful and true as associated with morphology in the natural sciences, ceases to be of much value when we enter the domain in which moral and spiritual elements come to be mixed up with natural laws. A third influence comes into power there, and its variable character is only limited by the kind of disposition, training, habits of thought, education, and the like, which can be postulated of its possessor. We allude to the Christian or the anti-Christian individualism of the student. Most men cast the shadows of individual bias over the bright image of truth. If all this were taken into account, we would neither be very hasty in forming opinions on very difficult physico-theological subjects, nor would we easily become strongly wedded to any of the alleged explanations of physical phenomena, which necessitate the discussion of the authenticity of Scripture history, or the special bearing of purely theological dogmas.

We lay much stress on these views. They appear to us more in harmony with a sound philosophy than the attitude of those who summarily dismiss the possibility of the presence of miraculous power in whatever seems to them unworthy of it. Mr Macdonald's book is not free from this; it is broadly stated in the "Testimony of the Rocks," and you meet with it in the "Harmony of the Mosaic and Geological Records." But it is forgotten that very many of the miracles of the Old Testament would not stand this test. Take, for example, the miracles of Elisha, and among these, look at that recorded in 2 Kings vi. 1-7.

By the laws recognised by all science, and accepted by common sense, the axe-head had sunk to the bottom, and, in virtue of a law equally received, its nature was to lie there. But, by an exercise of His will, God acted on the will of another, and made that the instrument by which the iron was caused to swim. The axe-head hastened to meet the bit of wood which also, in obedience to law, continued to float on the surface. Who, looking only at the restoration of the borrowed axe, would say that here was an occasion for the direct interference of the Almighty? Yet here was a true wonder (*τίρας*), and a true sign (*σημεῖον*) of the greatness of Elisha's Lord. The isolated object might seem unworthy of His glorious character, but our views change when we try to estimate the moral and spiritual fruits to the prophet and to his followers—fruits, however, which others, not directly concerned, would come to feel the influence of, while they continued wholly ignorant of their origin. But it is well to remember that, when we represent absolute Will as interfering with established laws, we do not hold that there is anything arbitrary in this, or even that there was the application of any other power of God than what had ever been working in him. There was only the manifestation of that at a special point in the personal and spiritual history of the prophet. "The unresting activity of God, which at other times hides and conceals itself behind the veil of what we term natural laws, does, in the miracle, unveil itself; it steps out from its concealment, and the hand which works is laid bare. Beside and beyond the ordinary operations of nature, higher powers—(higher, not as coming from an higher source, but as bearing upon higher ends)—intrude and make themselves felt even at the very springs and sources of her power."

We wish it were possible to destroy this distrust of the simple acknowledgment of the probable presence of miracle in the different stages of the building up of the world, which obtains so largely in our day. It would keep us from the unsafe tendency into which many theologians have recently fallen, of trying to commend the works and ways of God, by robbing them as much as possible of what is miraculous. But truth suffers. There may be great rejoicings in the Camp of Compromise, when some work or fact, hitherto associated with a miracle, is put on the basis of natural law, and even Biblical scholars may find that particular portions of Scripture history may be made very plain and palatable to many, by tracing them to natural causes; but, it were well to remember, that those receiving the new principle of interpretation will not halt at the partial application of it.

"They struggle vainly to preserve a part,
Who have not courage to contend for all."

Applying these remarks to discussions relative to the past history of the earth's crust, and to the deluge, the recognition will follow, that there may have been miraculous interferences where we do not acknowledge the need of them, and that we are not in circumstances to conclude that even well understood phenomena must have taken place according to laws with which we are acquainted. If we can account for them by tracing them to well-known laws, we will attain to the rest of simple belief; but, if they shall *seem* antagonistic to these, we are not entitled to hold either that they are so, or that they may not be under other laws, of the nature of which we are yet ignorant. Is it not likely that they may never have been designed to square with our notions as to the operation of God's laws? Nor, in taking up this ground of humility and acknowledged ignorance, do we frown upon free speculation being set alongside of painstaking investigation and observation. All that we desire is, to send the student to the study of the physical sciences, in a state of mind furthest removed from scepticism, on the one hand, and everything like religious bias on the other; in short, under that discipline of humility, which has taught him the lesson of his own imperfect knowledge, and, especially, the lesson that God's ways are not as man's ways, and God's thoughts not as man's thoughts. In this spirit let him question the manifold works of God vigorously as he may. Let him break up the rocks, and, led by reason into regions whither imagination fears to follow, let him listen to the story of the giant ages, as he has ears to hear it; let him search into those new worlds of polype and insect life, opened up but yesterday, by the labours of Owen, and Steenstrup, and Von Siebold, and cry mystery on mystery, if he will; let him deal as strictly as he can with ethnology in its linguistic, historical, and physiological aspects, and try the science of those who would unbrother one great family of the human race, and make of them "chattels personal;" let him climb the azure heights of heaven, and see wonders under the guidance of sober science, before which Dante's imagination would have paled; yea, let him search and seek, and question, and speculate, according to the ability given to him by his Maker, but let all this be as conscious of the imperfection of his faculties—as one who has been led into the secret place of the Most High—as one on whose affections He who made all these things has found a throne.

These considerations, moreover, will have a direct bearing on the conflicting hypotheses relative to the deluge—on the doctrines of autocthenes and centres of creation—and on the discussion as to the reproduction of previously existing forms of life. The alleged waste of miraculous power, if the claim be for a universal deluge, would have no weight. The objection is urged as if to

exercise His power cost the Almighty labour. Again, to hold it as implying the same thing if the Creator be represented as re-creating that which formerly existed, bears witness to very low views of Divine power, as well as ignorance of what, in the bringing in of many *new* species into the world, He has been doing. This would be no more unphilosophical than to hold the now generally admitted *partial* realization of this in the structure of the lower animals, which Owen has so fully and beautifully illustrated as exemplar types of some part in the structure of the great anto-type—Man—the Son of Man. The whole history of science goes to enforce these views. Her march, which has ever been onward and upward, has yet been slow. Her votaries of one generation, have brought to light facts which, in their causes, afford ground for the theories of the next, while yet a third or fourth may pass before the solution of universally acknowledged difficulties begins to be suggested to leading minds. But it is not prudent—it is not discreet—either to attempt to thrust the solution on the general mind of the age, which, in the knowledge of such matters, is always a generation behind; or to assert positively, that the solution offered, especially if there are theological points involved, must be the true one, because it harmonizes with the advancement of science. All that can be claimed for it is, the acknowledgment that it serves for all present purposes of discussion. We will have read the history of chemical science to very little purpose, if we have continued ignorant, that many phenomena, in the explanation of which all for a season found rest, have turned out to demand a wholly different one. Forces, undreamt of previously, have been brought to light. Electricity, for example, in connection with which hitherto supposed general laws have been modified, and effects have been traced to causes, very widely unlike those with which they had before been associated. Young science—noble, enthusiastic, somewhat over self-reliant, will gain much by thinking on these things, and by eschewing the very appearance of hasty generalization.

Though reluctant to detain our readers so long on the threshold of our subject, there is another general consideration which should have some weight with the Christian apologist. He is entitled, as he wanders amidst the multiform objections to the Scripture account of the Genesis of the earth and of man, to demand that the objectors shall agree among themselves before he can be fairly called to deal either with their objections or with their explanations of the Divine record. He may justly allege, that their want of agreement on any one cardinal point—their diversity of opinion as to particular phenomena, or classes of phenomena—is a sufficient reason why he should not take action against them. It is, however, notorious, that very few men who have left the

true platform of science—observation, in order to the classification of facts—for the field of physico-theological controversy, agree as to the nature of the facts themselves, which are held by some to contradict Scripture, and fewer still as to the mode of meeting these allegations. The battle sooner or later must be fought; and so, while we make this remark on the tactics of the apologist, we cannot urge too strongly on the individual sections of the Christian church, the necessity of seeing that they use all endeavours for the thorough training of those who must be the chief combatants. They must furnish them with weapons, and they must teach them to use them—they must provide the armour, and see that it be proved in order to the day of battle. Often, however, the highest form of effort will be found in warding off the blow; because, as the fight is often in the dark, the supposed combatant may turn out to be a brother, and the blow dealt at what we regard the fair bright form of truth, may come from the strong hands of her own most loving children, who recognise not their mother under the veil, or through the bias which devotion to some favourite theory has spread over their own souls. The safety of this neutral, yet avowedly defensive, attitude has many illustrations in the history of geological discovery. It is well known, that great prominence was given to the statements of Scripture, alleged to be for or against the respective combatants in the keen word-wars waged between the Neptunists and the Plutonists of the past generation. Neptunism pointed in triumph to the references in Genesis i. to water. Indeed, they carried their aqueous views so far, that Thales might have claimed their belief in his theory—"That water was the true ἀρχή, or beginning of all things."¹ And Plutonism was not less confident that abounding references to igneous action, in connection with the past and future history of the globe, conclusively acknowledged its claims. A Neptunist sceptic would find easy refuge from the revelations of the burning world of the lost, in showing that all these were contradicted by the analogy of past physical history; and a like-minded Plutonist might gravely shake his head over the water-influences in Genesis i., as not fitting into present well known laws. Yea, we know that this was actually the case. The Church was startled

¹ It is curious to mark the ancient forms of thoughts which most hold to be limited to modern mind:—"Thales would all the more readily adopt this notion from its harmonizing with ancient opinions; such, for instance, as those expressed in Hesiod's Theogony, wherein Oceanus and Thetis are regarded as the parents of all such deities as had any relation to Nature. He would thus have performed for the popular religion that which modern science has performed for the book of Genesis: explaining what before was enigmatical."—*Biographical History of Philosophy*. By G. H. LEWIS, p. 5. London: Parker and Son. 1857.

by the boldness with which both sides claimed the positive teaching of the Bible for their support; while the uninitiated sceptical mind, looking on, did not fail to triumph amidst the charges of alleged contradictions. It is a testimony to the strong hold which the Bible, as a revelation directly from God, has upon the mind of Britain, that, sooner or later, it comes to be accepted as an unerring standard of appeal by men who may have but little love for the covenant God set forth in it, even on questions touching which it is not within its scope to give a positive utterance. The warfare was not modified when Fuchs propounded his theory of "The Gelatinous condition of Rocks." Neptunism was indignant, and A. Von Humboldt, Elie de Beaumont, and other disciples of Hutton, would not listen to anything which went to break up the entirety of their theories. Had there, at that time, been in the churches but half of the spiritual life and the learning in philosophy and science, which obtain in our day, the likelihood is, that we would have had the Church pledged to one or other of the favourite theories. Her indifference and incapacity were overruled for her safety. The so-called conflicting theories have found their harmony, while no one dreams that even the shadow of a doubt has been cast on the Scriptures, which, at that time, it was held, must have been against one of them. Now, we believe, it would have been a right thing for the Christian apologist to have said to the followers of Werner, or Hutton, or Fuchs,—“You appeal to the Bible in support of your theories, and in the appeal you seem to set one portion of Scripture against another, and to bring the world into antagonism with the Word; but you are not agreed, even among yourselves, as to the nature of the phenomena you make so much use of. When you shall agree on this, and aver that you pledge yourselves to make good even the evidence of direct antagonism, then we will deal with this, show cause for arrest of judgment, or for the summary dismissal of the case.” This is confessedly not very high ground to take, but it is ground which is tenable, and may be used for good purposes. If all the crude theories of antagonisms could be brought to stand on the same platform, united on the points which constitute these, there might really be some pleasure, and not a little profit in looking them full in the face. As it is, there is no agreement among those who form these theories, as to what is the safest basis to rest them on. When we enter the field, our work is hindered by the very confusion in the foes we expected to meet united.

It is not our intention to enter into a full discussion of the questions treated of in the volumes quoted above. It may, however, help to clear the way, and may not be without interest to our readers, if we take a rapid survey of the leading sciences,

whose discoveries have come to be held by many as more or less opposed to Scripture history. We shall begin with ethnology, both because it is naturally suggested first in point of order, and because several pursuits which, in recent times, have been assigned a place among the sciences, and to which we may have occasion to refer, are greatly influenced by the ethnological views of their votaries.

Ethnological discussions, in connection with Scripture history, have generally assumed two forms—one having reference to physical characteristics, and another to language—to grammar. These have been variously treated. Many are found boldly averring that the application of historic criticism to the teaching of Genesis, on the questions of race and language, has shown it to be wholly a myth. The Word represents all men as descended from a single pair; but we are now told that there are many races whose varieties are so broadly marked, that physiology is constrained to reckon them generic—that there are linguistic peculiarities which point certainly to more than one primeval language, and, consequently, that there must have been more than one original pair of parents for the human race. This is now a favourite assertion of many American and British ethnologists.¹ These assume to themselves much importance, as the original promulgators of the doctrine of a “Plurality of Races.” Yet they shine in borrowed plumage, as the very mode of stating the question illustrates. It has been well discussed both in Britain and on the Continent in former days.² Some modern French physiologists have taken Voltaire’s prejudice point of view as their starting point, and have carried their speculations much further, while they have drawn their illustrations from details of a peculiarly disgusting and blasphemous kind. They have found apt scholars in Britain and in America. We think it capable of something very like proof, that the boasted exact science of Agazzis on this question, has taken its tone and hue from the prejudice point of view referred to, just as the foregone conclusions of the American ethnologists, on the subject of slavery, have influenced all their researches.

The danger to be dreaded from these views is, that professing Christian men—men with at least a traditional respect for the

¹ The alleged number of independent families of the human race varies from three to twenty. Most, however, receive Blumberbach’s classification (*De Generis Humani Varietate Nativa*), which is based upon the form of the skull, and on the colour of the skin, the iris of the eye, and the hair. This classification gives three leading types, and two subordinate ones,—I. THE CAUCASIAN; 1st, *The Malayan*. II. THE MONGUL; 2d, *The American Indian*. III. THE NEGRO. Agazzis pleads for eight distinct origins!

² “Men before Adam.” London: 1656. It was one of Voltaire’s favourite theories. See the opening chapter of “*Histoire de L’Empire de Russie, sous Pierre-le-Grand*,” and the remarks in the “*Preface Historique et Critique*.”

Bible—may be gained over to them, and the invariable result will be, that by far-fetched analogies—novel modes of interpretation—and modifications of the doctrine of plenary verbal inspiration—they will seek to harmonise them with the statements of Scripture. The work, which stands first on the list at the head of this article, is devoted to the exposition and enforcement of views whose leading features are—the acknowledgment of the Bible as the Word of God—the reception of the theories now referred to as fully warranted by facts—and, as a corollary, the assertion that the doctrine of a plurality of races is taught in the Bible. Such attempts must be judged of by their tendencies. If we once give up the firmly established position of the unity of the human race and its origin in one pair, no amount of scholarship, talent, and ingenuity will be able to stand by the broadly stated New Testament views of sin and atonement. The revelation of God will be held as having an eye to only one favoured family, and the vicarious work of Christ will have reference simply to one great tribe.

Our readers will remember that when the enemies of the Saviour found it impossible, from their own point of view, to find a joint in that armour of truth in which He was clad, they thought to wound His testimony, by assuming that as He loved the truth so did they. "They watched Him, and sent forth spies which should feign themselves just men, that they might take hold of His words." We would not take up the ground of uncharity, and aver that the authors of works like the "*Genesis of the Earth and Man*," are merely feigned friends of the Scriptures, but only that, looking at the way in which the text of the Sacred Record is dealt with by many who say they receive it as the Word of God, their whole attitude looks very like that of the spies sent to Jesus. The Editor's Preface opens with the sentence—"I desire most prominently to put before the reader the facts that it propounds no new *religious* doctrine—that it manifests a profound respect for the Scriptures—and that it even favours a belief in verbal inspiration. On this point I may quote a passage from a recent work by Professor Baden Powell" (!) The author likewise claims for his efforts "the constant method of comparing Scripture with Scripture as to words and also as to topics," and he submits his work to "readers of superior knowledge, who will concede that the Bible is not rightly understood when it is made to be at variance with facts and science."—(P. xxi.)

It is worthy of notice, as showing how much modern speculation runs in the same channel, that this volume opens with a statement of "The Vision Theory" of revelation to the mind of Moses. This is given with much clearness and ability, while it reveals to us the sources from which certain geologists have

drawn, at second hand, material for their theories. "There is a close analogy between natural days and the great geological periods: each of the latter was a period of life followed by a period of death, or at least of death on a very extraordinary scale: and the period of human *life* is called in Scripture 'day,' and that of *death*, 'night,' as in St John's Gospel, ix. 4. For this reason, therefore, more particularly, the passage in Exodus xx. 9-11 may mean, 'Six of thy days (natural days) shalt thou labour; but the seventh of these days is the Sabbath; for in six of His days (figurative days) the Lord made heaven and earth, and rested the seventh of these days.'—(P. 9.) It is not of very much moment *how* God revealed the order of creation to the mind of Moses, but when the mode of revelation is used to open the door to far-fetched notions on the nature of that which is revealed, the sooner we offer to prove that a verbal revelation, as opposed to a pictured one, is adequate, the better. This rendering of the passage from Exodus, apart altogether from the exegetical absurdity involved in it, proceeds on the assumption that the Bible was not given to *man*, but only to highly instructed men. They alone could be expected equal to such a reading of it. But "to the poor the Gospel is preached," and "not many wise men after the flesh are called."

We may now notice some of the strong points in this book. Adam (or as our author loves to call him, "the Adām") is regarded as the first of a *new* race. Having quoted Genesis ii. 18—"It is not good that the man be alone," he shirks the difficulty in it—he feels it more than a match for him—and then proceeds, as if he had made it fit into his views, to tell us that Genesis iii. 20—"Adam called his wife Eve; because she was the mother of all living"—means only "that Eve was the mother of many children."—(P. 13.) He has reached this reading, which, however, is not new, after much study, by the easy way of cheating himself into the belief that "all" must only mean many, or a variety. The simple answer to this is, that whenever it does so, this is clearly indicated in the context. But this passage must be read in the light of Gen. ii. 8, 18. He is even less happy in comparing Matt. xix. 4, 5 with Mark x. 6, in which our Lord tells us, "God made man male and female." "This does not necessarily imply the non-existence of pre-Adamites: it only means that God has ever proportioned the females to the males." Acts xvii. 26—"Made of one blood all nations"—"mainly conveys a figurative meaning," as is suggested by the construction which we must put on 1 Cor. xv. 39. "The one flesh of beasts cannot mean that beasts, whatever be their genera and species, originated from a single pair."—(P. 15.) But, if our author had looked at the context in both cases, he

might have been set right. The term "one blood" is used in Acts to cover the equality of the human race *as to the offer of the Gospel*. This is all that is implied in it. And in 1 Cor. the term "flesh" is used first in a general sense, and then to indicate that all who believe the Gospel shall be distinguished from those who do not believe, as one kind of flesh is from another. *All* were in the first Adam (ver. 45), while *some* only have attained to eternal life in Him who, as the "second Adam, is made a quickening spirit"—life and resurrection.

The specimens already given of our author's exegetical skill, will not lead us to expect much when he tries to grapple with passages like Rom. v. 12 and 1 Cor. xv. 21, 22, in which the universal prevalence of death has been held to be associated with Adam's sin. These passages, we are told, teach nothing more than the fact that the descendants of Adam inherited death from him. They say nothing on the question of its universality because of his sin. "This fact is by no means inconsistent with the existence of multitudes of other men of whom every one died for his own transgression against the law written in his heart"—"he did not (like Adam) sin against a divine revelation."—(P. 18, 19.) The logical result then is, and it is hinted at more than once in this book, that as Christ died for those only who had sinned against a "divine revelation" given to the head of *one*, in the midst of *many* existing families of the human race, His death was not for mankind. The offer of grace to all can have no meaning, and the divine command of grace—"preach the Gospel to every creature"—is a mockery. He tries to strengthen this position by making a distinction between sin against a revealed law and sin against natural law. But he forgets that the whole drift of the apostle's teaching on this question in Romans, is to show that the natural law is as much a "divine revelation" in and to the heart of man, as the written or spoken law itself can be, and that, because of this, Jew and Gentile are all alike guilty before God.—(Rom. ii.) This part of the work demands more notice because of the use which he makes of geological facts in illustrating his views of sin and death. Geology reveals death before Adam's sin; it may then have existed among a race outside of Eden before Adam's introduction as the head of a new one. The conclusion suggested evidently is, that as the views prevalent till recently, of the connection between sin and death, have had to be modified, so we should modify prevalent ones on the question of races—acknowledge generic differences, and give up the plain teaching of the Bible. Our readers must have observed how much use scepticism is beginning to make of the fact now referred to. The statements of Scripture are held to be pledged to teaching that no death existed

before the sin of our first parents, and the facts of geology are pointed to as in direct antagonism to this. We accept the testimony of geology, but we find no necessity to admit the contradiction. The geological facts are thus graphically stated by Mr Miller:—"This early exhibition of tooth, and spine, and sting—of weapons constructed alike to cut and to pierce—to unite two of the most indispensable requirements of the modern armoured—a keen edge to a strong back—nay, stranger still, the examples furnished in this primeval time, of weapons formed not only to kill, but also to torture—must be altogether at variance with the preconceived opinions of those who hold that, until man appeared in creation, and darkened its sympathetic face with the stain of moral guilt, the reign of violence and outrage did not begin, and that there was no death among the inferior creatures, and no suffering." Theories of the most arbitrary kind have been formed to make the facts of geology fit into the statements of the Scriptures. Some have tried to find a retrospective bearing in man's sin, and have reasoned that, in the sovereignty of God, the lower animals were made subject to death, because man was to sin;—a view of the Divine procedure directly opposed to all that we know of it, and one which gives a peculiarly harsh bearing to absolute sovereignty. Others have fancifully found the existence of death traceable to the sins of the angels. But such fancies can never satisfy even the demands of common sense. Mr Macdonald's book is not satisfactory on this point. "Death," he says, "is a universal law, from the operation of which, in the present constitution of things, no organized being is exempt."—(P. 386.) Then we are told that the Bible "references will be proved to be exclusively to death as related to the human race." But the difficulty lies deeper down, and must be looked at in connection with matters not embraced in the "present constitution of things." The Bible plainly states that all death to man is the result of man's sin. The Materialist says there is no need of such a declaration, because naturally, and apart from so called moral or spiritual characteristics, death is a law of the human as of every other organism. But if you admit, as Mr Macdonald virtually does, that from the beginning the human organism was under the same law of death as the lower animals had been, what ground have you to stand upon as to the Bible-statement that *all* death to man is the result of man's sin? Such a mode of dealing with this as is followed in "Creation and the Fall" (p. 386-393) can never meet the difficulties of the case. Some, of greater power and larger view, have sought for the solution in the allegation that the death associated with sin is wholly spiritual. That it has no reference to the body at all, but only to the soul. The danger of this view will at once ap-

pear, when we remember that the atonement of Christ was made in the body, which had never suffered pollution from sin, but now suffered as the body of Him who died to rescue body and soul ultimately from the power of sin. This is in part realized in our coming under the power of an higher life; and the resurrection of the just shall be the full triumph of it, while the resurrection of the unjust will be the separation of the raised body to the eternal consequences of sin. To limit the effects of sin to what is purely spiritual is, we repeat, perilous in the extreme. This might be largely illustrated, but we cannot now turn aside. Is there, then, a ground of harmony which will both grant all that the Scripture demands, and turn aside every weapon formed against it. We think so. There may have been a law of change of some kind associated with the unfallen man. We are not told what it was; but the strong statements of Scripture, on the accursed character of all death to man, leads us to believe that it could not have been that of the death which the lower animals died. But the Spirit of God recognizes death as a law under which the lower animals were. "They are the beasts that perish." We find man made in the image of God—man knowing not death as the beasts did—man with a body set aside to a higher destiny—degraded to the level of the beasts that perish, because of his sin. Here we have the degradation of the body of man because of man's sin, and this, we are confident, is all that is required in order to turn away the shafts of unbelief from the Bible narrative.

The acknowledgment of a separate race existing before Adam is believed necessary for the vindication of the sacred record. The author of the "Genesis of the Earth" makes much of this. It is held to be new ground, and he seems to think, in his simplicity, that if his theory were received, there would be an end to controversy about the authenticity of the Scriptures.

The most formidable antagonists to the Bible narrative are found in the Egyptian archæologists. The received chronology, they say, must be false, because we find on Egyptian monuments of the 13th and 14th century B.C., representations of numerous types of men, differing very widely in physical characteristics. Two questions may suggest a possible solution of this difficulty—Have we any correct and infallible system of Egyptian chronology?¹

¹ Egyptian chronology constantly reminds us of the fabulous dates of Chinese annalists. *Manetho's* chronology, preserved by Syncellus, gives the first, or Thinite dynasty, as beginning B.C. 5867. Champollion believes that the astronomical tables found in the tombs of the kings at Thebes, clearly demonstrate that the Egyptians kept a correct national calendar in 3285 A.C., that is 837 years before the date usually assigned to the period of the flood.

and if we have (accepting the Scripture account of the dispersion of Babel), Are not climatal influences sufficient to account for the diversities? The latter query is met by our author alleging, "that peculiar physical conformation is not needed in order to live in peculiar regions." But the question is as to the modifying influences of climate on the colour of the skin and on certain physical features, time being given to permit these to take effect. Again, it is urged, that Egyptian archæology has made us acquainted with Art in a state of advancement, to which it could not have reached in the time usually allotted to it. But were not the sons of Noah in the highest sense representative men, and would not the antediluvian knowledge of art be preserved by them in the ark? See how soon a colony, in modern times, rises up to compete with the mother country in all the products of a high state of civilization.¹

Much stress is evidently laid on the "Philological Observations;" but they may safely be dismissed with the single remark, that however much scope there may be in the diversities of language for the exercise of critical acumen, and even for historic research, up to a certain period in the world's history, they must be held useless when alleged to establish the theory of a pre-Adamic people.

Philologists have claimed for their favourite pursuit a place among the sciences, that, lifted into this position, men might bow down before it as a kind of infallible guide in the mazes of historical researches, and as an unfailing test of historical accuracy. In the hands of Christian men it has been made to do good service to the truth. But, in the hands of very many, it has been used with more or less success against the integrity of the Bible as a revelation from God. It has been made the channel through which the alleged unerring "intuitions" of the soul have found expression. We all know what havoc it has, as thus used, done among the thoughtful youth on the continent, in America, and in Britain. Through it the "higher criticism" has accomplished most of its work, in throwing discredit on Scripture history, and in questioning Scripture doctrine. Many of its most accomplished masters have gone to their work, in dealing with Genesis,

¹ This demand for a lengthened period for the development of Art, has been strongly urged in Germany for natural development in Religion. Vatke cannot give "Moses credit for the prohibition of image-worship." This must have been the offspring of a later age—an age in which the thought of the abstract ideality of God was a living one." The command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," could not be given till centuries after Moses. For "the moral sentiments of man must have passed through many stages before that great commandment could be expressed in this simple universality."—*Hengstenberg's Introduction to Vol. II., "Contributions for the Introduction to the Old Testament."*

wholly under the power of Diderot's well-known utterance, "*Le premier pas vers la philosophie c'est l'incrédulité.*" And the results are debates and discussions innumerable on the historic or semi-historic, the mythical or semi-mythical character of Genesis; on the Elohim and Jehovahistic documents of the Pentateuch; on naturalism and spiritualism; and on inspiration, plenary-verbal—plenary, but not verbal—doctrinal, but not historical. But, if any of our readers wish to know more of what has been urged for and against, we can refer them to Mr Macdonald's book for the *resumé*. We cannot promise them anything new, for if Bacon could speak in his day of "the exhaustion of all that can be invented or said" on such topics, it is specially true of our time. "The doctrines, opinions, heresies," now revived "by heat and warmth, and passed off on the crowd," are old ones, which have once and again been exposed and set aside in the history of religious controversy. This, we shall see, is also true of some of the physical theories of the present day.

In this review of the state of the question touching the points of alleged antagonism between Genesis and Science, the natural sciences, especially Geology, and, though less so, Zoology, claim a place of special prominence. The well-known "development theory," that, as "we see in nature an existing gradation of organised beings, there must have been a successive development, whereby animals of one class might rise into another," may be summarily dismissed. The mode in which Brewster, and Lyell, and Miller, have dealt with it, makes it little likely that we will hear much of it for a long time. Meanwhile, we may leave "The Vestiges," doing the only work for which it seems specially fitted,—attempting to unsoul man, and cast him into the heart of sensuousness; and we may safely warn its readers, that to admire it must now be held a mark of wilful and deliberate ignorance. But, as one old phase of error is disposed of, another, as if it had been waiting for the occasion, in the progress of science, walks forth into the light. We were laughing at the notions of the old physicists on the matter of "spontaneous generation," when we found that it was no subject to be laughed at after all; for, have not the researches of modern naturalists, among the lower forms of life, brought to light modes of reproduction, which give occasion for the revival of the old notions? Some continental savants have got hold of it, and we may count upon its getting a footing ere long on this side of the channel. The researches on which it is based are beginning to get much attention devoted to them. Prominence will be given to any subject on which have been united the strong common

sense of Steenstrup,¹ the massive intellect of Owen,² and the descriptive power of Von Siebold.³ The British naturalist has, perhaps unintentionally, given it a direct reference to Genesis. He says, "the brief record of the creation in the sacred volume, leaves us to infer that certain plastic and spermatric qualities of common matter were operative in the production of the first organised beings of this planet. 'The earth brought forth grass,' etc. 'The waters brought forth abundantly,' etc. But of our own species it is written, 'God created man.'" But what is true of man, is equally so of the living things on the earth and in the water. The Professor forgets the creative act in the other verses, "Let the earth bring forth;" "Let the waters bring forth." Reference in this way is to be regretted, both because there seems to be no occasion for it in the subject matter of his discussions, and because the rest of the book is written in a spirit very far removed from that which some might think is indicated in the quotation. The investigations now referred to, prove that there are classes of animals which produce a brood unlike the parent, but which itself brings forth a progeny that returns after two, three, or four generations, to the resemblance of the parent. Thus a medusa produces a hydra-tuba; this, again, a strobila; and the progeny of strobila is a medusa. "A trematode entozoon necessarily assumes the form of a gregarina, a radia, and a dietoma." But the most remarkable phenomena refer to the reproduction of certain insects, without sexual connection. This, for example, is the case with the aphis, or plant-louse. In spring, a wingless six-footed larva is developed from the impregnated egg, which will produce a succession of broods without any connection with the male, and if the virgin progeny be kept apart, the succession will go on to even the eleventh generation. The answer to any sceptical theories of the origin of the lower forms of life based on these discoveries, is simple. There is nothing fortuitous in the result. It does not spring up at random, as was once supposed, but it occupies a well defined place in nature. On the continent, the explanation has been found in another way—"by the individualisation of a previously organised tissue," (*par individualisation d'un tissu précédemment organisé*).⁴ "This phrase," as Owen ably remarks, "does little more than express the old fact in a new way. No one has ever seen a portion of mucous membrane detached and transform itself into an entozoon; such a process is as gratuitously assumed, and as little in accordance

¹ The Alternation of Generations. By JOH. JAP. SM. STEENSTRUP, Lecturer in the Academy of Soro. Ray Society, 1845.

² On Parthenogenesis. By Prof. OWEN, London. Van Voorst, 1849.

³ On True Parthenogenesis in Moths and Bees. By CARL T. ERNST VON SIEBOLD. Von Voorst, 1857.

⁴ Prof. Morren, quoted by Owen.

with observed phenomena, as spontaneous generation in the abstract"—(P. 31). Should, then, the hypothesis of spontaneous generation obtain any notoriety by being brought out under a new terminology, we believe it would soon be forced back again into darkness, by that light of true science, which continues to increase in brightness year after year.

It is more than time, however, that we should look at the very stronghold of the alleged discrepancies between the Word and the World—Geology, the most recent of the sciences, but second to none in the grandeur of its revelations—in the testimony it affords to the manifold wisdom of God, and even in its usefulness in matters of national industry and enterprise. One class of men read its facts as antagonistic to the Bible History; another read them as highly corroborative, if the Bible narrative be rightly understood. The literature of geology should thus assume three forms: it should deal with the classification of phenomena and facts, it should point out the relation between genera of present forms of life and those of pre-Adamic epochs, and it should illustrate any theological bearings which the science may be held to have. This last department should be left to those who have devoted as much attention to the written word as the accomplished geologist is believed to have bestowed upon his favourite science. Were these divisions recognised, and did men work on in their respective departments, the grand triumphal march of science would not be so often interrupted, as it now is, by many turning aside to the discussion of questions foreign to their pursuits. But this has been forgotten. Much of the present literature of geology presents a confused mass of speculations on the origin of the world—of theological opinions and prejudices—of credulity believing all things, and of Atheism, believing nothing but itself. One mind essays to place you, in imagination, side by side by the great Creator, and to show you the first effects of His creative power; another boldly affirms that man's thoughts on physical phenomena must be true, because God has constituted him the interpreter of nature. One discourses eloquently on the divine march of being up from the mollusc to the man, as if the mollusc made itself, and then hastened on to make the man; another discovers that all the legends on the rocks tell only a tale of *simulacra*, which point to realities, when men shall be able to read them. The *whole* world, says one, speaks of no antiquity more remote than 6000 years; from the same data, another makes a claim on you to acknowledge that its age must at least be 20,000,000 of years. One makes the six days work of Genesis account for everything; and another believes it a myth, which accounts for nothing. Every day in Genesis is simply a day, say some, but others, more deeply taught, say no, every day is a vast period—

an age.¹ We have often heard plain men say "they were bewildered." No wonder; for in the very heart of a geological treatise you may be startled to find a few profound pages on intuitive morals—disquisitions on Archbishop Cullen and the Pope of Rome—and paragraphs on Galileo and the isochronism of the pendulum—Shakspeare and the Sabbath question—yea, you begin to look for the "musical glasses" too. Yet with all this, we are told by many that geology is united in the condemnation of Genesis, and that it has shown that Moses is no more to be trusted than Hesiod. We must, in short, discard Moses, and take a ready-made Genesis, which shall exactly fit into the views of a generation of philosophic giants, who have now nothing to learn. But *cui bono*? Were we willing to give up the plain literal account of the Mosaic record, what guarantee have we that any ten makers of world-plans will agree among themselves on any one plan? Would we not be left with

"Rumour and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion, all embroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths."

These differences touch not only the meaning of isolated phenomena, but the character of the general bent of geological discovery. They are not such differences as in Protestant Churches obtain among different denominations, but such as separate between the Protestant and the Papist, or between the believer in the eternal sonship of Christ and the Socinian. And what all have a right to complain of is, the attempt to settle purely theological questions by geology. The geologist is justly indignant, when the theologian, thoroughly equipped in all the learning of his science, enters the field of controversy and attempts to determine geological questions by the canons of his favourite study.²

It seems scarcely necessary, in looking at the attitude of geology to Genesis, to state, that all who have received the Scriptures as the Word of God—a plenary inspired and infallible record—on evidence in harmony with their intellectual and moral constitution, but which is not within the sphere of geology, hold that there neither is nor can be antagonism between the two records. When difficulties, apparently irreconcilable, turn up as the physical sciences advance, theology is not called to deal with them in

¹ "Some of the moderns have indulged this folly with such consummate inconsiderateness, that they have endeavoured to build a system of natural philosophy on the first chapter of Genesis, the book of Job, and other parts of Scripture—*seeking thus the dead among the living*. And this folly is the more to be prevented and restrained, because not only fanatical philosophy but heretical religion, spring from the absurd mixture of matters human and divine. It is, therefore, most wise soberly to render unto faith the things that are faith's."—*Novum Organum*. Lib. i. Aph. lxv.

² "First Impressions of England," p. 312.

any other way than by warding off the blows which an unscrupulous infidelity may aim at the Inspired Word. Nor is the Church called upon to be continually suspicious of the raising of questions of difficulty. Founded on the eternal Rock of Ages, she can afford to look on in quiet confidence; and, if she must speak, let her words be words of encouragement to the students of natural science—let her bid them God-speed, and urge them to go forward. The more complete our knowledge of the outward world, the nearer will we be to the full, bright, manifested harmony between the words of the Creator and His works.

We have no intention, in this review, of pledging ourselves to any one of the several theories, at present propounded, of reconciliation between Genesis and Geology. One of these has been long before the mind of this age, which we think is still fitted for all purposes of defence to which the Christian apologist may be called. But in our remarks on some of the geological works quoted above, we shall not pledge ourselves to it. All we desire to do is to show cause that we are not yet called upon to leave it by any irresistible arguments having been used against it. The theory to which we refer is that associated with the name of Dr Chalmers.

“So early as 1804 he had arrived at the conviction that ‘the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe. If they fix anything at all it is only the antiquity of the species.’ In the article on Christianity, this general assertion appears in a more distinct and intelligible form, when it is asked, ‘Does Moses ever say that there was not an interval of many ages betwixt the first act of creation, described in the first verse of the book of Genesis, and said to have been performed at the beginning, and those more detailed operations, the account of which commences at the second verse? Or does he ever make us to understand that the genealogies of man went any further than to fix the antiquity of the species, and of consequence, that they left the antiquity of the globe a free subject for the speculations of philosophers?’ About the time at which this article first appeared, Professor Jameson published his translation of Cuvier’s ‘Essay on the Theory of the Earth.’ In a review of this Essay, inserted in the ‘Christian Instructor’ for April 1814, Mr Chalmers remarks,—‘Should the phenomena compel us to assign a greater antiquity to the globe than to that work of days detailed in the book of Genesis, there is still one way of saving the credit of the literal history. The first creation of the earth and heavens may have formed no part of that work. This took place at the *beginning*, and is described in the first verse of Genesis. It is not said when the *beginning* was. We know the general impression to be that it was on the earlier part of the first day, and that the first act of creation formed part of the same day’s work with the formation of light. We ask our readers to turn to that chapter, and to read the first five verses

of it. Is there any forcing in the supposition that the first verse describes the primary act of creation, and leave us at liberty to place it as far back as we may; that the first half of the second verse describes the state of the earth (which may already have existed for ages, and been the theatre of geological revolutions) at the point of time anterior to the detailed operations of this chapter; and that the motion of the Spirit of God, described in the second clause of the second verse, was the commencement of these operations? In this case, the creation of light may have been the great and leading event of the first day, and Moses may be supposed to give us, not a history of the first formation of things, but of the formation of the present system."¹

This soon became the acknowledged satisfactory scheme of reconciliation between the two Records. Geologists accepted it. Infidelity found it a shield on which all its arrows broke. Until recently it was permitted to hold the high place assigned to it by Chalmers. But varied as the lights were in which the mind of Dr Chalmers put it, it was reserved for Hugh Miller to shew the many-sidedness of it as an apologetic hypothesis. It finds a prominent place in his earliest writings. But we need to turn to his "First Impressions of England and its People," for the fullest and ablest statement of it to be found in his works. We shall quote from the edition of 1853:—

"But did God reveal the earth's *age*, either directly or otherwise? Let us examine the narrative. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light, and there was light.' Now, let it be admitted, for the argument's sake, that the earth existed in the dark and void state described here only six days, of *twenty-four hours each* before the creation of man; and that the going forth of the Spirit and the breaking out of the light, on this occasion, were events immediately introductory to the creation to which we ourselves belong. And what then? It is evident, from the continuity of the narrative in the passage, say the anti-geologists, that there could have been no creations on this earth prior to the present one. Nay, not so; for ought that appears in the narrative, there might have been many. Between the creation of the matter of which the earth is composed, as enunciated in the first verse, and the earth's void and chaotic state, as described in the second, a *thousand* creations might have intervened. As may be demonstrated from even the writings of Moses himself, the continuity of a narrative furnishes no evidence whatever that the facts which it records were continuous.

"Take for instance, the following passage:—'There went out a man

¹ "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D." Vol. 1., pp. 386, 387.

of the house of Levi, and took to wife a daughter of Levi. And the woman conceived and bare a son; and when she saw that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months. And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him an ark of bulrushes, and daubed it with slime and with pitch, and put the child therein; and she laid it in the flags by the river's brink.' The narrative here is quite as continuous as in the first three verses of Genesis. In the order of the relation, the marriage of the parents is as directly followed in the one case by the birth of a son, as the creation of matter is followed in the other by the first beginnings of the existing state of things. The reader has as slight grounds to infer in the one case, that between the marriage of the parents and the birth of the child, the births of several other children of the family had taken place, as to infer in the other, that between the creation of matter and the subsisting creation there had taken place several other creations. And if the continuity of the narrative would not justify the inference in the one case, just as little can it justify it in the other. We know, however, from succeeding portions of Scripture, that the father and mother of this child *had* several other children born to them in the period that intervened between their marriage and his birth. They had a son named Aaron, who had been born at least two years previous; and a daughter Miriam, who was old enough at the time to keep sedulous watch over the little ark of bulrushes, and to suggest to Pharaoh's daughter that it might be well for her to go and call one of the Hebrew women to be nurse to the child. It was essential, in the course of Scripture narrative, that we should be introduced to personages so famous as Aaron and Miriam, and who were destined to enact parts so important in the history of the Church; and so we *have* been introduced to them. And had it been as necessary for the purpose of revelation, that reference should have been made to the intervening creations in the one case, as to the intervening births in the other, we would doubtless have heard of them too. But, as has been already said, it was not so necessary; it was not necessary at all. The ferns and lepidodendra of the coal measures are as little connected with the truths which influence our spiritual state, as the vegetable productions of mercury or of pallas; the birds and reptiles of the oolite, as the unknown animals that inhabit the plains or disport in the rivers of Saturn or Uranus. And so revelation is as silent on the geological phenomena as on the cotemporary creations,—on the periods and order of systems and formations, as on the relative positions of the earth and sun, or the places and magnitude of the planets."¹

Mr Miller left this ground. He had been working for a few years amongst some of the later fossiliferous strata, and believed he had found phenomena which the scheme of Chalmers did not meet. "The Testimony of the Rocks" deals with these, and

¹ "First Impressions of England and its People." Third Edition, 1853. Pp. 321, 323.

propounds a solution of the difficulties. All that he found necessary, he says, "at the time (of his old studies among the Palæozoic), was some scheme that would permit me to assign to the earth a high antiquity, and to regard it as the scene of many successive creations. During the last nine years, however, I have spent a few weeks every autumn in exploring the later formations, and acquainting myself with their peculiar organisms." And he adds—"The conclusion at which I have been compelled to arrive is, that for many long ages ere man was ushered into being, not a few of his humbler contemporaries of the fields and of the woods enjoyed life in their present haunts, and that for thousands of years anterior to even *their* appearance, many of the existing molluscs lived in our seas. The *day* during which the present creation came into being, and in which God when He made 'the beast of the earth after his kind, and the cattle after their kind,' at length terminated the work by moulding a creature in His own image, to whom He gave dominion over them all, was not a brief period of a few hours duration, but extended over, mayhap, millenniums of centuries." Thus "The Age Theory," which, though held before by several eminent naturalists,¹ will now be mainly associated with Mr Miller's name, because he has linked it with facts which before did not seem to have any bearing on it, and because he has surrounded it with a poetic beauty which will make it attractive, apart altogether from the question of its truthfulness.

The publication of "The Testimony" had been looked forward to with some anxiety by many, who had intelligently loved to associate Mr Miller's great name with the defence of the accepted scheme of reconciliation. This feeling had been deepened by the publication of some of the lectures in a separate form, which were to be incorporated in the new volume. In perusing these, earnestly and lovingly, they had yielded to the giant intellect of the author, they had willingly given themselves up to the fascination of style and illustration, nevertheless they laid them aside, under a sense of want of comfort, the cause of which they were not very willing to define. Was it not with the author as it had been before? There were still the heart of love and the weapons of faith; but were there not armour which he had not proved, and weapons which might become weapons of weakness, even in the might of his practised hand? We know we express the feelings of many who have sat at his feet, looked lovingly into the manly grandeur of that truly Scottish countenance, and listened with joy to the words of wisdom from his

¹ Cuvier, Parkinson, Jameson, in whose writings difficulties like those stated by Mr Miller must have been before him while he held by the scheme of 1804.

lips, when we say, that there was a wish that some of the views brought out in the published lectures might not have greater prominence given to them by being made part of a book. They forgot that this could not be. He gave permanency to every thought the moment he committed it to the press, and it became the possession of his age and of posterity. It was, moreover, likely that the proud position, to which the richly and grandly gifted author had so nobly climbed, would lead many to accept his physico-theological views, simply because they are his. Many, too, who might not see their way to this, would be tempted to remain silent, as they remembered the battles he had fought in the cause of liberty, in the Church, and in the State, and the great work he had accomplished in demolishing huge fabrics of dreamy scientific speculation, and in adding so much to the strength and the adorning of that grand temple which science, under the power of the thought of God, is hastening to build up to the praise of the great Creator. That the attitude which many are assuming to the views propounded in "The Testimony," and the manifest attempts which are now being made to drive young, thoughtful minds into a cold, dark, surging sea of doubt, on these questions, make it needful that an effort should be made to show that it has not yet come to this. There is no concealing that this volume has been hailed with a welcome by some men, who are labouring with great ability, but with much expressed malice, to sap the foundations of men's confidence in the Bible. We have a case in point in "C," whose work on "Geology and Genesis," we shall have occasion to characterize. "It is a great satisfaction," says "C," when referring to the scope of his own work, "to receive this confirmation from so deeply lamented and able a geologist," p. vi.

"The Testimony of the Rocks," is too well known to require any lengthened analysis. Its contents may be classed under five divisions—1st, The Palæontological History of Plants and Animals; 2d, The Mosaic and Geological Records, and the *mode* in which the matter of the former was revealed to the mind of Moses; 3d, The Noachian Deluge; 4th, A Statement of the Distinctive Provinces of Natural and Revealed Theology, with an exhibition of the "Geology of the Anti-Geologists;" 5th, Two Lectures on the "Less known Fossil Floras of Scotland." This bald outline will suggest to our readers some idea of the wide range and the great importance of the subject discussed. We shall not wait to characterize these in order, as we may have occasion to glance at them in looking at the distinctive features of the volume—the alleged demand for a new scheme of reconciliation, and the proposal of the "Age Theory," as the only satisfactory one.

It seems to us that any scheme, whose leading feature is parallelism between the great characteristics of the Mosaic days and the palæontological remains of geological epochs, can never satisfy inquiring minds as absolutely true, if it be open to the charge that all the elements have not been taken into account, yea cannot be taken, which are needful in order to a safe judgment. For example, let us look at any great series of strata—as the Silurian, formed in deep sea. The positive statement has been, that higher forms of vegetation have not been found during long protracted periods of their formation; or, as “C” puts it, when showing that the parallelism does not hold, “thousands upon thousands of years (passed) before a single evidence of the seed bearing plants of the first day’s creation existed.”—(P. 23.) But has not Murchison found anthracite in the oldest greywacke, and does not Prof. Nichol believe that he has discovered, under the microscope, fibrous structure in the ashes of the Peeblesshire lower Silurian greywacke anthracite? Do we know, then, absolutely, that neither land plants nor animals existed during the great silurian ages? Do not the hints now referred to, point in a different direction? Nay, is not the very silence of the oldest fossiliferous strata suggestive on this point, when we take into account what is at present going on in our deep seas? Were they to be now dredged, the likelihood is, that a hundred men might toil for a life time, without finding bone of bird, or animal, or bit of tree. These leave their traces in the hollows among the hills, in inland caverns, in quiet lakes, and in the deltas of great rivers. May not the researches of science yet show us deposits in which a terrestrial flora and fauna existed contemporaneously with the forms of life, to the existence of which the palæontology of the Silurian bears testimony? Most of the generalizations on this subject, are built on the assumption, that nature has preserved the likeness of all the forms of life which have at any time existed, and that it is impossible there can have been any more than what we know. Those working in the dark corner, are persuaded that there is nought else, out in the wide fields, than what they see; those sailing in the little creek, believe that there can be no wonders far out on the great ocean, other than what, as presently sailing, they know so well. Forthwith the theorist takes up a position; great in the midst of controversies, he forms generalizations, as if there could never be found aught in the wide world to conflict with them. This is put with much force by Col. Greenwood, in his recent, able, but somewhat eccentric and dashing volume—“Rain and Rivers.” “In the Permian, footmarks of birds have been found. Imagine the chances against these footmarks being preserved! Imagine the chances

¹ “Siluria,” pp. 38, 61, 492.

against their being afterwards discovered! . . . Will any one conclude that birds became extinct and did not exist on earth between the permian and cretaceous periods, on the negative evidence, that no traces of them are found. Why, then, in this negative evidence, conclude that birds did not exist *before* the permian period, even in the silurian?"—(P. 166.) Yes, imagine! How many apparently fortuitous concurrent circumstances must have met before those footprints were to leave their traces on the sands of time? They turn up now, at the stroke of the field geologist's hammer, with a lesson of caution for all hasty theorizers.

Mr Miller discards the theory that the present creation was ever abruptly broken off from the preceding one, and says:—"Any scheme which would separate between the recent and extinct existences, by a chaotic gulf of death and darkness, no longer meets the necessities of the case."—(P. 122.) He then asks, "What are the facts, scientifically determined, which now demand a new scheme of reconciliation?"—(P. 123.) Let us rapidly review some of the alleged facts.

The Old Coast line supplies the most important. Mr Miller found that it consists of a subsoil of stratified sand and gravel, arranged as in the neighbouring beach, and interspersed in the same manner with sea shells. The escarpment behind is either a sloping grass-covered bank, or surf-worn rocks. This escarpment was once the coast line; and the terrace beneath, on which some of our principal sea-port towns are built, was once the beach over which the sea rolled. It is known that, B.C. 150, the coast line was as it is now. If the present has stood 2600 years, the old must have existed 3900, because its caverns are deeper in the proportion of three to five. "And both periods united more than exhaust the Hebrew chronology." This mode of putting the difficulty would be satisfactory, were we sure that the caverns of the old coast line were subject to no other action than those of the present one, and that, when the sea receded, they have not gone on enlarging. But we have evidence, even within the historical period, of the elevation of certain beaches at a rate far more rapid than would suit this theory, and we have special phenomena, which fairly warrant us to conclude that, what led to elevation or depression in particular spots, might at some period have obtained over it all.¹

The next outstanding point is connected with the discovery of boreal shells above the old coast line—shells which, though no

¹ We refer our readers to the facts given by Mr M. at p. 298, for another purpose, and to a graphic illustration of the danger of large calculations, by Cardinal Wiseman in Vol. i., p. 275 of "*Science and Revealed Religion*."

longer British, yet live still in high northern latitudes. But the whole question of the likelihood of the reproduction of forms of life in one epoch which were characteristic of a previous one, would require to be settled before we could acknowledge the difficulty believed to be involved in this fact. To take action in the difficulty without discussing this, would be begging the whole question. The great feature of the demand for a new scheme of harmony, is the allegation that types of life have been carried forward from one epoch to another, without any break. That period dove-tails into period, and epoch overlaps epoch in the grand march of life up to the present without break, hiatus, or cataclysm. It seems strange, however, that with evidences of violent change in contorted strata, and the like, and with periods at which there must have been the destruction of many varieties of species, it should be held that these suggest no probability of a time like that brooding-darkness so plainly taught in Genesis i. If Murchison and Sedgwick can speak of some of the phenomena of the Arran geology, as the result of "the upheaval of the granite," and tell us that the upheaving forces must have been in force at a time *after* the deposition of the new red sandstone, why should we exclude the possibility of the general operation of like agencies, at the introduction of the present epoch? There has been a grand march of life, but, we do not think, an uninterrupted one. Forms of life have passed away, and by a great creative act, new ones have been put in their place, fitted for a scene wholly different from that which preceded it. It is, moreover, consistent with Scriptural views of God's method of government to reason that, if it be acknowledged that forms of life not previously existing were introduced among existing ones, nothing forbids the conclusion that after a period of cataclysm all the living things for the new epoch were created, and that among these were some characteristic of a previous one. The talk about waste of power is sheer, downright nonsense. In view of this strong point, then, we still believe that the old scheme contains an hypothesis which even yet resolves the greatest number of difficulties.

It seems scarcely worth while to refer to the renowned Kirkdale Cave Remains, now that even Lyell¹ has come to tell us that the nature of these is still a "vexed question," and that "the remains found may not always belong to strictly cotemporaneous quadrupeds." But as to the cave animals, this is the strong point in "The Testimony." If, however, we keep in mind the analogy to which we have referred, in connection with the boreal shells, it seems of little moment whether we associate

¹ "Supplement to the 5th Edition of the Elements." London, 1857.

those remains with the period of the Norwich Crag, with the glacial, or the post-glacial epochs. Their existence can create a difficulty only in two ways—either that it can be shown we have no material for this analogy, or that we know to a certainty how they were collected.

It will be seen that we do not acknowledge the urgency of the demand for a new scheme, and we are even less inclined to give any weight to the proposed one. We fear that the longer it is sifted, the darker will be the shadow it will throw over a great name. Then there is a great drawback in even attempting to look it in the face. Its gifted author liveth not to vindicate his positions with that majesty of thought, copiousness of illustration, and, withal, that withering sarcasm, which made his opponents think twice before they entered the lists with him. But the theory must be looked at, because many are rejoicing in it as a rebuke to the "narrow Bible views" of Scottish theology, and as a rebuke, too, to the Church which looked up to him as one of her noblest sons. That, however, would be a daring hand which would attempt to pluck one leaf from the laurel wreath wherewith Science has crowned him; yet a friendly one may not err, or even seem over bold, in seeking to remove what is not native to the mark of victory.

"The geologist," says Mr Miller, "in his attempt to collate the Divine with the geologic record, has only three of the six periods of creation to account for—the period of plants, the period of great sea monsters and creeping things, and the period of cattle and beasts of the earth. He is called on to question his systems and formations regarding the remains of these three great periods, and of these only. And the question once fairly stated, what, I ask, is the reply? All geologists agree in holding that the vast geological scale naturally divides into *three* great parts."—(P. 135.) Mr Miller believed that the Palæozoic, or oldest fossiliferous division of strata, represents the creative work of the fourth day. Now, it must be borne in mind that Genesis i. records a series of acts which took place in the order of time, and that the fourth day is assigned to the bringing out of lights in the firmament. Mr Miller transposes the work of the third day from its place in the chronological narrative, and puts it in the place occupied by the fourth. This arbitrary liberty taken with the sacred text is sufficient to vitiate the whole theory. But the geological objection is even more formidable. For the sake of his theory, he is forced virtually to overlook his own and Dr Fleming's labours in the Old Red, and those of Murchison in the Lower and Upper Silurian. He says, indeed, that in the Palæozoic, "we find corals, crustaceans, molluscs, fishes, and, in its later formations, a few reptiles;" but none of these organisms give the

leading character to the Palæozoic. Now, with the discoveries of Fleming, Murchison, and Mr Miller himself, before us, we cannot admit that the increasingly numerous brachiopoda, gasteropoda, and cephalopoda of the Lower and Upper Silurian, do not rank as leading features of these great formations. And, looking more closely at Genesis, we find that the creation of fishes was limited to the work of the fifth day; but how are we to reconcile the order of their occurrence in the fossiliferous strata with the Age theory, even if we accept the arbitrary transposition of the third day? We meet with *Dipterus*, *Pterichthys*, *Coccosteus*, *Asterolepis*, etc., at a time when it is alleged there were no leading forms of life to give distinct character to the scene! More, Mr Miller admits the existence of reptiles in formations older than the carboniferous, there is, for example, a small air-breathing reptile—*Telerpeton Elginense*—in strata regarded by Sedgwick and Murchison among upper divisions of the Old Red; but Genesis i. 15 unequivocally confines the creation of creeping things to the work of the sixth day. We conclude, then, that “the Footprints of the Creator” contains the full refutation of the “Testimony of the Rocks.” The old views had much power over him, and have led to some confusion in “the Testimony.” Thus he gives, in the magnificent suggestions for the possible poem, great prominence to the living things which Genesis associates with the fifth and sixth days’ work, as existing at a period which could never fit into his theory. He says:—“With what wild thoughts must that restless and unhappy spirit (Satan) have wandered amid the tangled mazes of the old carboniferous forests! With what bitter mockeries must he have watched the fierce wars which raged in their sluggish waters, among ravenous creatures horrid with trenchant teeth, barbed sting, and sharp spine, and enveloped in glittering armour of plate and scale!”

The division of the great strata at p. 184, with the view of accounting for the six days, or times, or ages, is not more satisfactory, even on the theory of “the Mosaic Vision,” in which the periods may have passed before *the eye* of the prophet, as so many “representative scenes.” On this plan, the Azoic period is to count one—the earlier or middle Palæozoic, one—the Carboniferous, one—the Permian or Triassic, one—the Oolite or Cretaceous, one—and the Tertiary, one. But if there be anything in this, might we not, with equal propriety, so subdivide the series of strata as to make twelve, or more, instead of six periods? Manifestly, the “Age Theory” is a present failure. It will not give us the ground of harmony. Genesis, at every point, tells the story of a widely different order in the manifestation of being than the earth’s crust does. In the chapter on the Palæontological History of Plants, a corroboration of the theory is sought in

the alleged "resemblance, almost amounting to identity," between the classification of modern botanists and that discovered in the various fossiliferous strata. The statement is both striking and beautiful, but we are persuaded it will not bear examination. There was once a time when it would have seemed more strikingly true than it ever can do now, and advancing science will go to widen the difference. "The single point of difference" vitiates the presumed correspondence. This seems to have been felt. In the note on p. 9, we are told that "the chance discovery of some fossil in a sufficiently good state of keeping would *establish* the correspondence"—would put the monocotyledons in the place in the geologic scale which they hold in that of Lindley. We might reason, then, that the chance discovery of a true dicotyledon among the monocotyledons, or a gymnogen among the thallogens, would still further *vitate* it. But no; for we are told in the text (p. 9), that even if it were established that a true endogen had been found among the thallogens, this would not vitiate the resemblance: it would "merely be a solitary exception to the general rule." Even less satisfactory is the statement of the necessity (p. 12) for two series, by which one class runs through another. It is an "untoward arrangement for the Lamarckian;" but it is not less so for this presumed resemblance. Moreover, of what use can the resemblance in the arrangement be, when we meet with such a confession as this?—"Here let me remark, that the facts of palæontological science compel us to blend, in some degree, with the classification of our modern botanists, that of the botanists of an earlier time."—(P. 11.) The highly artificial and arbitrary character of this scheme of harmony wholly unfit it for the purpose for which it is propounded. If it be needful that we should hold as true any one scheme of reconciliation, in order that our souls may get rest, as they turn over the pages of that Old World history written on the rocks, we shall look for one in its simplicity more like the Divine record which it is intended to vindicate.

A similar line of remark might be applied to the mode in which the "Noachian Deluge" is treated. It is not dealt with in the way we might have expected from the author of "The Old Red Sandstone." The chief illustrations—as the red grouse, and the two species of elephants—fall far short of the mark to which they are directed, and might be used in another way. Notwithstanding the strong statements about "supposititious miracles," we must, in looking at the Deluge, take, *even on the partial theory*, miracles into account. The illustration from the shores of the Caspian will not shut out this.¹ Besides, recent investigations,

¹ The corroborative evidence from Lyell on *Ætna* has been set aside in "Rain and Rivers," ch. vi., with much point.

carried on under the direction of the Russian government, go right in the face of the remarks in "The Testimony." But we would be very far from pleading for the universal Deluge. Neither would we take positive ground on the other side. This can safely be left an open question; and we would not like to see the Church pledge herself either to the one theory or the other. The tendency seems towards the partial theory; but with strong expressions before us, like those of 2 Pet. iii. 5, 6, christian men should feel that they can wait. No great danger can come to truth by leaving the question open. Such of our readers as have neither time nor taste for the study of the scientific evidence on this question, but who have heard the clash of the weapons of the combatants, will find a useful *résumé* of the arguments on both sides in "Noah and his Times."

One other remark, and we shall pass from "The Testimony."—Eight or ten pages in the chapter on "The Discoverable and the Revealed," are devoted to the exposure of the ignorance of Turretine. But Turretine did *not* hold the views of creation here attributed to him. Students of this divine, remembering the large prudence, the profound sagacity, and the great common sense which belonged to him, might have anticipated much caution in treating of Creation.¹ And so it is. The topic under discussion is handled in the spirit of a man who was not in the habit of making Scripture responsible for scientific teaching, and the questions—"An Adamus primus mortalium fuerit?" and "An primus homo ante lapsum immortalitatem habuerit?"—are dealt with in a way from which such men as the author of "The Genesis of the Earth" might learn much. Mr Miller's quotations are taken from the "Compendium," which was not drawn up by Turretine, but by Rijssenius, a man of a very different calibre, who embodied in his abridgment of Turretine a jejune work of his own.²

¹ "Institutio Theologica." De Creatione, Quest. viii., xii.

² "Summa Theologica Elenctica." Auctore LEONARDO RIJSSENIUS. Daventriensi, 1677. If the reader compare the quotation in "The Testimony" with the following extract from Rijssenius, he will find how innocent Turretine is of the sentiments ascribed to him:—

1. Sol dicitur in cælo moveri, oriri, et occidere.—*Psal.* xix. 6, 7, and civ. 19, 22; *Ecc.* i. 5.

2. Dicitur miraculo quiescere in habitatione sua.—*Jos.* xx. 12, 13, 14; *Hab.* iii. 11; *Job.* ix. 7. Et retrocessisse.—xxxviii. 8.

3. Terradicitur immota stare.—*Psal.* xciii. 1, and xcvi. 1, civ. 5, cxix. 90.

4. Nec aves, quæ per horam sæpe in gyrum volitant, ad nidos suos redire possent. Interea enim mota esset terra 450 milliarum nostra.

5. Quidquid volitat, et pendet in ære, ab occasu ad orientem moveri videtur; quod falsum esse cognoscitur ex avibus, emissis sagittis, atomis splendens sole, et pappis in ære volitatibus.

EXCEPTIONES.

1. Scriptura loquitur secundam apparentiam, i.e. ut videtur esse. Resp. Et ut videtur, ut revera est.—*Matt.* v. 18.

The other works named at the head of this article may be regarded—(1.) As neutral; (2.) As in the main accepting the "Age Theory;" (3.) As holding by the scheme of 1804; and (4.) As directly and avowedly pledged to irreconcilable antagonism between Genesis and Geology.

"Creation and the Fall" must be reckoned among the first, or neutral class. This is a pervading defect of a book which bears marks of much earnest industry on the part of its author. Thus, referring to the scheme of Dr Chalmers, he says—"Giving due consideration to this great principle ('that life, once begun on earth, has been maintained without interruption') of science, it must be felt that any scheme of reconciliation which, like the above, proposes to break the continuity of the chain of life by the intervention of an absolute blank, is one that cannot satisfy the requirements of the case."—(P. 88.) This looks as if the old scheme were not satisfactory. Is it held that there is any one satisfactory scheme? The "Age Theory" seems to be most so; and having stated that, once propounded by Cuvier, etc., it was now "very much abandoned," it is held as "worthy of re-examination, as having much to recommend it." But at p. 244, Dr Chalmers' reading of "in the beginning" is received; and, p. 245, when the relation of the first verse to the narrative is discussed, the different views are given, and in the style of Matthew Henry the remark is made—"It is not easy to determine which of these alternatives is to be chosen. Much may be said on both sides of the question." The same hesitancy pervades all the pages devoted to this subject. We took up this book, expecting to meet with the grasp of a mind like that which met us some years ago in "The Method of the Divine Government;" but, if we have been disappointed as to this, we have, nevertheless, found an able statement of the literature of controversy on the topics referred to.

We can do no more than touch lightly on "The Harmony between the Mosaic and Geological Records." The author receives substantially the views of Mr Miller (p. 96), though there are several points of difference brought out by him. Mr Miller and others define the periods as ages; the author of "The Harmony" refuses to admit the element of time, and makes the morning simply the commencement of the special Mosaic vision, and the evening its termination.—(P. 42.) The descriptions in Genesis were "pictures painted on the fancy" of Moses. Thus (Genesis

2. *Aves, aer, et omnia tum terra moventur.* Resp. *Figmenta sunt, Aer est corpus fluidum.* 2. *Qua vi tunc aves ab oriente ad occidentem moveri possent?* § XIII. *Homo consistit corpore terreno, et anima spiritali.*—*Gen. ii. 7.*

Object. 1 *Thess. v. 23. Additur spiritus.* Resp. *Spiritus mentem, seu intellectum significat, anima voluntatem.*—Pp. 94–96.

i. 21), "He saw the monstrous reptiles, whose bones are imbedded in the secondary rocks." It was, then, one vast charnel-house into which the man Moses was led, when under the visions of the Almighty! It was not that grand vision of life, and living, moving, healthful things, which we used to think was set before us in verses 20, 21! The chief objection which our author alleges against the scheme of 1804, is in connection with the use of "And" in Gen. i. 2. Is it not copulative? Mr Miller has answered this in the extract given above from "First Impressions of England." While Mr Sime pleads for a partial deluge, he makes two noticeable admissions. On the limited theory, he admits God might have removed Noah beyond the reach of it, as he did Lot from Sodom; and also, that the deluge may have reached beyond the bounds of the inhabited earth. Another objection to the old scheme is found in the alleged parallelism between Gen. i. 1 and Exod. xx. 11. The words, "in six days," are held to be equivalent to "in the beginning." But if we associate Exod. with Gen. ii. the difficulty is solved:—

"Thus | the heavens and the earth | were finished."—Gen. ii. 1.
 "In six days | heaven and earth | the Lord made."—Exod. xx. 11.

We place "Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures"—"The Geological Facts," and "Things New and Old"—in the third class referred to above; because in them the scheme of Dr Chalmers is received and illustrated from the point of view of modern discovery. The Cardinal's volumes are in good keeping with the name he has obtained for learning, for breadth of view rarely met with among Romanists, and for the power of commending "mother Church" to educated minds. It will not do, however, to magnify the Papacy as ever a true patron of progress in literature and in science. Even in the Cardinal's readable and pleasant volumes, there are unmistakeable evidences that he loves Rome more than the subjects under discussion, which would be all fair, did he not love to get a back-thrust here and there at Protestant combatants. Then, have we not the experience of Galileo—have we not the History of the Inquisition—and, under our very eyes, the Index Expurgatorius, to read us the lesson of Rome's attitude to progress?

We rank "Geology and Genesis," by "C.," under the fourth class. Genesis, this author holds, may be a myth—a Jewish fable—a work of imagination by several authors—a narrative written by a man called Moses, but it cannot be a book of God—a divinely inspired volume. Geology says, No; Professor Baden Powell says, No; and so does "C."; therefore there can be no doubt about the matter. It is all settled. Is not "the Hebrew Testament clothed in garments that outrage our senses

by their inappropriateness?" Is it not "the work of a somewhat unscrupulous Jewish leader?" Does it not sound the praises "of a people whose progress was deluged with blood, stamped with rapine," and whose only motive was "ungoverned self-satisfying impulse?"—(P. 4.) Yet there is a certain kind of ability about the book, which will assuredly lift it up into a leading place among publications of a stamp which are always acceptable to a large half-instructed class, whose morals are not in the best possible condition. Every time we have taken up "C.," we have remembered what *Franz Carvel's* mother¹ said of the German philosophers—"They believed everything except the Bible: they believed, with this exception, everything which they could not—and disbelieved everything which they could." Thus, equally great in credulity and in unbelief, "C." begins his work by an ominous want of sincerity. He tries to fix upon the Church the folly of holding "that what is true in science, may, in its religious aspects, be unsound, or dangerous to promulgate." And with a ludicrous air of self-importance, he tells us he has found the true key to "the historic account of the life of Moses, the assumed writer of Genesis." What is it? Hush! Political cunning in adapting his delineations "to the idiosyncrasy of the Hebrew character!" The account of the creation was fabricated for this purpose. Yet this author believes himself equal to deal with "Geology and Genesis." It is this kind of spirit which makes works of this class piquant. If their authors would keep to their task, and deal with their subject dispassionately, they would find no readers. The exhibition of this *animus* against the Scriptures should vitiate the whole book. Or, if he were desirous to be great on these points, he should have shown that the literature of apologetical Christianity has signally failed on the question of the canon of Genesis. Had he been able to detach Genesis from other books of Scripture, his Geology might have been used to illustrate his historical and exegetical skill. But it is wholly beside the point to try a book by what it does not profess to teach, and by what none who receive it as inspired say that it teaches. There is no claim made for it "as if Moses had a prescience of the discoveries of science."

"C.'s" dread of miracles amounts to something like monomania. The mere reference to analogy creeps like a dark shadow over his temper, and leads him to speak unadvised words. Nevertheless we would again darken his dreams by asking—Does not the whole connection of God with the earth represent it as a scene for the forth-putting of miraculous power at certain great stages in its history? Do we not find the analogy to this in the work of Redemption? Do we not see it in the birth of

¹ "The Metaphysicians." Longmans. 1857.

Christ—in His life, at His death, in His resurrection? Buds it not out everywhere in the conversion of souls to God; and shall the world not witness its triumph in the dread future, when the quick and dead shall be raised up? Why not expect this same power leaving its footprints at each great epoch in the history of the earth's crust?

"C.'s" strong point is found in holding that the *present* aspect of nature has existed for great ages, which it could not have done if the Hebrew chronology be true. He repeats all the old points about deltas. The mud deposit of the delta of the Ganges would require 10,000 years for its accumulation. Of course, there can be nothing, either in the consideration that at one time there may have been an amount of *detritus* brought within the action of the water greater than we have ever seen during the historical period, or that at the mouth there may have been retarding processes not now at work. The *debacle*, or outburst of lakes, has been little taken into account in these calculations.¹ To notice other features in this book, in which Sciöliism looks smartly forth from behind the Mask of Science, would be to repeat matters already passed under review. We leave it, with the expression of the hope that before the next time "C." shall seek to hold parley with the general public, he may have learnt that humility befiteth man who knoweth not all things, and that it is not very becoming, even for great men, to be "wise in their own eyes."

Our design has been to put in a word in favour of the reconciliation scheme, now generally associated with the great name of Chalmers. We have attempted to show cause why we should not drift away from this, until the objections to it assume a more formidable attitude than they have yet done. The scheme of Dr Pye Smith has not been dealt with, mainly because it did not displace that of 1804, but merely laid alongside of it a thought, which its advocates could entertain without giving less weight to it than they had done. We would not, however, be reckoned as pledged to this one. All that we urge is, that for all present purposes it is liable to fewest objections. Every scheme of reconciliation will continue to be questioned and sifted, as Science, in her onward march, spreads out before us facts and phenomena unthought of before. Scepticism, from its dark standing place, will continue to watch what is passing in the sunlight, and it will not fail in the future, as it has not failed in the past, to step forth into broad day, when it sees anything in the progress of the physical sciences which will serve it as a weapon against God's truth revealed in the Bible. It has ere

¹ If "C." would make a study of "Rain and Rivers," he might learn something at pp. 5, 14, 75, 95, 114, 116.

this achieved something. It has met young minds at that awful point at which their fresh thoughts either look humbly up to God, or proudly abroad on man; and it has given to many a bias towards the idolatry of their race, and ultimately a persuasion that their calling is to wage war with old beliefs. The position is a perilous one; and many who have begun the battle for truth, according to man's standard, have, at last, fallen fighting against God. The wonder is, that scepticism has not been able to do more. It occupies vantage ground of no ordinary kind. It has for weapons all the difficult points which both Christians and infidels have ever met with, and stated, in connection with the outward world, and it uses those of the former without the solutions which may have been given. Voltaire used to study Calmet's "Commentary," in which the Christian author notices difficulties in order to solve them; but the Frenchman gave no heed to the solution. He picked out the difficulties to use for his own purposes. This is a characteristic of the class, as all are aware who know anything of much of the literature which is current in cities. We have more than once been startled to find objections to the Bible, which have again and again been refuted, stated as if they were unanswerable. Scepticism has another advantage. What Bacon calls "the Harmony of the Sciences,"—a harmony which not only reveals each science as one great part having its distinctive place in a system, but which lifts theology up to the platform on which the physical sciences stand, and recognises it as in brotherhood with all the rest,¹—is not dreamt of by it. The sceptic finds his strength in singling out one from the midst of the many, and, shutting his eyes to all the rest, in torturing the phenomena of his favourite pursuit, until he wring from them utterances corresponding to his own habits of thought—his individual tastes and prejudices, and often his dislike of the Bible. Each science, ignorantly or wilfully misunderstood, furnishes many points of this kind. The attention of the Christian apologist becomes distracted, and the very imperfection of man's faculties comes to lend strength to the enemies of the truth, while the defence of it is weakened by the energies of the defenders being of necessity divided.

¹ "We come, lastly, to that science which the two former periods of time were not blessed with, viz., sacred and inspired theology: the Sabbath of all our labours and peregrinations."—*Advancement of Learning*.

ART. III.—1. *Diary of Narcissus Luttrell.* Oxford: University Press. 1857.

2. *The Poetical Works of Matthew Prior.* 2 vols. Pickering.

WE feel much more interest in some ages than in others. Two periods may be exactly contiguous, and yet one appear within the verge of ancient, the other of modern history. Even in those times which must be called by a common name, modern, one epoch impresses upon us a feeling of the closest affinity and analogy; we can understand the passions and point of view of its chief characters, and intuitively penetrate to the springs of their conduct; while, when surveying the annals of events occurring, it may be, but a single reign before, we wander in a comparatively strange land. We hear party names and party cries, and we know that the objects for which these factions were striving, are the same with those which roused the desires and regrets of our own fathers. But the people which assumed these appellations, and which strove so angrily for those privileges and rights, is to us as strange and foreign as the modern Norwegian, with his Saxon constitution and liberties. One great line of demarkation, indeed, there does exist between the different ages of our world. In a broad sense, all on that side Constantine is ancient; all on this modern history. In many prominent and strongly defined features, even the borderlands of this line differ from each other; in one mighty, common characteristic, all the constituent units of the two several aggregates agree. But we feel that the differences in the aggregate are greater, or, at least, more various and numerous than the similarities which bind them together.

Then, waiving other and more distant boundaries, pass in our own history from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of his father, and what a strange feeling of isolation in a strange land and people comes over us! Bosworth field, and Queen Margaret, and princes smothered in the Tower,—what “Dark Ages” tales are these overshadowing the traditions of the Reformers, and of the bold Hugh Latimer haranguing from St Paul’s cross. Here, then, we discover another subdivision of history, even of that history which we call modern. The tie of a common special belief unites us lineally to those times. As long as the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Churches stand in Europe side by side, we cannot help recognizing and sympathizing with the countrymen of our Reformers as compatriots, almost cotermporaries of our own. The feudal system, with its barons and its villains, its strict and strange cumbrous forms and ceremonies, and its re-

ciprocal bond between lord and vassal, Magna Charta itself, with illegal scutages and reliefs, wards defrauded of their inheritances, and heiresses legally sold to needy profligate adventurers, have vanished from the neighbourhood of actual associations. The thrill which these old names call up, is of the fancy, not the feelings, and scarce warmer or more homelike in most men's hearts, than the tale of Thermopylæ. But the old faith and the new are still struggling on the battle-field of Europe, and we, the inheritors of the strife, perforce feel with those who in far distant times inaugurated it.

The commencement of the Modern History of England is popularly fixed in the reign of Henry VIII., because one of the most prominent actual aspects of modern society then first developed itself. So as we pass on through the rule of Edward, and Mary, and Elizabeth, into the epoch of the Stuarts, we start to find the scene again changed, and the same actors, the Bacons, Cecils, and Raleighs, the Shakespeares and the Ben Jonsons, on an entirely different stage. We have arrived at a new landing-place; and, when we compare the appearance of things with that which they displayed immediately before, the one era seems to us an archaistic period, the other modern history. As the former great subdivision is owing to the common manifestation now as then of certain religious characteristics, so the latter arose from the analogy in the constitutional phases displayed to us and our ancestors. That, in fact, we term "modern," which in some important particulars resembles the existing state of things. Christianity now still, as formerly, separates us from the days of the Cæsars and Augustuses,—the Reformation distinguishes Europe under one ecclesiastical government from Europe broken up into two great religious camps; and the separation of king and ministers, with the consequent innocence of the old maxim, that the sovereign can do no wrong, connects actual citizens of our English commonwealth with the Cokes, and Pyma, and Vanes. Yet has the division been even now carried far enough? Does not the age of the Star Chamber, and "*ex officio*" oaths, of monopolies of soap, and compulsory knight-hoods, scandalum magnatum, and sales of peerages, cropped ears, and Harrington's Oceana, appear to us unnatural and alien? We know that the men of that age fought for the liberty which we now enjoy, and we recognize, at a general election, some of the arguments which Pym and Hampden first made watch-words. But the private life and manners of these heroes of our political reformation are black-letter to us. They seem as ideal as the descriptions of men and women in historical novels. We cannot imagine a Falkland or a Strafford walking the streets of London, or an Aston and a Wilmot revelling in the Guards' club-

house. Between the dinner parties of the West End, and the fierce riotings of the Royalists, or the genuine business-like debates of the Long Parliament, and the harangues of our modern House of Commons, yawns the same impassable gulf as between the dark countenances frowning from the masterhand of Vandyke, or Lely's beauties,—and a miniature by Ross, or even the portraits of Laurence.

It was reserved for another reign and generation to roll back the heavy folds of the curtain stretched between us and our ancestors. The Revolution of 1669 did not reform the working of our constitution alone, it changed our manners. It was not achieved by the energy of one class exerted against another class, as that consummated by the men of 1642. Nor yet again, were its objects in the high atmosphere of politics which the majority of a nation scarcely breathe. They were attained, equally, by the dexterity of statesmen, and by the passive resistance to oppression, of the ranks which had cowered beneath the horrors of the "bloody assizes." Freedom of opinion was the Nonconformists' reward for having detected behind the mask of an occasional lenity the persecutions of the High Commission Court, and the Corporation and Conventicle Acts. The great nobles had been at the head of the movement, but the masses, which followed and approved, or suggested, gave the moral weight and momentum which ensured success. Feudal lords were no more; it was influence, rather than power, which belonged to the order. Never had public opinion, in the wide sense of the term, been appealed to more consistently or fully. Even when the object had been attained, and a new dynasty placed on the throne, as a guarantee that the policy most antagonistic to the old would be carried out, the battle still raged, and every inch of ground had to be defended by the strength of half the confirmed partizans in the kingdom against the attacks of the other half.

No period is so favourable to the amalgamation of ranks, and the annihilation of classes, as constituting an original and perpetual distinction between individuals, as one in which known and recognised chiefs have led a movement, but by the choice and election of the people. Every feature, whether mental or even physical, every little peculiarity in manner or conduct discovered in the leaders, whether Whig or Tory, was of importance. The eccentricities of caste, which only do prevail when the class is so separated and bound up in itself, that each member is sure of his position, and can, in the very wantonness of impunity, transgress all established rules—that audacious trampling upon decency which the annals of Charles II.'s reign so lavishly display—disappeared under the inquisitorial censorship of public opinion under William and Anne, and the biting sarcasms of the pen. Wharton

was, at last, decent, though as complete a profligate as ever, and the notorious Buckhurst, of the crew of Sedley and Wilmot of Rochester, became, in the later scenes of his life, a legitimate subject for panegyric and ode, under the name of the Earl of Dorset, the Mécenas of literature. In some measure, it was that the licence of the days succeeding the Restoration had borne its fruits. In its ripeness and maturity it had spread from rank to rank, till at length there seemed danger lest that which had been a scandal to the nation, should become one to the world. The moral leprosy had so crept throughout the body of the people that, as with the physical, its strength and banefulness, politically speaking, were gone. The courtier could no longer pride himself on vices of which he once had the monopoly, nor other classes feel that their superiors breathed an atmosphere of which they had had no experience. But now the position of the aristocracy, as candidates for the popular leadership, and forced by dread of antagonists ever in the field, and ready to seize on some occasion for decrying them, to submit themselves to the general rules of society, had led to the breaking down of the partition between court and people. They were still the constitution's rightful champions, but subject to the nomination of the nation, and, consequently, with a tendency to adopt the fashions and ways of thinking with which their constituents could most readily sympathize. A community of ends and aims led to the approximation of classes. In part, the higher assimilated themselves to the lower, their clients and electors; in part, these imitated the refinement and habits of their representatives. Villiers of Buckingham might have still, in this generation, been the hope and chosen leader of the Puritans, but he must have assumed their demeanour to qualify himself. A reign earlier, Harley would not have deemed it necessary in the head of the Tories, to wear the guise of a High Churchman, nor St. John to pretend to be a Christian.

Subject to the circumstances of the time, political and ecclesiastical, this result had been effected by the efforts and vigour of the writers whom the Revolution brought forth armed in all the panoply of satyr and invective. From the Caroline era they had caught the ease and polish of society, as opposite to the elaboration and art of the Elizabethan epoch of literature, as was the stately feudalism of Gloriana's court, and her solemn progresses to the younger monarch's saunter in St James' Park, and the banter of the galleries at Whitehall. From the same source, they had learned the manners of the great, whose sworn defendants they were, and to depict these, and these alone, in their works, since, as courtiers were the only patrons of letters, no representations, or even mimicry, of manners other than theirs, would have been understood by the only audience they were likely to

have. The fate of the Stuarts changed the aim and the form of their efforts,—while it was the means of elevating their profession, did not alter their character. The general phases of society were no longer displayed in comedy for the amusement of society itself, or burlesqued in the serious rant of tragedies with plots laid in Asia;—keen satire, whether in prose or verse, was levelled by one side against the peculiarities of some prominent champion on the other. They did not attack vaguely and uncertainly whole classes, for the dart would often have flown wide, and hit a friend. The Revolution had initiated no class-war. Its reproach, on the contrary, is, that its contests were mere battles of factions, each with leaders of the same condition and rank—each with a regular subordination of followers. Especial individual defects in the opposite leaders were the subjects and topics of these authors; to know the vulnerable points they were obliged to live in the same circles, and affect the same fashions. No mere hirelings—inditing savage *à priori* libels, not designed to convince those of the same class with their victims, but only to rouse a vulgar storm of odium against them among those who knew no standard by which to gauge their superior's iniquities—these did not write in taverns for the half eleemosynary guinea of a noble. They wrote as partizans—as themselves personally interested in the events of the struggle—they drew the outline, and polished the style, nor left it to their employers to embellish it with point and personality. It was not a fee for which they looked as their pay and reward. Every student of Swift remembers the bitterness with which he repudiated a gift from Harley. They claimed a share in the division of the booty when embassies and departments were to be filled up.

If such were the duties and expectations of writers in this age, it might naturally be anticipated that, the more furious and doubtful the contention, the greater would be the importance, and the more magnificent the recompense to these, the chief agents and instruments in the strife. More peculiar claims would the men have to such compensation, who rose to gratify the ever ready demand, when the issue of the struggle of parties was as yet uncertain, and when the new system was still too recent to supply fully its own requirements. This palmy condition of authors is, indeed, the prominent feature in this strangely exceptional epoch of time. Under Charles II. literature flourished. A whole nation of poets lived on the taste for dramatic exhibitions and the nauseous fulsomeness of ridiculous dedications, wherewith the most eminent personages of the day were fed. There was a "wits' coffee-house" then, as later; and courtiers, and men of fashion, loved to throng the winter table, or summer balcony, where sat enthroned the king of the wits, John Dryden. They dined at the tavern with authors: they gossiped with them

at the coffee-house ; and, on occasion, adjourned in their company, from the long-protracted debauch, to break windows and worry watchmen, or play at the "Mohocks" of the time. But this familiarity was all on one side. Writers, who in public were boon companions, found too often the great man's doors rigidly closed against the suitor for the customary gratuity, after an adulatory inscription on the frontispiece of the last new poem. Even in those half legendary, halcyon days of letters—the age of Queen Elizabeth—the position of poets, though with a little less familiarity, and a little more of independence, was still that of hangers on, and expectants of bounty. The Sydneys and Southamptons were too few to rescue a genius from the situation of a supernumerary in the real business of life—a creature born only to amuse, and not for use—a self-adopted descendant of the kept fools and jesters of a feudal prince's court. Suddenly, and to the manifest surprise of some among them, they found themselves elevated, by the novel relations of the Revolution, and the generally factious and personal type of parties in that period, into wielders of the most tremendous political engine, and the real deciders of the strife. Scions of noble families, who would, under the old state of things, have begun with being courtiers and companions of royal follies, now inaugurated their career with a dash at literary fame. The great Earl of Halifax, as Charles Montague, grandson of Lord Manchester, had no mean title to promotion at the court of a liberal and revolutionary monarch. He challenged and proved his claim to favour there, and in Parliament, by achieving the glories of a successful satyrist. Prior, the son of a joiner and nephew of a butcher, would have been, under different circumstances, as much, if not, perhaps, something more of a wit ; his name had, most undoubtedly, never been connected with a peace, which is one of the landmarks of politics, and with the two statesmen, whose real character is yet so completely a problem, unless for the exigencies of the events of 1689.

Prior is, indeed, the most perfect representative of this phase and order of things that it is possible to find. Not, apparently, designed, by his nature or tastes, for a genuine and professional statesman, like Montague ; not a writer, who has by his genius, as Addison, compelled the world, and rightly, to accept, as truths of human nature, the oddities and humours of a special period ; yet, by tempering literature with politics, and politics with literature—neither, by itself, in his hands, very powerful—he made a high reputation among his cotemporaries, and won lofty official rank. Yet more—by the mere weight of the frequent repetition of his name, in one relation or another, in the records of the period when he flourished, his fame, as a distinguished diplomatist and true

poet, has descended to an age which recollects little of the circumstances of his negotiations, and not much more, in reality, of his muse. Yet, the single fact of the creation of a great reputation, is never without an interest of its own. No effect can be without a cause. Men may praise something which contains not a germ or spark of what is really praiseworthy; but men never praise by accident. Either in the object of their laudations, or in themselves and their circumstances, is to be found the explanation of the halo which surrounds some names. It is often necessary to recollect this in contemplating the life of Prior. At first, the humble attendant and client of wits, and the patrons of wits; then the college cotemporary of a man destined to be the most powerful of agents in carrying out the spirit of the Revolution—distinguished, and raised to fame and consideration by a work which carried the coffee-houses triumphantly over to the liberal side; an active and favoured co-operator in every great scene of William's foreign policy, while not less influential in furthering it, as a co-founder and luminary of the great Whig committee of wit, the Kitcat Club; then, a revolter from the standard he had so long followed, but not altogether, even now, alienated from his old companions, nor ever visited by them with revilings and hatred as an apostate; quietly, among his new friends, assuming the same position as among his former connections—always associated with, but never leading any prime movement of their policy; though assisting antagonists to its spirit, still negotiating on the principles of the Revolution, and not of the previous period; a chosen companion and intimate of the great minds of his new side; neither one of those the mere acquaintances for the hours of relaxation and pleasure—if employed in affairs, employed only for a pretext to burden the public, rather than their friends, with their support—nor yet the secret, unrecognised counsellor of incompetent or indolent ministers; even in the time of his disgrace, and the fall of his chiefs, not condemned to the ignoble punishment of a subordinate, neglect and obscurity, but thrown up, by the tide of circumstances, to observation—exposed to examinations before secret committees, and imprisonment by the Commons; lastly, when at length released, though excluded from the rôle of a politician, as a poet, the idol of society, he affords, in his history, a most complete epitome of his times. Though, in his tastes and conduct, a good representative of the old, he is, in his fortunes, a better illustration of the new spirit of the age—with its dissolution of caste distinctions and prejudices, as barriers of society, but not of the personal gossiping tone of a community, once so insolently exclusive and careless of public opinion,—with its appeals to the nation at large, by arguments drawn from the scandal of the drawing-

room, and with, consequently, the elevation of the recognised interpreters of those arguments, the authors—than either Montague, with his high talents for finance, in an age when finance was government, and his historic name; or Addison, with personal influence and literature, which must have, in any age, distinguished their possessor from the masses; or Swift, with his keen political perceptions, and constitutional exuberance of party virulence, in an epoch of personal and party rivalry.

This deficiency of Prior's in any one strongly marked faculty, in default of Montague's high birth, the amiability of Addison, and the irresistible despotism of Swift's mind, may have even aided his advancement. He had no family claims to excite the envy of those great old Whig houses, which had effectuated the expulsion of the Stuarts, and claimed the benefit of that event, nor sufficiently manifest ambitious propensities to rouse their jealousy. But, besides this negative qualification of disability, the business-like tastes he does seem to have possessed, certainly contributed, and most essentially, to his advancement. They were just enough to hinder him from being a mere clog on serious hours, and proved a most important accession to the utility of a boon companion in days when affairs of State were discussed over tokay, and intimacy with royal waiting-women, and a capacity for a lengthy tea-table debauch, were essential gifts in a Chancellor or Lord Treasurer. Business and the pleasures of life were in that short but brilliantly artificial portion of our history, curiously intermingled. The combination in Prior's disposition of an inclination for pleasure with a good deal of what is called "bureaucracy," made him a most efficient agent throughout it. The aristocracy which had expelled the old dynasty, naturally asserted a supreme prerogative in developing the new system. The sovereign no longer was the head and source of all political action. William and Anne had been parties to the conspiracy. On its success they shared in its results. But they had been parties only, not the designers, champions rather than patrons. As the relative power of the two great factions in the State rose and fell, the monarch gave in his or her adhesion. William had been naturally a member of the great Whig junto; his sister-in-law, through life, manifested a timid but regular bias to the side of the Tory and Church of England confederacy; yet, with all the feelings and tastes of their several natures interested and bound up with one party or the other, we find each, in turn, compelled to have recourse to that whose superiority had been decided on for the time in the dubious struggle. And that struggle was not fought out in a duel between the two parties, and the victory won by defections from the opposite ranks. The nation in whose cause it had begun,

asserted its right to nominate managers to carry it to its completion. They did not claim to appoint demagogues from their own body as defenders of a popular standard; but selected their defenders from the limited aristocratic caste. The administration of affairs continued to be a monopoly vested in a court, not one dependent, however, on the sovereign, and all government to be an incongruous medley of politics and pleasure.

In such a period was cast the poet's lot; a period enveloped in a bright haze of personal love and hatred, intrigue at home and abroad, great alliances cemented by reciprocal presents of strong liquors and champagne, liable to be dissolved and interrupted by a fire in an ambassador's house, or the abduction by the Popish Countess of Jersey of her Protestant son. In reading the records of the time, we might imagine ourselves engaged with the Court of Charles II. or the Orleans Regency, till the casual mention of the "Crisis," or some appeal to the people against the efforts of an opposition hourly gaining ground, drives home to our recollection the fact that we are still in the purlieus, still dragging on the skirts, as it were, of that mighty prodigy, the popular Revolution of 1689. Never was there a man whose powers were more completely drawn out, and turned to account by the predisposing influences of the reigns of William and Anne, than Prior's. His wit and poetry were utilized in a state of society, when "vers de société" were an important part of the machinery of statesmanship, when ministers of state went wildly about to find a bard to celebrate a battle, and a lord treasurer could win popularity by parading the pageantry of his white staff through a crowd of admiring courtiers, to flatter and caress no greater a versifier than the amiable and ingenious Parnell. As a diplomatist, he was criticized by Walpole, perhaps rather harshly; for Walpole had a great dislike for "litterateurs" taking upon themselves the style of politicians. It was certainly fortunate for him that he emerged in circumstances requiring not so much a master-mind, as an obedient and industrious secretary and mouthpiece, the popular name and manners of a poet, rather than an inventive politician. English diplomacy was almost the creation of this age, and in diplomacy he found the freest scope for his abilities. The deeper and more subtle mysteries of negotiation were indeed beyond him, but he was never without chiefs to whom the conduct of these fell, who, in fact would hardly have suffered him to exert his capacity in that direction, even had he possessed any. William—it was a matter of notoriety—was his own foreign minister. The mind alone which had formed and designed it could hold the threads and clues of a complicated net-work of plans embracing the whole of Europe. The peace of Utrecht again, was far too delicate a matter to be entrusted to

the casual intuitions of some self-reliant envoy; nor was the pride or the vanity of Bolingbroke likely to brook any intermeddlings with the mazes of his comprehensive scheme. It was the *indifference* of intellectual capacity in Prior's character, rather than its many-sidedness, which explains, not the continuity of his employments only, but also his peculiar happiness in being the point of contact for all the great men and coteries of his day. All projects of ambition and pleasure were then much more concentrated than at present, and drawn, as it were, into a far smaller and more contracted space; but there was a facility and coolness of temperament in him peculiarly, which connected him at different times with combinations the most dissimilar or even mutually repulsive.

For so prominent and active a personage, remarkably little is to be learnt of what is personal to himself. The details of his life are but his relations with the great events of his time and its most illustrious characters. All men have a sort of morbid curiosity respecting the minutiae of the origin or growth of genius; the point where it put off the slough of ordinary humanity, and began to prepare the world for the coming splendour. The demand for anecdotes of a celebrated man's boyhood often produces the supply, whether genuine or not. But the school days of Prior are chiefly remarkable for having been cotemporaneous with those of one (Montague) with whom his name was hereafter to be connected, whose powers, though with the same component elements of a taste for poetry and for politics, were yet weak and strong in exactly the converse manner. It does not appear that the grandson of a peer and the nephew of the butcher and vintner, at first proved very intimate friends. Probably the acquaintance between the two became closer at Cambridge, through the medium of Stepney, called by courtesy a poet, and made into one of those classics who are never read, by the introduction of his name into Johnson's famous biographies. The future bond of connection was the like dependence of all three, though in very different degrees, upon themselves, for promotion in the world, and tender reminiscences of the noble old school near which two of them were destined to repose in death. Prior was fortunate in his master, the Dr Busby, whose pupils have procured for him a sort of honorary place in any history of English poetry. We are told that he there distinguished himself highly; and indeed he must have quickly accumulated a competent store of learning, for we find him prematurely withdrawn from school to be apprenticed to his uncle at Charing Cross. So near a chance did diplomacy run of losing one of its chief ornaments—and publishers of a prescriptive right to add one more volume to every

orthodox edition of English poets. Not to have passed through the college at Westminster, was in those days a serious disadvantage to an ambitious youth; for the "Challenges," especially those at the conclusion of the course, a competition in which each candidate turns examiner of his rivals in his turn, were then one of the most fashionable spectacles of the metropolis. According to the politics of the head-master for the time being, or the accident of political or natural relationships with the families of the competitors, party leaders, influential peers, and prelates, thronged the antique school-house. There might have been seen St John, in the plenitude of power and place, encouraging a friend's cousin, and watching spitefully, with the old rancour of the bygone Christ Church and Bentley feud, the manœuvres of the tyrannic master of Trinity inflexibly resolved, "*pro solita humanitate sua*," writes the indignant minister, "and with all the good-breeding of a pedant," on choosing the best scholars for his own college. At a later period, we have the "great Commoner," Pulteney, writing to his nephew Colman, with fervour and enthusiasm, on the same subject, and expressing his desire to be present at the contest. Many boys had an entrance into public life secured them by the acuteness and quickness they manifested on these occasions. Prior, who had scrambled into the school with difficulty, had not the opportunity of signalising himself in this manner. Traditions vary as to his plans and hopes on leaving. There is a tale that he even actually served the office of tapster at his uncle's house. But his talents were too useful to be lost at the epoch of our history; and his ingenuity and wit appear to have been exactly suited for pushing his powers into notice in the only way then possible.

Patronage was now in the very pride and full blossom of its existence. Partly from the natural revulsion after the ascetic severity, which was a blight even upon the fine arts, of the Puritans of the Commonwealth; partly, it may be, from the instinct of gilding over the gross Sybaritism of court life with the superficial gloss of literary taste and refinement, every aspirant after fame, or licensed indolence, betook himself, as of right, to composing verses, often of the very smallest and most pointless character. But too many, of feeble powers, and a great repugnance to turn these to account in any rational fashion, used literature, not after the honest Grub Street fashion of their compeers, so mercilessly, nay malignantly, assaulted in the Dunciad, the writers of Queen Anne's time—men who meant to live, and did live, by hard real work, done for small, but well earned pay,—but made it an apparent excuse for begging, just as mendicants, to avoid the legal penalties, offer matches for sale.

There were some even then of the later, and certainly, spite of all the ridicule cast upon them, the far more honourable type. Dryden laboured in literature as zealously as any man could work in the more regular and avowed professions. But the majority were of a different disposition. The luxury of the age, and the love of superfluous attendants had demoralized letters, as a court, or a nobleman's residence often does a neighbourhood. Authors did not rely on themselves, but on the chance of cajoling some great man into guaranteeing their powers. Nor did the wealthy courtiers disdain the office imposed upon them. Needy writers were taken into their service, as an additional ten lacqueys might be, with the risk, of course, of being turned off, to make room for a dwarf or a bravo ; for

“ Constat leviori bellua sumtu
Nimirum, et capiunt plus intestina poetæ.”

On the easy terms of rendering his regular quota of judicious praise to the poetry of his host and dedicatee—for generally “ipse facit versus,” he held his pension. In fact, the demand for writers worthy of patronage had now at last exceeded the supply. But a state of opinion when a brace or so of bards is an essential element in a splendid household, not because the master appreciates their compositions, but because he thinks such a suite a badge of taste and letters, is not favourable to the growth or the vigour of genius. The condition of taste can be best indicated by the fact, that Horace was the standard of poetry, and the cotemporary French bards the received interpreters of classical feeling. Not only at this time, but later, when literature seemed regenerated, morals, taste, wit and sentiment were all discovered in their highest perfection in the great original and type of all poets of society, the domestic laureate of Augustus, Mæcenas, and all the most refined givers of dinners at Rome. It would be quite inexplicable why Horace, Horace, Horace is the perpetually recurring authority of the Caroline period, and of the distinguished men, the flower of whose youth falls within the same epoch, did we not recollect the analogy in the spirit of both ages, and how complete a reflection that poet is of the tone of his own times, and of what was then considered the tone of good society.

The Earl of Dorset and Horace furnished very appropriately Prior's introduction to society and fame. The celebrated Lord Dorset represents the court, of which he was the brightest ornament, in its lights and its shades. We may at once reject his protégé's judgment of him as a writer. Without going so far as to allow the song

“To all you ladies now at land,”

the highest merit, or ranking its author with Alexander or William III., because he could touch it up the night before a bloody sea-fight, we may fairly give it credit for great neatness and spirit. But that "the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled," that "every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, such as wrought or beaten thinner would shine through a whole book of any other author," is adulation only excusable from the extravagant courtesy of the age, the laudable grief of a friend writing to a son of his old patron, or, lastly, the same prejudice in favour of profligate wits, which leads him to excuse his panegyric of one noble poet, by allusion to the forgotten lucubrations of another, Wilmot Earl of Rochester, as "the other prodigies of the age." As a friend, a gentleman, and a courtier, he probably deserved the praises lavished upon his generosity and universal affability, though frequent gusts of passion, however short and speedily atoned for, and an uncontrollable taste for satirizing, not vice, but social faults, such as "tedious recitals of private affairs," "extreme ignorance and impertinence," or even "an ill-judged civility," must have made his temper rather trying, to say the least, to his associates. But to gloss over the nauseous debaucheries and mad follies of many years, to glance at scenes which have done most to taint the memories of Charles II.'s reign, as "the little violences and mistakes of a night too gaily spent," is a terrible evidence of the radical corruptness of society, which could pardon everything, and forget everything, when the perpetrator was a Lord Buckhurst. As a patron, however, he seems to have possessed that instinctive apprehension of the neighbourhood of true genius, which so often beguiles men into the belief, that he who can so skilfully estimate power in others, must surely be himself endowed with the same species of capacity. Intimate relations with Waller, and Dryden, Butler, Wycherley, and Prior, with all but the first, the relations of a patron, point to no common appreciation of intellect or ordinary powers of discernment. It is to the gratitude of the last named that he is indebted for the preservation of his fame and the memory of his munificence.

They met at an annual dinner of the noblemen and gentry of the parish of St Martin's, held, according to custom, at the Rummer Tavern, kept by S. Prior. From wine and talk of love there had been no unnatural transition, as usual in those days, to the poet of both. A discussion arose respecting the exact interpretation of some inspired platitude in the Odes about these mysteries; and one of the company happened to recollect that a schoolboy was in the house, the nephew of their host, and whose memory might be fresher on these points than their own. The array of courtiers and authors were astonished at discovering

the delicacy and quickness of perception of the destined vintner in their own peculiar subjects. Lord Dorset at once recognised the lad's genius, and charged himself with his maintenance at Cambridge and future advancement. The determination did honour to his sagacity. The life of Prior is, from henceforth, at home, the history of cliques and coteries, which have made themselves niches in history, whence many a reminiscence of them sheds a bright quiet light over the dark places of this most obscure and idiosyncratic of periods; abroad, of famous treaties, appealed to even now as articles of faith in the creed of the balance of power, and, in their provisions, still fresh and lasting. At St John's, he soon grew into fame as a wit of the very first rank in the then sense of "wit." Mathematics had scarcely at that early period, spite of the world-wide reputation of Sir Isaac Newton, begun to engross all the interests of Cambridge. Latin verse was still there the poetry of the educated; and each unhappy tenant of the throne counted it among the burdens of greatness to have to peruse—or pretend it—the prolix Latinity of each ambitious gownsmen. Prior's good scholarship even secured his election as fellow of his college, shortly after taking his degree, and he became the centre of that society of which, at an earlier date, we discover many picturesque traces in the quaint biography of Matthew Robinson. In the vacations, with his brother Cantabs, he might have been found pressing round the upper table in the "Wits' Coffee-house," or the famous summer balcony, where they listened reverentially to the great chief of the wits, "proud to dip a finger and thumb into Mr Dryden's snuff-box, thinking it enough to inspire them with a true genius for poetry, and make 'em write verse as fast as a tailor takes his stitches," as a contemptuous cotemporary asserts. He certainly does appear to have been, at least on repartee terms with the great man at the date of the publication of the "Town and Country Mouse," whatever may be the truth of the anecdote, that the veteran author shed tears of annoyance and indignation, as the malice of the town delighted in believing, at the fact of "two young men, whom he had always treated well, treating him so ill." The story was a mere expression of the wrath which his envious detractors imagined must have been excited by learning the general ridicule (Prior and his coadjutors being the "coryphæi") cast upon "the Hind and the Panther."

Never, indeed, had anything been welcomed with more riotous exultation and a heartier burst of panegyric than this parody. The smartness of the insinuations and innuendos so pleased and gratified the party-feeling, which had now engrossed every other sentiment, as to insure it against cool impartial criticism. Dryden had already, by a proud self-assertion, and, at the same time

by the narrowness of his circumstances, which, with all his fame, necessitated his appearing as a rival of hack-writers, roused the envy and jealousy of a host of competitors. Now there had arisen an additional motive to rage against him in his change of religion, and, in the fear of the admirable powers of satire and criticism, which had worked such havoc in his "*Absolon and Achitophel*," in the ranks of Shaftesbury's liberals. Dryden has been partly avenged by the neglect with which posterity has chosen to visit the instrument of his persecution. Such has always been the case with productions of ephemeral interest, and almost, it would seem, in proportion to their temporary popularity. The "*Two Mice*" is never republished, for it could have no readers, unless for its historical interest. They were at once enrolled in the select company of wits who met, curiously enough, at "*The Judges' Head*," in Chancery Lane, the sign of the celebrated Jacob Tonson, publisher of the rival "*Hind and Panther*." In this society was the germ of the prince of clubs, the *Kit-Cat*, more regularly established in 1700. Originally it was a sort of publisher's dinner and *conversazione*, at which literary projects were discussed, and the first foundation of a clever epigram laid. Gradually, as the fame of its wit and conviviality grew, peers and politicians of the liberal party petitioned to be admitted, till at last, though preserving, as *e.g.*, Brookes's still does, the idea of a party of guests, with Jacob Tonson for host, not of a systematic and independent society, it grew into a mighty centre of the literary and statesmanlike brilliancy of the great Whig houses. It is amusing to read the traditions of the elections of the "toast" for the year—the summer expeditions to the "*Upper Flask*," amid the distant (but not more rural in appearance then than now) wilds of Hampstead—of their conclaves at Jacob Tonson's country house—the proud condescension of their host, who thought himself the greatest man among them, in taking the post of their secretary—his love of all the old forms, and horror at the sacrilegious insolence of the notorious Lord Mohun, in breaking off the gilded emblem of office from the publisher's chair. But all this was at a later period, when Prior was lamented as a deserter to the Tory camp. At present it was more exclusively an association of young authors, or genuine literary lords, and the conviviality was confined chiefly to Christopher Cat's mutton pies. The poet's puns and bon-mots soon secured him a high place in this fraternity. But there was an under-current of prudence in his disposition, which made him crave some more stable position than that (in itself no sinecure) of a man of wit and fashion.

The times were favourable to his ambition. Literary men were still as much patronized as in the reign of Charles II.,

but now for the use to which their gifts could be put, not as being a necessary part of a great man's household. In fact, the importance of authors was disproportionately increased. The professional services of poets and satirists, it is obvious, were useful for winning over the nation to assent to the actual result which a comparatively very small body of prominent individuals had achieved. But this scarcely explains the sudden demand for the political aid of writers of any pretensions. We must recollect that, besides the accident of several of the chief supporters of the Revolution having been long conspicuous as patrons of literature, it was especially necessary to enlist, on the side of Reform, all the names of most popular notoriety. Lastly, when all those most versed in the routine of public business had been the employés of an adverse Government, and bound over, as it were, to promote hostile principles, it was much to have a choice from among men who had actually evinced their powers in any one direction.

The very universality of the practice of dispensing Government patronage in favour of his own class, made Prior feel injured at being passed over even for a time. He complained with a mixture of humour and querulousness—

"My friend Charles Montague's preferred;
Nor would I have it long observed,
That one mouse eats while t'other's starved."

His murmurs were hardly justifiable. Not only had Montague a capacity for business, and an eloquence of the very first order, but his name and connections would give him a sure title to notice from the ruling oligarchy. Poor Prior, however, might be pardoned for overlooking the fact that the immediate event, the publication of the satire, which led to his friend's elevation, was not the sole reason. He only observed, that one of the co-authors seemed in danger of ending his days as a senior fellow, and he the man who had contributed all the wit of the pamphlet, except what merit the preface might possess. "Did not Halifax write 'The Country Mouse' with Mr Prior?" asked Spence once. "Yes," said Lord Peterborough, "just as if I were in a chaise with Mr Cheselden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say, Lord! how finely we draw this chaise." He murmured that his right to promotion was vested, but not made payable. The interest of his friend Fleetwood Shepherd—an old boon companion of Charles II., and to whom two amusing "Conversation" poems are addressed, with his old patron—great at William's Court and at the Kit-Cat Club,—the Earl of Dorset procured him an introduction to the king. In 1690,

just three years after the publication of the parody, he was gazetted to the secretaryship of the embassy at the Hague.

Here then begins his political career. It was altogether diplomatic, though at times he held other employment, with nominal duties, and was almost the same in its demands upon his talents and political principles in the days of his Toryism and his Whiggism. It is fortunate for his fame, that the times immediately succeeding the Revolution, were as admirable for their negotiations as for their wars. Then first began to be understood the great doctrine of a balance of power, already referred to. It had formerly existed, as a principle, only in the speculations of profound international lawyers; the mutual fears and jealousies of neighbouring states having been, in the practice of nations, the substitute for it, since the condensation of those myriad independencies, which, under the feudal system, had rendered such a doctrine unnecessary. Practical statesmen had been forced to recognize it through the insolent ambition of Louis XIV., which made these terrors and suspicions, formerly intermittent, now continuous and even contemporaneous. The comprehensive policy of William of Orange gave the banded nations of Europe a chieftain and centre, and facilitated the adoption of measures in accordance with it. The negotiator recognised in the terms he was empowered to ask, and the conditions the ministers of hostile cabinets seemed ready to accept, the vast and energetic mind of his king. A sentiment of veneration for the champion of the Whigs, appears to have survived in the secretary's mind his apostasy to the Tories. Nor was he himself a mere obstructive in these transactions. A spiteful saying of Walpole's, and the reputation of his poetry, have prejudiced posterity against receiving him as a statesman. Less reasonably men have been led to conclude that he was an incapable diplomatist. But neither William nor Bolingbroke, his subsequent patron, were in the habit of choosing incompetent ministers. If there were any merit in the labours of the embassies in which he was engaged, it is undoubtedly to Prior that we must assign the praise, and not to the great "Revolution" Lord who might happen to be the chief figure in the pageant. That he had abilities for the work there can be no doubt whatever; for, if his name only had been wanted to give an air of literary patronage to the Government, plenty of glittering sinecures could have been found for him. What the work really was, and what sort therefore of abilities were needed for it, is not so apparent. Probably an ambassador even now possesses but little original power. He is only the organ of a cabinet, with very definite instructions. The time when he acts most of his own mere motion, is on occasions

arising from some accidental *contretemps* requiring prompt decision. In those days, when resident legations were not yet customary, except among the Venetians, the chance of such exigencies was but small. The envoy was sent for a special purpose, and was expected to communicate at once all that occurred on the moment. Neither was the division of labour in a court quite as absolutely recognised then as now. As William was his own foreign minister, so, like Bolingbroke, he was all but his own diplomatist likewise. Indeed, it would have been strange had it been otherwise. The rights of nations were much more perplexed then than now; the complications which had been growing and growing since the feudal system, were then first unravelled. The statesman who had conceived the plan, and who held the chart of the track in his own mind, could alone embody the result in a treaty. No certain principle had as yet been established to determine the relations of states; the application of them was not then as now the only difficulty, but the induction itself. Hence a different sort of envoy was required, a man shrewd enough to comprehend the state of things, and not too self-reliant or vain to communicate all to his principal, and to obey orders implicitly; a man, besides, pliant and adapting himself quickly to foreign customs in an age not yet prolific in travellers, and with a reputation for wit and *esprit* enough to render him acceptable in foreign society; able, finally, to avail himself of all secret influences in that age of female intrigue and finesse. The correspondence of Prior with Lord Bolingbroke at a later period, shows how well he fulfilled all these conditions.

We have not full particulars of his conduct as a negotiator during William's reign. We only know that he answered the expectations of his patron, and satisfied the king. Without any impeachment to his talents, he appears to have been looked upon as rather ornamental, not from personal attractions (since we are told by a friend, that he possessed "*un visage de bois*"), but, for his sparkling wit. He figured, accordingly, on all occasions of show and pageant. Nor does he seem to have disliked being forced to become part of a spectacle, though with a good deal of prospective shame at the thought of the humble condition into which he would have, some time or other, to descend. His movements were watched by all the quidnuncs at home, with a curiosity which must have been gratifying to the nephew of the butcher and vintner of the Rummer, or, perhaps yet more so, to the fellow of St John's. Narcissus Luttrell is most particular in recording every rumour of his elevation and doings. From him we learn that, after having been four years at the Hague, attending there the congress of the Anti-Gallican powers of the West

of Europe, he was appointed secretary to the king himself. Being now regularly retained for diplomacy by Government, he assisted at the peace concluded at Ryswic in 1697, and was selected for the honourable employment of bringing home news of it to the Lords of the Regency. Bonfires and bell-ringing welcomed him home, as though he had been a conqueror. The same year, as a reward for his exertions, he was gazetted Chief Secretary to Ireland, but was speedily called upon to attend Bentinck, Earl of Portland, William's prime favourite, on his mission to Paris to exchange ratifications of the treaty. With the exception, perhaps, of the Duke of Bedford's embassy, in the last century, and that of Lord Castlemaine to the Pope, in James' reign, this was perhaps the most sumptuous ever dispatched by our country. Besides the importance of the occasion itself—the conclusion, not of one, but a series of wars—there was a desire to show France that England; in receiving a parvenu dynasty, had not abdicated the old sentiments of national grandeur—to publish, in short, before the eyes of France and all the West of Europe, a manifesto of its invincible pride and spirit. The whole was conducted on a scale of rude magnificence. The starving peasants, who thronged the highways to welcome the bearers of peace, were astonished at the spectacle of droves of fat oxen conveyed from home, and the French capital flowed with English ale. The Secretary was allowed L.300 for his equipage in the pageant of the solemn entering into Paris; and the exact number of shillings thought sufficient for such an official's daily expenditure, by the administration, is recorded by the veracious chroniclers of the gossip of clubs and coffee-houses.

His name and his business habits, his tact and wit, recommended him to the same office under Portland's successors, Villiers, Earl of Jersey, and Lord Manchester. Indeed, with his reputation for fashion and dexterity of repartee, combined with real application, he was a most valuable representative of England in that court of coteries and politico-amatory intrigues. There seems to have been a kind of coolness—or rather, perhaps, it should be termed, coldness of temper in him—which made him, though no Machiavel, a capital secretary of legation. The dignity of his position, as envoy of England at that special time, and a probably genuine admiration of the obstinate heroism of William's character—of which the object of his mission to his rival's court, was so material a proof—gave an air of sincerity to his famous saying, when paraded before Le Brun's pictures of Louis' Flemish Campaign at Versailles, that “the monuments of *his* master's actions were to be seen everywhere but in his own house.”

He continued to reside in France, with but two short intervals

—one for a mission to see King William at Loo, on some matters connected with diplomacy, the other when, in default of work for him at Paris, he was called over to take the Under-Secretary's portfolio in Lord Jersey's office. The curious in England were very inquisitive as to what business could have gained Prior admittance to the monarch's favourite retirement, and the conference has been considered evidence of his statesmanlike qualifications. His return home was rumoured to be connected with a negotiation of marriage between himself and the Lady Falkland. Whether there was any ground for the report does not appear. Poor Prior, at all events, never had the good fortune to contract so important an alliance. Indeed, it would seem that he was unhappy in his attachments. He had, at least once already, paid his addresses, during the leisure of a Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber—their object being Mrs Singer, subsequently the celebrated Mrs Rowe; while, from Mrs Bessy Cox, who did respond more favourably, his friends thought him fortunate in being emancipated, even by the last resource of dying. He was soon summoned back to Paris, from the caresses of society in London. To be employed at all is no disagreeable lot in life; but to be employed, as Prior was, with his love for high and refined society, delightfully, is rare good fortune. We should remember what sort of mind and tastes his were—we should, indeed, read a page of his poetry—before we regret that a poet's life should have been frittered away in the puerilities of diplomacy. Yet we must not underrate his court poetry. In those times of imaginary politeness and serious politics, a poet in office was considered indebted to the king or his ministers in so many bundles of panegyrics or condolences, just as if he had been a very laureate. But Prior laid his tribute before the throne with a frankness and elevation of tone, which showed it not to be wrung unwillingly from him, but to be a spontaneous offering.

The character of the king, as a general and sovereign, spite of forbidding and uncourtier-like traits in his ordinary demeanour, might have provoked a man of lower endowments to poetry. Even Johnson is forced to allow, when speaking of the Carmen Secretary of 1699, that William was, in his public character, heroic, and that Prior may have told the truth, when he declared that, while he praised others out of compliance with fashion, he lauded Orange from inclination. The latter poem itself is too laborious, after the manner of odes generally, and specially those of his age, to be read with pleasure now, let alone the wearisome mimicries of Horace. Still it has some fine lines, contrasting with William's more complete character, as he thought, the mixture of iron and clay in Roman heroes. He proceeds in a noble strain :—

"With justest honour be their merits dressed;
 But be their failings too confessed:
 Their virtue, like their Tiber's flood,
 Rolling its course, designed the country's good.
 But oft the great and too impetuous speed,
 From the low earth tore some polluting weed;
 And with the blood of Jove there always ran,
 Some viler part, some tincture of the man."

This is exalted for the professional wit and inditer of clever epigrams; yet people in this day may be pardoned for not searching a poem, and that, too, an ode, of some five or six hundred lines, for some few passages of this calibre. But why the "English Ballad on the Recapture of Namur" has not kept its popularity, it is much harder to explain. Perhaps, as in the *City and Country Mouse*, the labour of hunting out the parallelisms of a parody of a poem, itself now not generally read, may be the reason. At all events, there is a freshness and animation in these verses, which is perfectly admirable. In lieu of thought, there is what is no such bad substitute sometimes, true ardour and zeal for his subject. There is abundance of effervescence, if there be scarcely genuine poetic fire. The art visible in all the poets since Shakespeare, with hardly an exception of Milton in his exquisite "*Comus*," or of Dryden's "*Alexander's Feast*," for once gives way here to open daylight and plain sound English, which had been well-nigh superseded by the poetic diction of the age borrowed from the Elizabethan era.

Prior's change of party is a fact of history, nor is there any mystery in it which needs explanation. He was no hero of political purity, no originator of a theory of the constitution and of government. The value of any criticism on his life must consist in the clearness with which it shows him to have been simply a representative character, representing that and the clever men of his age. He was not sufficiently energetic for the bar; nor could the son and nephew of tradesmen have gained ready admission to the court. From Parliament, as a profession, he was excluded by the same deficiencies which unfitted him for the Temple or Lincoln's Inn. But he chanced to have that very common combination—a taste for the glitter of a courtier's life, and abilities for the busy idleness of bureau statesmanship. His powers, such as they were, were well attuned, and in perfect unison. Poetry and patronage were the regular and legitimate resource then for men of good education, narrow means, and aspirations for society superior to their own rank. Prior, therefore, became a poet, having not indeed any large portion of inspiration, but natural wit, and an especial taste for Horace, the hierophant of the mysteries of court versification;

and Dorset and Fleetwood Shepherd had the honour of lighting upon him for a protégé and client. The days and the characteristics of Charles' reign passed away. The court, as a court, no longer absorbed all the talents of the nation. Sedley, and Buckhurst, and Wilmot, could no longer affect, with repute, to blaspheme. But the people, though not now feeling content to be beaten and insulted by a gang of young nobles, who esteemed it fashionable to play the ruffian, had yet in it too much of the impulse of the Restoration, to refuse to let the same men subside from oligarchs into ministers and ambassadors. Their followers, in turn, were compelled to become politicians with their patrons; and Prior, without abnegating his character of a wit, grew in time into a minister plenipotentiary.

But he had betaken himself to politics as the profession, in those times, of a wit and a poet. He had no sympathy with the fervour of either of the two religious parties, if, indeed, he could comprehend their point of view. His political tenets were not much more clearly defined than his religious, though he does seem to have had a practical liking for the oligarchical system succeeding the expulsion of the Stuarts. It was his intimacy with some of the chief agents in that event which had engaged him in his first literary performance, and which carried him on in the same track. Even his strongest sentiment in sympathy with 1689, viz., admiration for the great qualities of William, was itself of the same personal sort. But political partizanship, grounded merely on personal associations, nor cemented by reminiscences of personal risks and triumphs in the strife and struggles of great principles, is most unsteady.

His defection occurred the year after his election for East Grimstead, in Sussex, and his appointment as Locke's successor at the Board of Trade. The occasion seems to have been the motion for a Bill of Impeachment against the privy councillors, who had irregularly connived at William's conclusion of the Partition Treaty. On the same occasion, a future friend, destined, by the baleful lustre of his genius and ambition, to ruin the hopes of the Tories, Henry St John, made himself remarked. It has been supposed that Prior has recorded his own original dislike of that convention, spite of the part he had himself taken in it, in "The Conversation."

"Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approved that mystic league."

But, as this is said in the character of a false pretender to intimacy with the negotiator, and the next couplet—

"In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
Poor man! he found enough to do,"

is an attack upon what he most certainly had advised, just the contrary inference should, perhaps, be drawn. If we must be uncharitable—as is thought sometimes to be indispensable in history—his conduct, taken in connection with the rather suspicious circumstances of his subsequent relations with the Whig ministry, on the fall of the Tory cabinet, may be tolerably plausibly ascribed to a fear that, from the mechanical share he himself had taken in the transaction as secretary to the king, occasion might be taken by his enemies of the time being, for involving him in the criminality. But explanations, when we once allow the possibility of perfidy, are endless. A quarrel with, or jealousy of the grandeur of his old school-fellow, Charles Montague, would be as probable as any; only, unfortunately, it has not the least basis of proof to rest upon. It will be best to leave the matter to be explained by a combination of motives—a little fear of the odium waiting upon a sinking party, long-accumulating discontent at the superior rank of old acquaintances, a faint conviction of the impropriety of unconstitutional measures in politicians, who had expelled a sovereign on this plea, and, finally and chiefly, the formation of new connections.

His vote against Somers and Montague clearly indicated his defection, but he had never at any time sufficiently compromised himself as a partizan, to be open now to revilings as an apostate. His present change was one rather of connections than of principles, and even this, of relations with the statesmen at the head of the Whig party, rather than its literary champions. Scarcely, even in the heat—if the term can be used of a cold diplomatist—of party controversy, during the latter years of Queen Anne, did Prior engage himself to pre-Revolution doctrines. For a long time he even seems, notwithstanding what Pope asserts to the contrary, to have maintained his acquaintance and co-operation with many of the subordinates in the party he had left—men who had, like himself, taken to politics as the proper profession now for men of intellect—persons like Stepney, who, on his death in 1717, associated his two now estranged school-fellows in his will, bequeathing to Halifax books and a gold cup, to the other fifty guineas. We find, even so late as the year 1700, in the very midst of the contest between the two factions, when Harley and his friends—the friends of Prior—had been ejected from office by a coalition of Whigs and liberal Tories, the “*Phædra*,” a play of Edmund Smith’s, brought out under the direct and united auspices of him and Addison.

If he had changed from motives of interest, he was rightly punished with a long interval of enforced leisure. He was even repulsed in 1701, when his new allies were in place, in an application for the Keepership of the Records at Whitehall, vacant by

the death of Sir Joseph Williamson—a circumstance alluded to in Addison's answer in the "*Whig Examiner*" to his criticism on Garth's verses, where it is insinuated that his bitterness against the quondam Tory, Godolphin, was not purely patriotic. Literature, and plots, and all the multifarious trivialities of a man of fashion occupied him, whether voluntarily or otherwise, for nine or ten years. Some of his time was given up to the unmeaning dissipation of the period. Yet he was not a noted tavern-haunter, like Smith, or even a man to delight, as did Addison, in spending whole days and nights in a coffee-house. He preferred privacy in his pleasures, and the character of his wit was better suited for the meetings of a select club, or the *salons*, than for the confusion and publicity of the favourite resorts of that age. The lodgings in Duke Street, Westminster, were often glorified by the presence of Addison himself, and Swift and Steele, who all, at times, could merge the excrescences of political hostility in the common brotherhood of literary genius. At some of these meetings the conspiracy of Isaac Bickerstaff's predictions against the astrologer Partridge's peace of mind, and belief in his own existence—conceived by the same quick fancy which forged the idea of Lilliput and Brobdignag—was elaborated and picked out, as it were, by the others, assisted by Rowe, not yet a Whig, and Yalden, a consistent Tory, both old—Westminster men.

Thus, between the pleasures of literary idleness in the society of his acquaintances in town, and the houses of Lord Dorset, Fleetwood Shepherd, near Stamford, and Sir Thomas Hanmer's, at Euston, Prior seems to have passed the greater part of these years. Some of the interval he spent in his rooms at St John's, where, no doubt, he was duly admired as a great politician and London wit. Yet, with all these varied sources of interest, the late diplomatist repined at being without employment. He always rather enjoyed the bustle and the minutiae of a legation, his commissionership, in which he had been confirmed on the accession of Anne, being all but a sinecure. Besides, he had an inclination to chronic fears of poverty, though, according to his friends' testimony, totally devoid of the prudent habits by which it might have been avoided. Rather later, responding to an invitation to Euston, he complains, that "he does not perceive that his fortune does any way intend to lessen his liberty," and commissions Hanmer to get him, not only "a pretty nagg," but also any available "Welch widow, with a good jointure." The narrowness of his circumstances, at the same period, appears even to have made him hesitate about declining an offer of a secretaryship to the Bishop of Winchester, with, seemingly, a kind of general agency in the estates of the see. He certainly had weighed the matter in his own mind, and was decided against accepting,

by hearing that the income was much less than what report made it, and from fear of compromising his prospects with a liberal Tory ministry. He expresses himself vexed at the rumour that he was to "sett up High Church, and cut down all the bishop's woods into fagotts to burn dissenters."

Indeed, the first cabinet of Queen Anne's reign had been formed on Tory principles; and though, with many questions turned into open ones, to let in the new partizans of the Duke of Marlborough discontented with the regular Tories, it had still sufficiently retained its original character to allow the regretful envoy to hope a restoration to the dignity and emoluments of the representative of a great nation. The successes of Marlborough left no scope for abilities so peculiarly adapted as were Prior's, for the atmosphere of the Paris and Versailles of Louis XIV.'s epoch. On the rupture of the Tories, he attached himself, gradually more and more, to the faction of Harley and St John—not from any especial devotion to their principles, but from the courtesies of which these leaders were so prudently profuse to all men of letters. The death of Dorset in 1706, and of Stepney in 1707, left their friend more at liberty to follow his own bent. Some feeling of disappointment may, it is more than probable—as has been already suggested—have combined, with his intimacy with the conspirators and intuitions of St John's talent for government, to carry him over as a professed member of opposition, on the catastrophe of Harley's plot against his Whig colleagues in 1706.

He was not ordinarily inclined to exult much in the triumph of his friends or the fall of his opponents; so that we must not expect songs of victory on the virtual defeat of the persecutors of Dr Sacheverell; but, for a time, he certainly let himself be borne away by the violence of his associates, being one of those Tories who sympathized with the wrath of the October Club, at the lenity displayed to their foes by Harley. When the "Examiner" was set up by St John, who at first conducted it, Prior was enrolled among the contributors, and signalled his accession by a contemptuous critique of Dr Garth's verses to Godolphin on the loss of his white staff.

The keen epigrammatic genius of Prior was concentrated and brought to bear upon the most vulnerable points in the enemy's ranks by the Secretary, a most complete master of all the artillery of political literature. Yet, notwithstanding the poet's zealous co-operation in the earlier numbers of the "Examiner, this kind of warfare does not appear to have suited his capacity. We miss, even in Addison's answer, the graceful tact and the neatness of his sarcastic humour. He was not better adapted for a hand to hand combat in letters than in Parliament. His satire

is obscure, and even the virulence clumsy. His opponent was not more fitted for such a situation. He was too open to attack himself, and too self-conscious to take up any of those positions in such conflicts, where only, with some risk of personal exposure, any great injury can be done to the adverse side. He could point and wing a javelin, but not "the clumsy sort of sledge-hammer retort" which Swift, without a fear, and scarce an effort, could heave at ancient friend and ancient foe. His talents had soon a more congenial sphere created for them in his beloved diplomacy by the peculiar policy of his adopted party. Till the time was ripe, he murmured at the "dreams of cockets, and docketts, and drawbacks, and jargon," by which, as Commissioner of Customs, he declared himself to be haunted, made smart epigrams, organised clubs, and did much of the work of an agent among the polite and fashionable adherents of his two chiefs.

This was the age of epigrams. Society was a more important element in the life, especially, of politicians and authors, then than now. Newspapers had not yet begun to report faithfully the heaviest and the longest speeches for future reference, so that oratory, to be remembered, had to be terse and pointed, rather than elaborate and argumentative. Further, the author had not then a large reading public at his beck and call; for, even in the upper classes, books were not thought a necessary of life. A bon mot, on the other hand, travelled with the swiftness of every sedan chair, and made its inventor a famous man where he most desired to shine. The example of France, even the prevalence of the French language, encouraged this taste; and the keenness of political contests, with the concentration of a man's political and social life, made that kind of literary ability, which can embalm a party cry or invective in a stanza, quite invaluable. Luttrell, the celebrated wit of the commencement of the present century, and the poet Moore, flourished in a period at once of great political and literary impulse, but the progress of general education and of journalising made that time far different from the otherwise corresponding era of Anne's reign. Luttrell did not devote his powers to politics, and Moore's squibs, though animated and smart, read too often like versified and be-chorussed leaders of the "Times" or "Chronicle," which had commonly furnished their text.

Prior's powers as a wit were employed by his party, but the policy of its leaders soon created scope for his services in diplomacy. Peace with France had been, since the Revolution, a rooted sentiment of the Tory party; but the recent Whiggism of Marlborough, the only consummate general England possessed, rendered negotiations—at least so thought a hostile cabinet—now inevitable. The nation, however, could not bear the thoughts of resigning the fruits of an incomparable series of victories, even

while it murmured at the expenditure of which they were the result. To despatch, then, a formal embassy on a contingency, and, with all the circumstances of publicity, to insult as it were the Whigs, was too perilous an enterprise for an unstable cabinet. They gave Prior a secret commission to prepare the way for regular negotiations. The whole transaction was, however, bruited abroad through his detention on his return from Paris in company with Mesnager and Gaultier, by the officious patriotism of some provincial politicians. We can imagine how the ancient city of Canterbury (though other accounts represent Deal as the scene of the incident) would exult, and in what a strain of self-gratulation it would indulge itself, at the capture at last, of the celebrated Mr Matthew Prior, so long a suspected character, in the company of a notorious French Abbé, and what occasion for murmurs at a Tory and Popish Government the order in Council for their release would furnish. The "New Journey to Paris," by the Sieur de Baudrier, was indited by Swift in ridicule of the monstrous reports to which so clandestine an expedition soon gave rise. The quiet demureness of the satire is first-rate, as is the picture of the airs of the pretended narrator, whom we discover from internal evidence, to have been the envoy's prying valet. It had, at all events, the effect of habituating the town to the idea, at least, of peace, and precipitated the preliminaries.

Next to St John, Prior was the most active and conspicuous personage throughout these negotiations. It was at his house in Duke Street that the managers of the preliminaries met; and he signed the articles along with the privy councillors. Often, after the business of the day was over, did the aspiring Secretary of State resort to these same lodgings in quest of "cold blade-bone of mutton at the hour of midnight, dispatched after the drudgery of office, with much talk," and that, often, we suspect, not of the gravest or most statesman-like character. The poet was even named Ambassador Extraordinary, to act at Utrecht with the Resident, Lord Strafford; but the indignation of the Lord of Raby justified Swift's apprehensions, and hindered the ratification of the nomination. He was consoled by being selected, as of right, to attend his chief and boon companion, the "all-accomplished" Secretary of State, to Paris, where he partook in the glory of a deliverer of a harassed nation from an interminable war. On his own account he was acceptable to Louis and his court. The monarch had the generosity, or prudence, to forget, if he had ever heard,¹ as well certain other verses, as

¹ A remark of Voltaire (*Lettres sur les Anglais*) suggests a simple, though less pleasing explanation of the king's magnanimity,—viz., that, up to the time of the poet's last visit to France, Paris was not aware that he had ever written verses. It is, however, hard to reconcile this with other facts.

the advice how without risk to earn the laurels of a martial king:—

“ Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing ?
They know how heroes may be made
Without the help of fighting.”

The correspondence of Bolingbroke, on the return of the latter to England, throws light upon the poet's character in this the most exalted scene of his career. He was not a great master of the art of letter-writing, but neither were his immediate coevals. It is noteworthy that, as his age was the age of epigrams, so it was reserved for the next, which had lost this secret (for we find a bluntness even in Pulteney's *bon mots*), to excel in epistolography. Nowhere can be discovered more exquisite models of this branch of literature than in the correspondence of Pope, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, (both, though contemporaries of Prior, in a literal sense, belonging more properly to the era of the Georges), Gray, and Horace Walpole. The letters of the famous men of Anne's reign, of Swift, and Bolingbroke, and Prior, are stiff and spoiled by classical quotations, and stilted attempts now and then at being lively, while their epigrams and sayings are pointed and as happy as can be. The distinction was owing to the influence of the social element in both epochs, and to its having been called out and developed at the respective periods for different objects. A good epigram is, in its own way, as certain evidence of the prominence of the social phase of an age as a picturesque style in letter-writing. Its smartness and pungency require a highly educated audience. That is not enough by itself. The audience must be composed of persons living so familiarly together, as at once and simultaneously to catch the glancing of an insinuation. Again, as has been already suggested, a perfect epigrammatic style implies, as precedent to its formation, large enough an audience and keen enough an interest in their neighbours' concerns, to reward the inventor's pains. The age of Marlborough, and Addison, Wharton, and Bolingbroke, was such. Politics were become the sport and excitement for a number of leaders of society—the plotters in drawing-rooms as well as in cabinets. But the interests with which they played and coquetted were national; the heart of a whole people was the source on which they depended, and the throb and flutter of the pulse of ministries. But the very universality of the excitement destroyed the ease and freedom of society, while it infused a tone of hurry and agitation. Many instruments and agents were required to meet the demands of national and party enterprises, and each claimed, and, from the nature of the warfare, in which the engines were secret history and personalities, was necessarily

allowed an equal footing in society. But that perfect reciprocity of sympathy and even prejudices, that feeling that the relations of the writer and reader are settled once for all, whether they be those of mutual equality, or the reverse, and that rank and position are recognized and certain, all necessary conditions of perfection in a correspondence, were altogether wanting between the tradesman's son and the masters of Mortimer and Battersea. Hence, in these letters of Prior to St John, there is something of an appearance of effort at freedom in the familiarity. It is only when he talks of common acquaintances that this vanishes.

Otherwise, they are curious records of the business of the representative of a powerful nation in these days of intrigue. They throw much light on the real functions of a plenipotentiary in that age, if not in all, pending the negotiations for a great European peace. The proofs of the servile dependence of the minister at Paris for instructions from home on every single point, however trivial, diminish our wonder at the phenomenon of so unstatesmanlike a personage as the poet, having been placed in so important a station. He was, with two short intervals, when Bolingbroke and the Duke of Shrewsbury were at Paris, minister plenipotentiary. On the departure of the latter he actually assumed the public character of ambassador; nevertheless, his correspondence with the Secretary of State is filled throughout the entire period with details of petty vexations, little triumphs, and little duties. The letters chiefly refer to events subsequent to his visit to England in October 1712. We hear incidentally about that visit, that stocks rose on his arrival, and that he went up to Cambridge to display the plenipotentiary to his wondering brother-fellows, and how the Master of St John's, to show he at least was not dazzled, let the minister *stand* before his elbow chair, and how the minister, in his indignation, indited an epigram to the effect that the dignitary should not have *his* interest for a bishopric.

He returned to France, to be harassed with a whole host of minute perplexities. His complaints that his salary was always in arrear, and the murmurs at the ambiguity of his position, as envoy with full powers at one time, and at another (during, *i.e.*, Shrewsbury's residence in Paris) having no definite name, though with a public commission, are quite distressing. Along with nearly every official despatch to the Secretary of State, is an epistle from "Matt to Harry," detailing his embarrassment from want of equipages. Every now and then he affects to despise the parade of a public entry into Paris, except for the honour of England and the Queen's commission. In March all his querulous questions are answered by Lord Dartmouth, the Secretary of State for France, with a reproof of his craving to be

made part of the spectacle on the entry of the Duke of Shrewsbury. He had been allowed a sum of money for equipage when only secretary to the Earl of Portland, at the peace of Ryswic; he is now censured for supposing his commission gives him any representative character, and informed, that he need only assist at the ceremonial as a private gentleman. "Did I ever desire to be a lion in Arabia," he cries to St John, in a burst of hurt pride and indignation, "any more than to be an ambassador at Paris?" His friend "Harry," who to every disappointed applicant for Government patronage was always profuse in his expressions of sympathy and readiness to aid, were it not for the senior partner in the firm (Harley), had often reiterated, "My friendship, dear Matt, shall never fail thee; employ it all, and continue to love Bolingbroke." Now, he advised him not to ask for such things, but to get them on credit. Poor Matthew did this to his cost, finding, on the fall of his patrons, that he was held personally liable. In April 1713, however, the old querulousness breaks out. "Those people, you know," he writes, "who are curious and impertinent enough upon such heads, begin to question me so closely, that I sometimes wish I knew how to turn the discourse;" and in July he feelingly complains, that "if he be left plenipotentiary, he must have a house and a parson." His troubles were considerably lessened in September, for his friend had now become Secretary of State for the half of Europe, in which France was included, and the envoy seems to have been told, in St John's magnificent way, to get all that he wanted on credit, for he bemoans, with manifest vanity, the necessity of keeping "ten horses in his stables, and knaves in proportion," while we know that no part of all this splendour was as yet paid for, even the salaries of the State messengers being in arrears.

His public business consisted mainly of learning and transmitting the propositions of the French ministry, not in discussing or arguing on them. His less mechanical duties, besides the constant source of employment and meditation which his unsatisfied wants in the way of services of plate and coaches supplied him with, concerned the maintenance of the national glory, by hospitality to foreigners and Englishmen, the transaction of Bolingbroke's private business at the French court, and the distribution of his presents to the ladies and others of his acquaintance, or the care of providing truffles for the Queen's kitchen. The latter subject is most prolific of ministerial despatches. The history of the truffles was this: Mme. de Tencin had sent some to the Secretary of State through the agency of Prior. St John, knowing the Queen's taste, loyally transferred them to the royal cook in the plenipotentiary's name, on which

event we have the mysterious announcement in an epistle from him: "the Queen liked them, wished them *marbré* within; I give you the hint." Hence more truffles, and fervent thanks from Paris for "the hint as to the *marbré* in truffles; non sunt contemnenda quasi parva sine quibus magna constare non possunt." Prior recompensed his friend's kind offices in this negotiation with the sovereign's palate, by undertaking the apportionment of the former's gifts among his fair or political allies in France. There is much correspondence on the important subject, the cargo being composed of honey-water, sack, and "eau de Barbade," and several high dames having, it appears, equal claims in a share of the "Nectareous liquor eau de Barbade" (King's Toast), known to us under a less recondite name. "I protest," writes St John, "I contributed to make the partition of Europe without being so much at a loss as I should be how to make that of this cargo!"

His interest with great men was doomed to be short-lived. A blight was about to fall upon all his political prospects. Harley and St John had quarrelled; and the hopes of foes and fears of friends rose to a tremendous height. Prior had often vaunted his preference of "some small establishment at home" to all his ministerial grandeur, and indulged in affected regrets for the modest poverty of Duke Street. Still the Queen's illness, in January 1716, had struck him with a panic, and induced the trite but well-founded foreboding—"if the prospect be dreadful to the masters of Mortemar Castle, Hinton St George, Stanton Harcourt, and Bucklebury, what must it be to friend Matt!" No sooner had this danger disappeared, than lo! in the very next month came the terrible rumour of a schism in the Tory party. "We have reports here," he says, on March 3, 1716, "that frighten me all day, and keep me awake all night;" and which compelled him "to put his mind into 10,000 postures, as the caprice of every man that comes from the enchanted island (England) requires." Then again, ignoring his old cravings for a lowly retreat, he encourages himself and his chief to determine to make their retreat, respectively, to Bucklebury and St John's, "as late as possible," while he urges upon the Secretary, that, "though it may look like a bagatelle, what is to become of a philosopher, when that philosopher is Queen's plenipotentiary and on such an occasion, and friend of one of the greatest men in England, one of the finest heads in Europe," he should not be left to the ostentatious patronage of a Frenchman (de Torcy, who had offered to remind "Robin and Harry" of his claims). He disdains the Baden legation, and even a Commissionership of Trade, "having been put above himself, and not liking to return to himself." In vain did his friend reiterate that, "though

he laugh at the knave and the fool who is advanced, he will never go about to disturb the only administration he ever liked, the only cause he ever can like." In vain did Prior urge the scandal of open quarrels between his masters at Whitehall, and bemoan his own ruin as involved in them; "Am I to go to Fontainebleau? Am I to come home? Am I to hang myself? From the present prospect of things, the latter begins to look most eligible." The rupture was to be; St John was to snatch the crown of victory from his rival Harley's hands, and find it transmuted in his own to a mere bunch of withered weeds.

In less than a month all the fears of the party were realized, the Tories convulsed by an internal revolution, and the Queen dead. Well might Prior have exclaimed with Lord Bolingbroke, "What a world is this! and how does Fortune banter us!" He lingered in Paris till March in the next year, in a sort of amphibious condition, between an ambassador and a political refugee, harassed by debts contracted to support the dignity of his station, and watched by his own countrymen as, perhaps, now already intriguing with the Pretender. It was a sad reverse, after having so gaily congratulated himself and the ministry on St John's "beautiful daughter, the peace," to be looked upon as a traitor for the very treaty which he had proposed should be depicted on medals, impersonated, and enthroned in a triumphal car, as "Pax missa per orbem." At last he was relieved from the legatine pillory by the arrival of Lord Stair as his successor, and the tardy payment of his debts, not the less tardy that Lord Halifax, his old schoolfellow, and who still called himself his friend, was King George's first Commissioner of the Treasury.

No bells were rung or bonfires lighted, on this occasion, on his arrival at Whitehall; but men's eyes were not the less fixed upon him with eager expectation. Without having ever been notorious for perfidy or caprice, still his political career had scarcely given evidence of any rigidity of principle. His partisanship had always seemed rather the result of personal connections and friendships than principle. His disposition was cold, and his intimates appear to have considered him, though careless, selfish. Enemies could not be blamed for hoping to intimidate or corrupt such a character, and they adapted their measures for both aspects of his temperament, committing him to the loose custody of a messenger in his own house, and inviting him to dinner at the house of Walpole. The most terrible evidence of the common opinion, even of his friends, as to his weakness of will, or bad faith, was that conveyed in the flight of Bolingbroke the very same night on which the news of this certainly most suspicious entertainment reached him. We are glad to find strong reasons for believing that his terror was groundless. Prior, if indeed he had really led

the Whigs to hope anything from his confessions, only pretended readiness to turn king's evidence to concentrate on himself exclusively their expectations of startling disclosures. He calculated that, if he, the confidant of the late cabinet in all the inmost mysteries of negotiation, should, when discovering all that he knew, be found to have revealed no plan bordering upon treason, the party would be cleared of criminality in the eyes of the nation. The details of the rage of the Whigs on discovering the trick played upon them, as furnished by the pen of the poet himself, are amusing and piquant. They vented their wrath on the author of the failure of the mighty secret committee, by voting him the honour of an impeachment. Perhaps for the humble poet and diplomatist this was the acmé of his glory. Still, though he never was in any fear for his life, notwithstanding his own account of the rise of his deafness, that "he had not thought of taking care of his ears, while not sure of his head," the wreck of his hopes as a politician, and the cloud under which he lay, seem to have weighed upon his spirits.

He remained under surveillance over two years, being discharged shortly after the passing of the Act of Grace in 1717, from which, however, he was excepted by name. At first he had attempted to make light of his misfortunes; the clever but unsystematic "*Alma*" was the production of this period; but the permanence of his equivocal position, aggravated by a constitutional cough, produced great dejection. In October 1716, he writes to Sir Thomas Hanmer, his steady friend, and too moderate a Tory, to have been dangerously implicated in the plots of his brother ministers:—"I have been for the last two years a stranger to health and pleasure;" and, in November of the same year, "Melancholy I can't help indulging even to stupidity." In fact, he had never been a sufficiently bold or earnest politician to be properly impressed with the grandeur of being a martyr to his maintenance of the tenets of the October Club, so long as the dignity interfered with his personal ease and comfort. His circumstances, besides, were bad, most of his little savings from official salaries having been swept away in 1711 in the failure of Stratford's bank. He was forced to meditate selling his house and effects. His friends, however, on hearing of his necessities, exerted themselves nobly. They were a numerous body. The correspondence with Bolingbroke had, indeed, never been renewed. In the dark suspicious mind of St John, an impression once planted unfavourable to a friend grew and grew till it overshadowed all his reminiscences of ancient kindness. His rage against the memory of Pope evinced this phenomenon of temperament. He seems, in the same manner, always to have recollected, with resentment, that the fear of Prior's disclosures was the im-

mediate cause of his own rash and ill-judged flight. But the closeness of the relations between Prior and Lord Harley, his rival's son, kept his anger fresh. Swift and Pope might remain on a friendly footing with the house of Oxford, yet be his friends; but the poet-diplomatist, always a sort of client of the fallen Lord Treasurer, was now become his attached and regular retainer. With the rest of the party, however, Whig persecution was accepted as sufficient testimony to the constant good faith, as well of Prior, as of the family of Harley. The halo of an impeachment hid all shortcomings.

Instead of a subscription, which would now be the course, an edition of his poems was proposed by Lewis and Arbuthnot, and strenuously furthered by Swift, Pope, and Gay. "No advertisements," writes the first mentioned, "are to be published, and the whole affair will be managed in a manner the least shocking to the dignity of a plenipotentiary." Besides the "*Alma*," the collection contained another new work, the fruit also of his imprisonment, "*Solomon*," his chief pride and boast, but, spite of Cowper's approbation, and some few dignified passages, an attempt quite beside, perhaps, beyond his powers. The design itself wants system, the poem being a sort of endeavour to embody "*Proverbs*" and "*Ecclesiastes*" in a romance, embellished with lively scenes and high-wrought descriptions of banquets so complete, that

"Not e'en the Phoenix scaped" (1)

Its great defects arise from the bard having no heart in what he portrayed, and, perhaps, but little comprehension of the grandeur of the sentiments he aspired to versify. The enterprise was undertaken in rivalry of Pope; and it is amusing to remark how petulantly he rejected the latter's preference of the Hudibrastic *Alma*. Pope judged rightly; he could also praise discreetly:—

"Our friend Don Prior told, you know,
A tale extremely à propos;"

and even the jealous author could, at times, criticise impartially, and in the same spirit, the child of his matured abilities—

"Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime."

The collection produced L.4000, which, with the addition of the same sum lent by Lord Harley, in whom the estate, subject to the poet's life interest, was vested, purchased Down Hall in Essex.

He did not spend much of his time there. He divided his time, thenceforward till his death, chiefly between "the little house close to the noise of the Court of Requests," the man-

sions of Lords Harley and Bathurst, and St John's. He had steadily refused to resign his fellowship in the height of his fortunes (though making over the emoluments most generously to a deprived fellow, the learned Baker), replying to the raileries of friends on his pluralities, that it would procure him "bread and cheese at the last." The event had justified his prudence.

The "Brothers" still met occasionally, and he with them; but beclouded with thoughts of the "great Dean" fretting his soul away in Ireland, and of their founder, the aspiring secretary, an exile, and with the bar of treason on his scutcheon, treason to the king of the Whigs and the king of the Tories, the society pined and at length died out. Prior did not keep up his intimacy with the more professed political followers of St John, such as Wyndham; but a warm friendship subsisted between him, and, not only Hanmer, a type of the Hanoverian Tories, whose Conservatism was based on a firm acquiescence in the Revolution, as "*un fait accompli*," but even with that most learned and sagacious of plotters, Bishop Atterbury. The comfort and consideration which attended him at this period of his life, we might have anticipated would have satisfied the vanity and tone of epicureanism in his disposition. It certainly approached what he had himself often represented to his friends as his ideal of happiness. Nevertheless, we can detect, in his correspondence, the shadow of a lingering hope that he might once more rise into political consideration, not through any exertions of his own, or even the agency of the Tory party, but in the train of Lord Oxford. The South Sea bubble, indeed, at one time so endangered the credit of certain of the Whig ministers, that there grew up a vague anticipation of the late Lord Treasurer's restoration to his old authority. Prior hoped to share in his patron's prosperity, though not entertaining the same opinion with the public of that statesman's character. The contrast he draws between the popular explanation of all Lord Oxford's conduct as ruled by the laws of a profound cunning, and the fact known to his friends, that the apparent caution and astuteness was nothing but dilatoriness and indecision, is grotesque but true. The crisis passed by, and the rumoured sagacity had no opportunity for display.

The ex-diplomatist's regrets and longings, his querulousness at straitened means, and determination to enjoy to the full the pleasures within his reach, lasted till his death, which occurred shortly after this final disappointment. He left behind him the brief memory of a very every-day character, most remarkable in its contrast, with the grandeur of the scenes and circumstances in which he had figured as a principal agent. Both parties in turn reckoned him an active ally. He was the favourite, as a negotiator, of two sovereigns; one his own, the other an enemy.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, he was no statesman. In the golden age of our literature most eminent among poets, in his own day, confessedly, the first who introduced that more polished rhythm which the *Rape of the Lock* displays in its highest perfection, reckoned by Pope, who disliked him because of his quarrel with St John and Atterbury, along with Shakespeare, Spenser, and Dryden, among the eight "authorities for poetical language," vindicated fiercely by the truthful and natural Cowper from Johnson's "rusty fusty" remarks on Henry and Emma, and honoured in having furnished large stores of poetry to the tenacious memory of Scott, his claims to a lofty poetic fame have been disallowed by the popular judgment of posterity, and his most epigrammatic love-odes neglected. Without thought or passion, no writer can long keep his rank among poets. He was more regularly engaged in politics than Swift. Some of his bon-mots, Hazlitt says, are the best that are recorded—yet who would dream of comparing the author of *Drapier's Letters* and *Gulliver*, with Prior, as a politician, or even as a wit. In poetry, he was no less famous in his own day than Pope; but thousands, it may be said without exaggeration, read and know Pope for one who has glanced through Prior. Even in the brilliant social epoch of Queen Anne's reign, he occupies no special, no individual position among the Dorsets, Montagues, and St Johns, with whom he familiarly associated. Scarcely an idea has been handed down to us of his very demeanour and general appearance. He did, said, and wrote many things, which are remembered; but he himself is not.

He died in 1721. He was attended to the grave by the cold regret of his once enthusiastic friend, Lord Bolingbroke, at his having been left by his wealthy patrons to comparative poverty, and by Atterbury's excuses for being kept away by a cold. He had himself to remind posterity by a bequest for a sumptuous monument in the Abbey, who he was, and what he was.

ART. IV.—1. *Account of the Life and Writings of Thomas Brown, M.D.* By Rev. D. WELSH. 1825.

2. *Edinburgh University Essays*, 1856. Art. VII. *Sir William Hamilton.* By THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES, LL.B.

IN the edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" now in the course of publication, there is a continuation of the Historical Dissertations on the Progress of Natural Philosophy; but, as yet, there has been no continuation of the Dissertations on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy. We are at this moment without an account of the phases which mental science has assumed of late years in Scotland. We are not, in this article, to attempt to supply this defect. We are to content ourselves with a sketch and a criticism of the two men who have exercised the greatest influence in a department in which Scotland has been allowed to excel. We are aware that Dr Thomas Brown and Sir William Hamilton, whom we place side by side, differ very widely from each other; but their peculiarities will come out more strikingly by the contrast; and it may be interesting, and instructive withal, to observe the one sinking as the other rises above the horizon.

There would be no propriety in giving a history of Dr Brown, since we have a full and admirable memoir in a work so accessible as his "Life" by Welsh, and an excellent compend of this in the short notice which prefaces the common edition of Brown's "Lectures." In regard to his younger years, it will be enough for us to mention, that he was born at Kirmabreck, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in January 1778; that his father, who was minister of that place, died soon after, when the family removed to Edinburgh; that he there received the rudiments of his education from his mother; that, in his seventh year, he was removed to London, under the protection of a maternal uncle, and attended successively schools at Camberwell, Chiswick, and Kensington, down to the time of the death of his uncle, in 1792, when he returned to Edinburgh, to reside with his mother and sisters, and begin his collegiate course in the University. He is described as a precocious child, and we can believe it. He was precocious all his life, and in everything. We have to regret that he did not take sufficient pains to secure that the flower which blossomed so beautifully should be followed by corresponding fruit. We can credit his biographer, when he tells us that he learned the alphabet at a single lesson; but we suspect that there must have been the prompting of some ministerial

friend preceding the reply which he gave, when he was only between four and five, to an inquiring lady, that he was seeking out the differences in the narratives of the evangelists. At school he was distinguished by the gentleness of his nature and the delicacy of his feelings; by the quickness of his parts, and particularly by the readiness of his memory; by his skill in recitation, and his love of miscellaneous reading, especially of works of imagination. Nor is it to be forgotten that he also gave promise of his genius for poetry, by verses which one of his masters got published, perhaps unfortunately for the youth, in a magazine. He read with a pencil in his hand, with which he made marks; and, in the end, he had no pleasure in reading a book which was not his own. He began his collegiate course in Edinburgh by the study of Logic under Finlayson; and having, in the summer of 1793, paid a visit to Liverpool, Currie, the biographer of Burns, introduced him to the first volume of Stewart's "Elements." The following winter he attended Stewart's course of lectures, and had the courage to wait on the Professor, so renowned for his academic dignity, and read to him observations on one of his theories. Mr Stewart listened patiently, and then read to the youth a letter which he had received from M. Prevots of Geneva, containing the very same objections. This was followed by an invitation to the house of the Professor, who, however, declined on this, as he did on all other occasions, to enter into controversy. It is but justice to Stewart to say, that he continued to take a paternal interest in the progress of his pupil, till the revolt of Brown against the whole school of Reid cooled their friendship, and loosened the bonds which connected them. In 1796 he is studying law, which, however, he soon abandoned for medicine, and attended the medical classes from 1798 till 1803. At college, he received instructions from such eminent professors as Stewart, Robison, Playfair, and Black, and was stimulated by intercourse with college friends, such as Erskine, Brougham, Reddie, Leyden, Horner, Jeffrey, and Sidney Smith—all precocious and ambitious like himself, and who, in the "Academy of Sciences," debated on topics far beyond their years and their knowledge.

It was when Brown was at college, that Darwin's "Zoonomia" was published, and excited, by its superficial plausibility, an interest resembling that which the "Vestiges" has done in our day. Brown reads it at the age of eighteen, and scribbles notes upon it; these ripen into a volume by the time he is nineteen, and are published by him at the age of twenty. It is a remarkable example of intellectual precocity. In the midst of physiological discussions, most of the metaphysical ideas which he developed in future years are to be found here in the

bud. He considers the phenomena of the mind as mental states, speaks of them as "feelings," delights to trace them in their succession, and so dwells much on suggestion, and approaches towards the theory of general notions, and the theory of causation, expounded in his subsequent works. It should be added, that the book committed him prematurely to principles which he was indisposed to review in his riper years. It appears from a letter to Darwin, that, at the age of nineteen, he had a theory of mind which he is systematizing.

Out of the "Academy of Sciences" arose, as is well known, the "Edinburgh Review," in the second number of which there was a review, by Brown, of Viller's "*Philosophie de Kant*." The article is characterized by acuteness, especially when it points out the inconsistency of Kant, in admitting that matter has a reality, and yet denying this of space and time, in behoof of the existence of which we have the very same kind of evidence. But the whole review is a blunder, quite as much as the reviews of Byron and Wordsworth in the same periodical. He has no appreciation of the profundity of Kant's philosophy, and no anticipation of the effects which it was to produce, not only on German, but on British thinking. Immersed as he was in medical studies, and tending towards a French Sensationalism, he did not relish a system which aimed at showing how much there is in the mind independent of outward impression. The effects likely to be produced on one who had never read Kant, and who took his views of him from that article, are expressed by Dr Currie: "I shall trouble myself no more with *transcendentalism*; I consider it a philosophical hallucination." It is a curious instance of retribution, that, in the succeeding age, Brown's philosophy declined before systems which have borrowed their main principles from the philosophy of Kant, and deal as largely with *à priori* "forms," "categories," and "ideas," as Brown did with "sensations," "suggestions," and "feelings."

We feel less interest than he did himself in two volumes of poetry, which he published shortly after taking his medical degree in 1803. His next publication was a more important one. The chair of mathematics in Edinburgh was vacant, and Leslie was a candidate. The city ministers attached to the Court party wished to reserve it for themselves, and urged that Leslie was incapacitated, inasmuch as he had expressed approbation of Hume's doctrine of Causation. It was on this occasion that Brown wrote his "Essay on Cause and Effect"—at first a comparatively small treatise, but swollen, in the third edition (of 1818), into a very ponderous one. It is divided into four parts;—the first, on the Import of the Relation; the second, on the

Sources of the Illusion with respect to it ; the third, on the Circumstances in which the Belief Arises ; and the fourth, a Review of Hume's Theory. The work is full of repetitions, and the style, though always clear, is often cumbrous, and wants that vivacity and eloquence which so distinguish his posthumous lectures. It is characterized by great ingenuity and power of analysis. He has dispelled for ever a large amount of confusion which had collected around the relation ; and, in particular, he has shown that there is no link coming between the cause and its effect. He agrees with Hume, in representing the relation as consisting merely in invariable antecedence and consequence. In this he has been guilty of a glaring oversight. It may be all true, that there is nothing coming *between* the cause and its effect, and yet there may be, what he has inexcusably overlooked, a power or property in the substances acting as the cause to produce the effect. It is but justice to Brown to add, that, in one very important particular, he differs from Hume ; and that is in regard to the mental principle which leads us to believe in the relation. This, according to Hume, is mere custom ; whereas, according to Brown, it is an irresistible intuitive belief. By this doctrine, he attached himself to the school of Reid, and saved his system from a sceptical tendency, with which it cannot be justly charged. This irresistible belief, he shows, constrains us to believe that the universe, as an effect, must have had a cause. It is to be regretted that he did not inquire a little more carefully into the nature of this intuitive belief which he is obliged to call in, when he would have found that it constrains us to believe, not only in the invariability of the relation, but in the potency of the substances operating as causes to produce their effects.

We are not concerned to follow him in his medical career, in which he became the associate of the famous Dr Gregory in 1806. We are approaching a more momentous epoch in his life. Dugald Stewart being in a declining state of health, Brown lectured for him during a part of sessions 1808-9 and 1809-10 ; and, in the summer of 1810, Stewart having expressed a desire to this effect, Brown was chosen his colleague, and, from that time, discharged the whole duties of the office of Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Even those who have never seen him can form a pretty lively image of him at this time, when his talents have reached all the maturity of which they are capable, and his reputation is at its height. In person, he is about the middle size ; his features are regular, and in the expression of his countenance, and especially of his eye, there is a combination of sweetness and calm reflection. His manner and address are somewhat too fastidious, not to say finical and feminine, for a philosopher ; but the youths who

wait on his lectures are disposed to overlook this, when they fall under the influence of his gentleness, so fitted to win, and of the authority which he has to command. Expectation was on the tiptoe, and he fully met and gratified it. His amiable look, his fine elocution, his acuteness and ingenuity, his skill in reducing a complex subject into a few elements, his show of originality and independence, the seeming comprehensiveness of his system, and, above all, his fertility of illustration, and the glow, like that of stained glass, in which he set forth his refined speculations, did more than delight his youthful audience—it entranced them; and, in their ecstasies, they declared that he was superior to all the philosophers who had gone before him, and, in particular, that he had completely superseded Reid, and they gave him great credit, in that he generously refrained from attacking and overwhelming Stewart. He had every quality fitted to make him a favourite with students. His eloquence would have been felt to be too elaborate by a younger audience, and regarded as too artificial and sentimental by an older audience, but exactly suited the tastes of youths between sixteen and twenty. A course so eminently popular among students had not, we rather think, been delivered in any previous age in the University of Edinburgh, and has not, in a later age, been surpassed in the fervour excited by Chalmers or Wilson. There are men of sixty, still spared to us, who fall into raptures when they speak of his lectures, and assure the modern student, that, in comparison with him, Wilson was no philosopher, and Hamilton a stiff pedant. It should be added, that, when the students attending him were asked what they had got, not a few could answer only by exclamations of admiration, “How fine!” “How beautiful!” “How ingenious!” In those large classes, in the Scottish colleges which are taught exclusively by written lectures, large numbers, including the dull, the idly inclined, and the pleasure-loving, are apt to pass through without receiving much benefit—unless, indeed, the professor be a very systematic examiner and laborious exacter of written exercises; and this, we rather think, Brown was not. As he left the impression on his students, that there was little wisdom in the past, and that his own system was perfect, he did not, we suspect, create a spirit of philosophic reading such as Hamilton evoked in select minds in a later age. But all felt the glow of his spirit, had a fine literary taste awakened by his poetical bursts, had their acuteness sharpened by his fine analysis, went away with a high idea of the spirituality of the soul, and retained through life a lively recollection of his sketches of the operations of the human mind. This, we venture to affirm, is a more wholesome result than is likely to be produced by what some would substitute for psychology in these

times, *à priori* discussions derived from Germany, or demonstrated idealisms spun out by an exercise of human ingenuity.

His biographer tells us that, on his appointment to the chair, he had retired into the country in order that fresh air and exercise might strengthen him for his labours, and that, when the session opened, he had only the few lectures of the previous winters; but such was the fervour of his genius and the readiness of his pen, that he generally commenced the composition of a lecture after tea and had it ready for delivery next day by noon, and that nearly the whole of the lectures contained in the first three of the four volumed edition were written the first year of his professorship, and the whole of the remaining next session. Nor does he appear to have re-written any portion of them, or to have been disposed to review his judgments, or make up what was defective in his philosophic reading. He seems to have wasted his life in sending forth volume after volume of poetry, which is, doubtless, beautifully and artistically composed, after the model of the English poets of the eighteenth century, but its pictures are without individuality, and they fail to call forth hearty feeling. Far more genuine poetical power comes out incidentally in certain paragraphs of his philosophic lectures than in whole volumes of his elaborate versification.

The incidents of his remaining life are few, but are sufficient to bring out the lineaments of his character. His chief enjoyments lay in his study, in taking a quiet walk in some solitary place, where he would watch the smoke curling from a cottage chimney, or the dew illuminated with sunshine on the grass, and in the society of his family and a few friends. Never had a mother a more devoted son, or sisters a more affectionate brother. In his disposition there is great gentleness, with a tendency to sentimentality; thus, on the occasion of his last visit to his native place, he is thrown into a flood of sensibility, which, when it is related in future years to Chalmers, on his happening to be in the place, the sturdier Scotch divine is thrown into a fit of merriment. We perceive that he is fond of fame and sensitive of blame, but seeking to cherish both as a secret flame; and that he is by no means inclined to allow any one to offer him counsel. In 1819, he prepared his "Physiology of the Mind," as a textbook for his students, and put it into the press the following winter. By the Christmas of that year he was rather unwell; in spring he removed for the benefit of his health to London, and died at Brompton in April 1820. His remains were deposited in the churchyard of his native place, beside those of his father and mother.

His lectures were published shortly after his death, and excited an interest wherever the English language is spoken, quite equal

to that awakened by the living lecturer among the students of Edinburgh. They continued for twenty years to have a popularity in the British dominions and in the United States, greater than any philosophical work ever enjoyed before. During these years most students were introduced to metaphysics by the perusal of them, and attractive beyond measure did they find them to be. The writer of this article would give much to have revived within him the enthusiasm which he felt when he first read them. They had never, however, a great reputation on the Continent, where the Sensational school thought he had not gone sufficiently far in analysis; where those fighting with the Sensational school did not feel that he was capable of yielding them any aid; and where the Transcendental school, in particular, blamed him for not rendering a sufficiently deep account of some of the profoundest ideas which the mind of man can entertain, such as those of space, time, and infinity. His reputation was at its greatest height from 1830 to 1835, from which date it began to decline, partly because it was seen that his analyses were too ingenious, and his omissions many and great; and partly, because new schools were engaging the philosophic mind; and, in particular, the school of Coleridge, the school of Cousin, and the school of Hamilton. Coleridge was superseding him by views derived from Germany, which he had long been inculcating, regarding the distinction between the Understanding and the Reason; Cousin, by a brilliant Eclectic system, which professedly drew largely from Reid and Kant; and Hamilton, by a searching review of Brown's Theory of Perception, and by his own metaphysical views promulgated in his lectures and his published writings. The result of all this was a recoil of feeling in which Brown was as much undervalued as he had at one time been overrated. In the midst of these laudations and condemnations, Brown's psychological system has never been completely reviewed. Now that he has passed through a period of undeserved popularity, and a period of unmerited disparagement, the public should be prepared to listen with candour to an impartial criticism.

The psychology of Brown may be summarily described as a combination of the Scottish philosophy of Reid and Stewart, and of the analyses by Condillac, Destutt de Tracy, and the higher philosophers of the Sensational school of France, together with views of the association of ideas derived from a prevailing British school. To Reid and Stewart he was indebted more than he was willing to allow, and it would have been better for his ultimate reputation had he imbibed more of their spirit, and adhered more closely to their principles. He admits everywhere with them the existence of principles of irresistible belief; for example, he comes

to such a principle when he is discussing the beliefs in our personal identity, and in the invariability of the relation between cause and effect. But acknowledging, as he does, the existence of intuitive principles, he makes no inquiry into their nature and laws and force, or (what has never yet been attempted) the relation in which they stand to the faculties. In this respect, so far from being an advance on Reid and Stewart, he is rather a retrogression. His method is as much that of Condillac and Destutt de Tracy as that of Reid and Stewart. He is infected with the besetting sin of metaphysicians, that of trusting to analyses instead of patient observation; and, like the French school, his analysis is exercised in reducing the phenomena of the mind to as few powers as possible, and this he succeeds in doing by omitting some of the most characteristic peculiarities of the phenomena. His classification of the faculties bears a general resemblance to that of M. de Tracy, the metaphysician of the Sensational school.¹ The Frenchman's division of the faculties is—Sensibility, Memory, Judgment, and Desire; Brown's is—Sensation, Simple and Relative Suggestion, and Emotion.

In estimating the influences exercised from without on Brown, we must further take into account, that ever since the days of Hartley, there had been a great propensity in Britain to magnify the power and importance of the Association of Ideas. Not only habit, but most of our conceptions and beliefs had been referred to it; Beattie and Alison, followed by Jeffrey, ascribed to it our ideas of beauty; and, in a later age, Sir James Macintosh carried this tendency the greatest length, and helped to bring about a reaction, by tracing our very idea of virtue to this source. It is evident that Brown felt this influence largely. Our intelligence

¹ Hereby hangs a tale. Professor James Mylne of Glasgow, resolved all the powers of the mind into Sensation, Memory, and Judgment—Emotion being represented as a conception with a sensation attached. There was a correspondence between this division and that of Brown, and yet neither could have borrowed from the other; Mylne, who never published his system, delivered it in lectures years before Brown was a professor. The general correspondence arose from both being influenced by de Tracy. This came out when the posthumous lectures of Prof. Young of Belfast, on "Intellectual Philosophy," were published (1835). The views there given had such a resemblance to those of Brown, that some of Brown's friends were inclined to regard him as having borrowed from Brown without acknowledgment. But the actual state of the case is, that Dr Young's lectures, written immediately after his appointment to the Belfast Academical Institution (1815), are largely taken from his preceptor, Mr Mylne, who was indebted to de Tracy. It is only justice to add, that all three were men of original and independent minds. Mylne was a clear, cool lecturer, and made his students think; but his system of morals was a utilitarian one of a low stamp, and, in his account of the human mind, he overlooked its noblest ideas. Young's lectures, which do not seem to have been carefully re-written, give no adequate view of one who was a man of fine parts and an orator, but who wasted his talents in "dining out," and unprofitable speechifying. It is a disgrace that there should be no epitaph over his grave but this, put up by some foolish fellow, "Young moulders here."

is resolved by him into Simple and Relative Suggestion. There is a flagrant and inexcusable oversight here. All that Association, or, as he designates it, Suggestion, can explain, is the order of the succession of our mental states; it can render no account of the character of the states themselves. It might show, for example, in what circumstances a notion of any kind arises, say our notion of time, or space, or extension, but cannot explain the nature of the notion itself.

But it will be necessary to enter a little more minutely into the system of Brown. From the affection which we bear to his memory, and bearing in mind that his views have never been used by himself or others to undermine any of the great principles of morality, we would begin with his excellencies.

In specifying these, we are inclined to mention, first, his lofty views of man's spiritual being. He everywhere draws the distinction between mind and body very decidedly. In this respect, he is a true follower of the school of Descartes and Reid, and is vastly superior to some who, while blaming Locke and Brown for holding views tending to sensationalism, or even materialism, do yet assure us, as Mr Morell does (*"Elem. of Psychology,"* p. 78), that the essential distinction between mind and matter is now broken down.

We have already referred to the circumstance, that Brown stands up resolutely for intuitive principles. He calls them by the very name which some prefer as most expressive—"beliefs," and employs the test which Leibnitz and Kant have been so lauded as introducing into philosophy. He everywhere characterizes them as "irresistible"—a phrase pointing to the same quality as "necessary"—the term used by the German metaphysicians. No one—not even Cousin—has demonstrated, in a more effective manner, that our belief in cause and effect is not derived from experience. By this doctrine he has separated himself for ever from Sensationalists, and given great trouble to those classifiers of philosophic systems who insist, contrary to the whole history of British philosophy, that all systems must either be sensational or ideal. It is quite obvious that such men as Butler, Brown, and Chalmers, cannot be included in either of the artificial compartments, and hence one ground of their neglect by the system-builders of our age.

His whole account of sensation is characterized by fine analysis; and, in particular, his separation of the muscular sense from the sense of touch proper. About the very time when Sir Charles Bell was demonstrating, by anatomy, the distinction between the nerves of sensation and the nerves of motion, Brown was showing, on psychological grounds, how, by the muscular sense, we get knowledge which cannot be had from mere feeling or touch.

No doubt, Sir W. Hamilton has been able, by his vast erudition, to detect anticipations of these views (see Note D, appended to Reid); but they were never so clearly stated, nor so acutely elaborated.

Nor must we forget his ingenious and felicitous mode of illustrating the succession of our mental states. In this particular, were it only by his happy illustrations, he has made most important contributions to what he called the physiology of the mind. It is not to be omitted, that, while he illustrates the laws of suggestion under the three Aristotelian heads of Contiguity, Resemblance, and Contrast, he hints at the possibility of resolving the whole to a finer kind of contiguity—a doctrine which is an approach to the law of integration developed by Hamilton. It should be added, that he has a classification—crude enough, we acknowledge—of the secondary laws of suggestion, a subject worthy of being further prosecuted.

His manner of classifying the relations which the mind can discover, though by no means complete and ultimate, is, at least, worthy of being looked at, and is superior to what has, to some extent, the same end in view—the vaunted categories of Kant.

Some place higher than any of his other excellencies, his eloquent exposition of the emotions—an exposition which called forth the laudations both of Stewart and of Chalmers. We are not inclined, indeed, to reckon the principle which he adopts in dividing them—that of time—as the best; and we are sure that he includes under emotion much that should be placed under a higher faculty; still, his lectures on this subject contain much fine exposition, and are radiant all over with poetry, and will repay a careful reading, much better than many scholastic discussions such as it is now the custom to teach in the chairs of mental science. It would be injustice not to add, that he has some very splendid illustrations of Natural Theism, fitted at once to refine and elevate the soul. We have never heard of any youth being inclined towards scepticism or pantheism, or becoming prejudiced against Christian truth, in consequence of attending on, or reading the lectures of Brown.

Over against these excellencies we have to place certain grave deficiencies and errors.

First, we take exception to the account which he gives of the very object and end of mental science. It is, according to him, to analyse the complex into the simple, and discover the laws of the succession of our mental states. There is a grievous oversight in this representation. The grand business of mental science is to observe the nature of our mental states, with the view of classifying them, and rising to the discovery of the laws which they obey, and the faculties from which they proceed.

Taking this view, analysis becomes a subordinate, though of course an important, instrument; and we have to seek to discover the faculties which determine the nature of the states, as well as the laws of their succession.

He grants that there are intuitive principles of belief in the mind; but he has never so much as attempted an induction of them, or an exposition of their nature, and of the laws which regulate them. In this respect he must be regarded as falling behind his predecessors among the Scottish metaphysicians, as he is in a still greater degree inferior to Hamilton—who succeeded him—in the estimation of students of mental science. The intelligent reader is greatly disappointed to find him, after he has shown so forcibly that there is an intuition involved in our belief in our personal identity and in causation, immediately dropping these intuitions, and inquiring no more into their nature.

In his analysis he often misses the main element of the concrete or complex phenomenon. In referring so many ideas to sensation, he omits to consider how much is involved in body occupying space, and how much in body exercising property; and, in the account of memory, he fails to discover how much is contained in our idea of time. Often, too, when he has accomplished an analysis of a complex state, does he forget the elements, and reminds us of the boy who imagines that he has annihilated a piece of paper when he has burnt it, forgetting that the elements are to be found in the smoke and in the ashes. Thus, in analysing our belief in personal identity, he comes to an intuitive belief or instinct, but no account is taken of that instinct in the summary of mental principles. It is by a most deceitful decomposition—it is by missing the very peculiarity of the phenomena, that he is able to derive all our intellectual ideas from sensation, and simple and relative suggestion.

Thus, he looks on consciousness merely as a general term for all the states and affections of mind; and then, in order to account for our belief in the sameness of self, he calls in a special instinct, which he would have seen to be involved in consciousness (always with memory), had he taken the proper view of consciousness—as an attribute revealing to us self and the states of self.

His doctrine of Perception has been severely criticised by Hamilton, and it is not needful to dwell on it. According to Brown, the mind, in perception through the senses, looks immediately on a sensation in the mind, and not on anything out of the mind. This, says Hamilton, is contrary to consciousness. We may add that, by adhering to this doctrine, he finds himself in great difficulties, in attempting to show how the mind can, from a knowledge of a mental state, which is not extended or

solid, ever rise to the knowledge of something extended and solid.

In supposing that our conceptions can be referred to suggestion, he is overlooking the characteristic of the conceptions. He takes no separate account of the fantasy, or imaging power of the mind, which pictures and puts in new forms our past experience by the senses and by self-consciousness; nor does he distinguish sufficiently between a conception, considered as a mere image or representation, and the abstract and general notion. Nor can his system admit of his giving any account of the genesis of some of the profoundest notions which the mind of man can entertain—such as those of space, and time, and substance, and infinity. In his view of cause, he is obliged to call in an intuitive belief; but he does not see that this belief declares that there is power in the substance, acting as a cause, to produce the effects. His analysis of reasoning has been declared defective, even by Mr J. S. Mill, and must be held as erroneous by all who maintain that there is need, in every argument, of a major term, explicit or implicit.

But his view of the motive and moral powers of man is still more defective than his view of the intellectual powers. Dr Chalmers has shown that he has overlooked the great truth brought out by Butler, that conscience is not only a power in the mind, but claims supremacy and authority over all the others. We hold that his account of the moral faculty is altogether erroneous, inasmuch as he represents it as a mere power of emotion, overlooking the necessary conviction and judgment involved in it. He is guilty of an equally fatal mistake, in describing will as the prevailing desire, and desire as a mere emotion. Nor is it to be omitted, that he does not bring out fully that the moral faculty declares man to be a sinner. He thus constructed an ethical system, and delivered it in Edinburgh—which sometimes claims to be the metropolis of evangelical theology—without a reference to redemption or grace. This has been the grand defect of the academic ethical systems, and especially of the systems taught in the Moral Philosophy Chairs of Scotland. No teachers ever inculcated a purer moral system than Reid, Stewart, and Brown; but they do not seem willing to look at the fact, that man falls infinitely beneath the purity of the moral law. They give us lofty views of the moral power in man, but forget to tell us that man's moral faculty condemns him. It is at this place that we may expect important additions to be made to the ethics of Scotland. Taking up the demonstrations of the Scottish metaphysicians in regard to the conscience, an inquiry should be made, how are they affected by the circumstance that man is a sinner? This was the grand topic started

by Chalmers, and which will be prosecuted, we trust, by other inquirers.

We are now to turn to a thinker of a different stamp. Brown and Hamilton are alike in the fame which they attained—in the influence which they exercised over young and ardent spirits—in the interest which they excited in the study of the Human Mind—and in their success in upholding the reputation of the Scottish Colleges for metaphysical pursuits : each had an ambition to be independent, to appear original, and establish a system of his own ; both were possessed of large powers of ingenuity and acuteness, and delighted to reduce the compound into elements ; and each, we may add, had a considerable acquaintance with the physiology of the senses ; but in nearly all other respects they widely diverge, and their points of contrast are more marked than their points of correspondence.

They differed even in their natural disposition. The one was amiable, gentle, somewhat effeminate, and sensitive, and not much addicted to criticism ; the other, as became the descendant of a covenanting hero, was manly, intrepid, resolute—at times passionate—and abounding in critical strictures, even on those whom he most admires.

As to their manner of expounding their views, there could not be a stronger contrast. Both have their attractions ; but the one pleases by the changing hues of his fancy and the glow of his sentiment, whereas the other stimulates our intellectual activity by the sharpness of his discussions, and the variety and aptness of his erudition. The one abounds in illustrations, and excites himself into eloquence, and his readers into enthusiasm ; the other is brief and cool—seldom giving us a concrete example—restraining all emotion, except it be passion at times—never deigning to warm the students by a flash of rhetoric—and presenting only the naked truth, that it may allure by its own charms. If we lose the meaning of the one, it is in a blaze of light, in a cloud of words, or in repeated repetitions : the quickest thinkers are not always sure that they understand the other, because of the curttness of his style, and the compression of his matter ; and his admirers are found poring over his notes, as the ancients did over the responses of their oracles. The one helps us up the hill, by many a winding in his path, and allows us many a retrospect, when we might become weary, and where the view is most expanded ; whereas the other conducts us straight up the steep ascent, and, though he knows all the paths by which others have mounted, he ever holds directly on ; and if there be not a path made for him, he will clear one for himself. Both were eminently successful lecturers : but the one called forth an admiration of himself in the minds of his whole class ; whereas

the other succeeded in rousing the energies of select minds, in setting them forth on curious research, and in sharpening them for logical dissection. One feels, in reading Brown, as if he were filled and satisfied—but sometimes, as he finds in the digestion, the food has been far from substantial: whereas we are forced to complain, in regard to Hamilton, that he gives us the condensed essence, which the stomach feels great difficulty in mastering. The one never coins a new technical word, when the phrases in current use among the British and French philosophers of the previous century will serve his purpose; the other delights to stamp his thoughts with a nomenclature of his own, derived from the scholastics or the Germans, or fashioned out of the Greek tongue;—and so the one feels soft as a bird of delicate plumage, whereas the other is bristling all over with sharp points like a porcupine. The works of the one remind us of Versailles, with its paintings, its woods, its fountains, all somewhat artificial, but beautiful withal; those of the other are ruled and squared like the Pyramids, and look as if they were as lofty, and must be as enduring.

Both were extensive readers; but the reading of the one was in the Latin Classics, and the works of the well-known authors of England and France in the last century; whereas the other ranged over all ancient literature, and over the philosophic systems of all ages and countries; and delighted supremely in writings which had never been read since the age in which they were penned; and troubled many a librarian to shake the dust from volumes which no other man had ever asked for; and must, we should think, have gratified the dead, grieving in their graves over neglect, by showing them that they were yet remembered. The one delights to show how superior he is to Reid, to Stewart, to the Schoolmen, to the Stagyrte; the other rejoices to prove his superior learning by claiming for old, forgotten philosophers the doctrines attributed to modern authors, and by demonstrating how much we owe to the scholastic ages and to Aristotle.

Both departed so far from the true Scottish School; but the one went over to France for refinement and sentiment, the other to Germany for abstractions and erudition. If Brown is a mixture of the Scottish and French Schools, Hamilton is a union of the Schools of Reid and Kant. Brown thought that Reid was over-estimated, and had a secret desire to undermine him, and Stewart with him; Hamilton thought that Brown was over-rated, and makes no scruple in avowing that he labours to strip him of the false glory in which he was enveloped; and he took up Reid at the time he was being decried in Scotland, and allowed no man—but himself—to censure the common-sense philosopher. Brown had no sense of the merits of Kant, and

did his best (along with Stewart) to keep him unknown for an age in Scotland; Hamilton was smitten with a deep admiration of the great German metaphysician—helped to introduce him to the knowledge of Scottish thinkers—was caught in his logical network, and was never able thoroughly to extricate himself.

As to their method of investigation, both employ analysis as their chief instrument, but the one uses a retort and proceeds by a sort of chemical composition, while the other employs a lens and works by logical division. In comparison with Reid and Stewart, both erred by excess of decomposition and overlooked essential parts of the phenomenon, but the object of the one was to resolve all mental states into as few powers as possible, whereas the aim of the other was to divide and subdivide a whole into parts, which he again distributes into compartments of a framework provided for them. The one has added to the body of philosophy mainly by his acute analyses of concrete phenomena and by his illuminated illustrations of psychological laws; the other by his vast erudition, which enabled him to dispose under heads the opinions of all philosophers, and by his skill in arranging the facts of consciousness by means of logical division and distribution.

Brown acquired a wide reputation at an early date; but, like those showy members of the female sex who have many admirers but few who make proposals of union, he has had scarcely any professing to follow him throughout. His most distinguished pupil Dr Welsh, was possessed of a fine philosophic spirit, but abandoned Scotch metaphysics for phrenology and for theological and ecclesiastical studies. Several eminent men, not pupils, have been influenced by Brown. Payne's work on Mental and Moral Science is drawn largely from his lectures. Isaac Taylor, in his "Elements of Thought," has adopted some of his peculiarities. Chalmers had to prepare his lectures on Moral Philosophy when Brown's name was blazing high in Scotland, and feeling an intense admiration of his eloquence and of the purity of his ethical system, has followed him perhaps further than he should have done, but has been kept from following him in several most important points by his attachment to Reid and Butler. John Stuart Mill has got the very defective metaphysics which underlies and weakens much of his logic from his father, James Mill, from Brown, and from Comte. Still, Brown has no school and few professed disciples. It is different with Hamilton. His influence, if not so extensive—to use a favourite distinction of his own—has been more extensive. His articles in the "Edinburgh Review" were above the comprehension, and still further above the tastes of the great body even of metaphysical students in this country when they appeared twenty-five or thirty years ago. But

they were translated by M. Peisse into the French language, and there were penetrating minds in Britain, America, and the Continent which speedily discovered the learning and capacity of one who could write such Dissertations. By the force of his genius he raised up a body of pupils ready to defend him and to propagate his influence. He has at this present time a school and disciples, as the Greek philosophers had in ancient times, and as such men as Descartes, Leibnitz, and Kant, have had in modern times. His pupils employ his distinctions and delight in his nomenclature—their speech everywhere bewrayeth them. Some of them, it is true, remind us of a modern soldier in mediæval coat of mail, and move very cumbrously under the ponderous armour of their master, but, as a whole, they constitute an able and influential school of abstract philosophy. Some of them seem incapable of looking on any subject except through the well cut lenses which Hamilton has provided for them; others seem dissatisfied with his negative conclusions, and with his rejection *a la Kant* of final cause as a proof of the Divine existence, but do not seem to have the courage to examine and separate the truth from the error in that doctrine of relativity on which his whole system is founded.

While Hamilton has thus been establishing a school and acquiring an authority, it has not been without protest. In saying so, we do not refer to the criticisms of his attacks on the character and doctrines of Luther, which have been so powerfully repelled by Archdeacon Hare and others, but to opposition offered to his philosophic principles. There has been a general dissent even by disciples from his doctrine of causation, and, if this tenet is undermined, his elaborate scheme of systematised "Conditions of the Thinkable" is laid in ruins. A pupil has opposed his negative doctrine of the Infinite. Others, not pupils, have expressed doubts of his whole theory of relativity. Ubrici, in the leading philosophic journal of Germany, "*Zeitschrift für Philosophie*" (1855), has charged him with departing in his method from the stand point of Scotland, with giving in to the critical method of Kant, and ploughing with the German heifer, and alleges that he or his school must advance with Germany. As the unkindest cut of all, Mr Ferrier, who was supported by Hamilton in the competition for the Moral Philosophy Chair in Edinburgh when Professor Wilson retired, and with whom Hamilton (as he assured the writer of this article) was long in the habit of consulting, published the "*Institutes of Metaphysic*," which is a complete revolt against the whole Scottish Philosophy, and Kant was not more annoyed with the Idealism of Fichte than Hamilton was with the "*Object plus Subject*" of Ferrier.

We are to occupy the remainder of this article with a notice of the Life and Metaphysics (omitting the Logic) of Sir W. Hamilton.

We have an account of the principal external events of Hamilton's life in an article by his pupil Mr Baynes, in the "Edinburgh University Papers." He was the son of Dr W. Hamilton, an able professor of anatomy in Glasgow, and established his right to be regarded as the lineal descendant of Sir Robert Hamilton who commanded the Covenanters at Drumclog, and through him to be the representative of the Hamiltons at Preston, who claim to be descended from the second son of the progenitor of the Hamilton family. He was born at Glasgow in March 1788, lost his father in early life, was boarded some time with the Rev. Dr Summers at Mid-Calder, entered Glasgow College at the age of 12, was afterwards sent to a school at Bromley, and returned to Glasgow College, from which he was sent, on the Snell Foundation in 1809, to Oxford. The profession which he made on going in for his Degree was unprecedented for its extent. It embraced all the classics of mark, and, under the head of science, it took in the whole of Plato, the whole of Aristotle with his early commentators, the Neo-Platonists, and the fragments of the earlier and later Greek schools. His examination in philosophy lasted two days, and six hours each day, and he came forth from it showing that his knowledge was as accurate as it was extensive. In 1812 he went to Edinburgh, where he betook himself to the study of law, and entered the bar the following year. In 1821 he was appointed Professor of Universal History, and, in the discharge of his office, delivered learned lectures to a small but select audience. From 1826 to 1828 he wrote elaborate papers against Phrenology, and Combe, and Spurzheim, and, in preparing for them, he dissected several hundred different brains. In 1829 he wrote his famous article on Cousin and the Philosophy of the Unconditioned; in 1830 his article on Perception and on Reid and Brown; in 1833 that on Whately and Logic. In 1836 he was appointed Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. Having begun to prelect on Reid in his class, the effort ripened into his edition of Reid in 1846. In 1852 the "Edinburgh Review" articles were re-published with large additions in the "Discussions on Philosophy." By these works, and by his lectures, he has gained an influence in all countries in which philosophy is valued, and has founded a school which is likely to be predominant for several years in Scotland.

The writer of this article has a very vivid recollection of Sir William as he happened to pass into his class-room a year or two after his appointment. There was an evident manliness in his person and his whole manner and address. His features were,

marked, he had an eye of a very deep lustre, and his expression was eminently intellectual. He read his lecture in a clear emphatic manner, without show, pretension, or affectation of any kind. His nomenclature sounded harsh and uncouth to one unacquainted with it, but his enunciations were all perspicuous and explicit. The class was a large one, numbering we should suppose between 150 and 200. At the opening there was a furious scribbling visible and audible by all the students, in their notebooks; but we observed that, as the lecture proceeded, one after another was left behind, and, when it was half through, at least one-third had ceased to take notes, and had evidently lost their interest in, or comprehension of, the subject. Unfortunately for the Scottish Colleges, unfortunately for the youth attending them, students enter the Logic Class in the second year of their course, when the majority are not ripe for it. A course of lectures, like that given in old time by Jardine of Glasgow, might be fit for such a class, but not a rigid course like that of Hamilton, who did, indeed, make his thoughts as clear as such profound thoughts could be made, but could not bring them down to the comprehension of a promiscuous class, of which many are under seventeen, and some under sixteen, or even fifteen years of age. But even among second year students there were every year a larger or less number who rejoiced to find that he first awakened independent thought within them, and who were ready to acknowledge ever afterwards that they owed more to him than to any other professor, or to all the other professors under whom they studied.

In his examinations he expected a sort of recitation of his lectures from the students. He also encouraged his pupils to submit to voluntary examinations on private studies undertaken by them. He prescribed essays on subjects lectured on, and in these essays he allowed great latitude in the expression of opinions, and some of his students, out of a spirit of independence or contradiction, would at times take up the defence of Dr Brown, and were not discouraged. All students of high intellectual power, and especially those of a metaphysical taste, received a stimulus of a very lofty kind from his lectures, and these examinations and essays. We suspect that some of the duller and idler passed through the class without getting much benefit. In his whole intercourse with young men there was great courtesy and kindness, and a readiness to appreciate talent and independent thinking wherever he found it. For a number of years before his death, Sir William was oppressed with infirmities and had to employ an assistant, and it was characteristic of him that he was in the habit of selecting for the office some one of those who had been his more distinguished students.

he did know), but in some of the more advanced of the physical sciences.

The intellectual features of Hamilton are very marked and prominent. The first characteristic is his high cognitive ambition. This was strikingly illustrated in the extent of reading which he professed at Oxford—being, in fact, all ancient literature, and the whole of ancient philosophy, from the Pre-Socratic schools down to the Neo-Platonists, Proclus, and Plotinus. He had an appetite for all philosophic works and systems, and his power of digestion was equal to his appetite. Books, which others had overlooked, were apt to be his special favourites. Systems, which most men despised, he studied with peculiar avidity. It was a desire of knowledge, not so much for the sake of dazzling the eyes of men by it—though, perhaps, he was not above this “passion of genius,” as Erskine calls it—as for the sake of the knowledge itself, and the pleasure of the acquisition, and in order that he might systematize it all. He did much in his span of life;—yet we venture to say, that he meant to do vastly more; and we suspect that no man ever fell further below his own high standard than he did. The writer of this article once asked him, some years before his decease, when he meant to complete his *Notes to Reid*? and he replied, that he must really take it up some day soon, and finish it. He talked of the work as if it were a small one; and it is evident that it was but a small part of what he designed to do. He refers, in foot notes, to projected works, which he had been obliged reluctantly to abandon; and he proposes others, which, we suspect, were left unaccomplished when he was summoned from the earthly scene. Often must he have wished that he could only get rid of these terrible “conditions” of time, and press thirty hours, instead of twenty-four, into the day; and not being able to do this, often did he encroach upon the time which, according to a much lower kind of conditions, but not less stringent in their way, ought to have been given to sleep; and, by thus straining the bodily organism, he sowed, we suspect, the seeds of that weakness which so oppressed him in his declining life.

We must add, that his excellence in this respect is one of his defects. His ambition tempted him to try what is beyond human strength. He would dabble even in theology, therein only to show his weakness and his obstinacy—as in his *brochure* on Non-intrusion, and his attacks on the Reformers. In his philosophy, he hastened, by a speedy analysis, to reach a premature synthesis—in this respect being a great contrast to Reid, who aimed at no such pretended completeness. He aimed at nothing less than a complete system, and sought therein to rival Aristotle, Descartes, Kant, and perhaps even Hegel himself. It is no disparagement

to the Scottish philosopher to affirm, that he failed where they failed. His "Conditions of the Thinkable," or "Alphabet of Thought," will be ranked with the Categories of Aristotle, Kant, and Cousin: it will take no lower and no higher a place; that is, it will be regarded, by all but his immediate school, as a splendid failure.

The next feature which strikes us, is his profound erudition. We should like, we confess, to know the secret of his capacity of acquisition. There was, no doubt, indomitable industry; but this was but the smallest part. Are we to ascribe his vast stores to a capacious memory, or to art and method? We rather think that, by his unmatched logical power, he was in the habit of drawing out a scheme of all possible views, and then the opinion of any given man fell into its proper place.

He is the most learned of all the Scottish metaphysicians. Not that the Scottish school ought to be described, as it has sometimes been, as ignorant. Hutcheson was a man of learning, as well as of accomplishment, and visibly experienced great delight in quoting the Greek and Roman philosophers, as he walked up and down in his class-room in Glasgow. Adam Smith had vast stores of information; and the ground-plan which he has left of departments of ancient philosophy, and the sketch of the sects which he has given in his "Moral Sentiments," show that he was more competent, had he devoted his attention to the subject, than any man of his age, to write a history of philosophy. Hume had extensive philosophic, as well as historical knowledge; but he was so accustomed to twist it to perverse uses, that we cannot trust his candour or accuracy. Reid was pre-eminently a well-informed man. His first printed paper was on Quantity. He taught, in Aberdeen College, according to the system of rotation which continued even to his day, Natural as well as Moral Philosophy; and continued, even in his old age, to be well read on all topics of general interest. Beattie and Campbell were respectable scholars, as well as elegant writers; and the former was reckoned, at Oxford, and by the English clergy, as the great expounder, in his day, of sound philosophy. Lord Monboddo was deeply versed in the Greek and Roman philosophies, and, in spite of all his paradoxes, has often given excellent accounts of their systems. Dugald Stewart was a mathematician as well as a metaphysician; and, if not of very varied, was of very correct, and, altogether, of very competent, ripe, and trustworthy scholarship. Brown was certainly not widely or extensively read in philosophy; but, besides a knowledge of medicine, he had an acquaintance with Roman and with modern European literature. Sir James Mackintosh was familiar with men and manners, was learned in all social questions, and had a general,

though, certainly, not a very minute or correct, knowledge of philosophic systems. But, for scholarship, in the technical sense of the term, and, in particular, for the scholarship of philosophy, they were all inferior to Hámilton, who was equal to any of them in the knowledge of Greek and Roman systems, and of the earlier philosophies of modern Europe; and vastly above them in a comprehensive acquaintance with all schools; and standing alone in his knowledge of the more philosophic fathers, such as Tertullian and Augustine; of the more illustrious schoolmen, such as Thomas Aquinas and Scotus; of the writers of the Revival, such as the Elder Scaliger; and of the ponderous systems of Kant, and the schools which have ramified from him in Germany.

When he was alive, he could always be pointed to as redeeming Scotland from the reproach of being without high scholarship. Oxford had no man to put on the same level. Germany had not a profounder scholar, or one whose judgment, in a disputed point, could be so relied on. Nor was his the scholarship of mere words; he knew the history of terms, but it was because he was familiar with the history of opinions. In reading his account, for example, of the different meanings which the word "idea" has had, and of the views taken of sense-perception, one feels that his learning is quite equalled by his power of discrimination. No man has ever done more in clearing the literature of philosophy of common-place mistakes, of thefts, and impostures. He has shown all of us how dangerous it is to quote without consulting the original; to adopt, without examination, the common traditions in philosophy; that those who borrow at second hand will be found out; and that those who steal, without acknowledgment, will, sooner or later, be detected and exposed. He experiences a delight in stripping modern authors of their borrowed feathers, and of pursuing stolen goods from one literary thief to another, and giving them back to their original owner. For years to come, ordinary authors will seem learned, by drawing from his stores. In incidental discussions, in foot notes, and notes on foot notes, he has scattered nuts, which it will take many a scholar many a day to gather and to crack. It will be long before the rays which shine from him will be so scattered and diffused through philosophic literature—as the sunbeams are through the atmosphere—that they shall become common property, and men shall cease to distinguish the focus from which they have come.

The only other decided lineament of his character that we shall mention, is his logical power, including therein all such exercises as abstraction, generalization, division, definition, formal judgment, and deduction. In this respect he may be placed

along side of those who have been most distinguished for this faculty, such as Aristotle, Saint Thomas, Descartes, Spinoza, S. Clarke, Kant, and Hegel. In directing his thoughts to a subject, he proceeds to divide, distribute, define, and arrange, very much in the manner of Aristotle: take, as an example, his masterly analysis of the primary qualities of matter. He pursues much the same method, in giving the history of opinions, as on the subjects of the principles of common sense and perception. No man ever displayed such admirable examples of Porphyry's tree, reaching from the *summum genus* to the *infima species*. It is quite clear that, had he lived in the days of the schoolmen, he would have ranked with the greatest of them—with Albertus Magnus, Abelard, and the Master of the Sentences—and would have been handed down to future generations by such an epithet as Doctor Criticus, Doctor Doctissimus, or Doctor Indomitabilis.

Here, again, his strength is his weakness. He attempts far too much by logical differentiation and formalization. No man purposes now to proceed in physical investigation by logical dissection, as was done by Aristotle and the schoolmen. We have at times looked into the old compends of physical science which were used in the colleges down even to an age after the time of Newton. Ingenious they were beyond measure, and perfect in form far beyond what Herschel or Faraday could produce or would attempt in the present day. We are convinced that logical operations can do nearly as little in the mental as they have done in the material sciences. We admit that Sir W. Hamilton had deeply observed the operations of the mind, and that when his lectures are published they will be found to contribute more largely to psychology than any work published in our day. But his induction is too much subordinated to logical arrangement and critical rules. His system will be found, when fully unfolded, to have a completeness such as Reid and Stewart did not pretend to, but it is effected by a logical analysis and synthesis, and much that he has built up will require to be taken down.

In reviewing Hamilton, we feel the greatest pleasure in pointing to those doctrines which we look upon him as having established. His doctrine of Perception seems to us to be substantially correct. That Perception is intuitive and immediate is the doctrine most in accordance with consciousness and encompassed with fewest difficulties; we wish he had only added with Reid (who, however, is not very consistent in his language) that our knowledge of the primary qualities of matter is positive and not merely relative. We are inclined, too, to agree with him in thinking that our original cognitions through the senses is

simply of our organism and of objects directly in contact with the organism, and that all beyond this is acquired; and we venture to add, that the distinction between our original and acquired knowledge might be profitably used by those who defend the doctrine of Natural Realism—it might be maintained that our original perceptions are trustworthy, and that all the apparent deceptions of the senses arise from a wrong application of the rules derived from experience. The distinction which he has drawn between presentative and representative knowledge, is as just as it is important. His view of representative knowledge, as against Reid, seems to be sound, and we may say so without subscribing to all that he maintains in regard to conception. His lectures when published will unfold a most admirable classification of the powers of the mind; at the same time we are convinced that the threefold division which he has sanctioned into the Cognitive, the Conative, and Emotive, will be found imperfect; for, besides that, imagination cannot without straining be described as cognitive, we are sure that the moral faculty cannot be placed under any of the three heads. Under the head of the Cognitive powers will be found in the forthcoming lectures invaluable remarks on the faculties of Memory, Reproduction, Representation, Comparison, and the Regulative Principles, with a revival of curious Leibnitzian disquisitions on latent operations lying beneath consciousness. His exposition of these topics will be found to embrace new facts, and facts lost sight of, fresh quotations from authors of various ages and countries, and admirable divisions, subdivisions, and discriminations. On the subject of the principles of Common Sense, or the Regulative Principles of the Mind, he has done more than any other philosopher, except, perhaps, Reid himself. One in no way given to admiration, and in no way predisposed in behalf of such philosophy, was awed by the famous note A, on Common Sense. "I have been looking," says Lord Jeffrey, "into Sir W. Hamilton's edition of Reid, or rather into one of his own annexed Dissertations 'On the Philosophy of Common Sense,' which, though it frightens one with the immensity of its erudition, has struck me very much by its vigour, completeness, and inexorable march of ratiocination. He is a wonderful fellow, and I hope may yet be spared to astonish and overawe us for years to come." While we look on Hamilton as having vastly advanced this subject, we do not regard him as having completed it. He has no where, so far as we know, pointed out the relation between our necessary and experiential ideas, say our necessary and experiential ideas of space (*for he acknowledges both*), nor the relation between the faculties and these regulative principles. Further, he has not seen that while there are *a priori* principles

in the mind, they are not as principles before the consciousness—all that consciousness is cognisant of is the individual act; and so he has not acknowledged fully that *à priori* principles are after all to be discovered by means of *à posteriori* observation and induction. Above all, he has erred in representing some of them as mere *impotencies* of the mind, whereas they are positive, and about the most essential *potencies* of the human understanding.

The time is at hand when the whole philosophy of Hamilton, the philosophy of the Conditioned or the Relative, must be subjected to a rigid review. The followers of one who has so criticised others, surely cannot object to this. But the time for this will not actually arrive till we have his whole posthumous works before us. As we have already, however, in his published works an epitomized statement of most of his favourite ideas, we may be allowed to specify in an equally brief statement the tenets to which we are inclined to take decided objection, and leave the more formal discussion of them till his views are fully unfolded.

First, we object to his method. It is not in fact, it is not even professedly, the inductive. We are convinced that Hamilton never fully appreciated the Baconian method, and in this respect his disciples do not seem an improvement on the master, for, amid all their abstract discussions, we do not remember of an attempt by any one of them to add to inductive mental science. Often, indeed, did Hamilton refer to induction, but it was always with the ambition of reducing it to a form like the syllogism; and this, we venture to say, can no more be done with the grand practical principles of the *Novum Organum* than with a father's advice to his Son, or the Sermon on the Mount. Hamilton's own method is professedly an analysis in order to a synthesis. It partakes as much of the critical method of Kant as of the inductive method of Bacon. He tells us, "the first problem of philosophy is to seek out, purify and establish by intellectual analysis and criticism the elementary feelings or beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession."—(Edition of Reid, p. 752.) If he had said that the business of philosophy is to observe with care, to seek out, to analyse, and classify, *in short, to induct* the necessary convictions of the mind, his account would have been correct. But he has gone over to Kantism, and furnishes a foothold to the later aberrations of Germany, and even to Ferrierism, when he speaks of "purifying" them, and "establishing them by intellectual criticism."

His philosophy is that of the Conditioned or Relative. We acknowledge that he has laid in ruins the philosophy of the Unconditioned. But we may admit this without giving our

adherence to his own theory. Instead of the great *realist*, Hamilton should be called the great *relativist*. Surely there may be a Positive theory (not in the Comtian sense), alike removed from the Absolute and the Relative theories. We maintain that the mind is so endowed that it has a positive, though of course limited knowledge of things—not of relations but of things. We acknowledge that there is a true doctrine of relativity, but it must be separated from the Hamiltonian doctrine. We acknowledge that there is a sense in which knowledge is a relation; even the Divine knowledge is a relation, but the relation arises from the knowledge, and not the knowledge from the relation. Again, human knowledge differs in this respect from Divine knowledge in that it is limited; but when we mean this, why not say this? This limited knowledge of man arises from the limited nature of man's faculties—man knows only what he has the capacity to know (thus the blind cannot see colours), and man is incapable of discerning much truth, which God and angels know; but when we mean this let us say this. If this were all that Hamilton meant, we would offer no objection to his doctrine, except to say, that relative is not the word to express his meaning. But when he affirms that man knows only phenomena as contrasted with things, that man's intuitive knowledge may not be pure, and that the "contents of every act of knowledge are made up of elements and regulated by laws proceeding partly from its object and partly from its subject"—(Notes on Reid, p. 808), we feel that we are fast in the fetters of Kantism, and approaching Ferrier's "Object *plus* Subject." Ferrier might claim to be only "purifying" what is acknowledged to be impure, and establishing by intellectual criticism that in all knowledge there is *subject* along with *object*. We hold (with Mansel) that by self-consciousness we know self; the thing self, the ego, and not a mere phenomenon or relation of self to the knowing subject. No doubt, we do not know the substance apart from the quality; even God himself cannot know this, for our intuitive convictions assure us that mind as a substance cannot exist apart from qualities.

Hamilton has been much commended for his view of Consciousness, as so superior to that taken by Reid on the one hand, and Brown on the other. We do not admit this—till his doctrine is fully unfolded. He has ever the word consciousness in his mouth (as Locke has "idea, and Kant, "*à priori*," and Brown, "suggestion,") but does he always mean the same thing by it? It is not only the recognition of the affections of self, co-existing with all the intelligent exercises of the mind, but it is a "comprehensive term for the complement of our cognitive energies"—(Dis. p. 48, 2d ed.); and again, "all our faculties are only con-

sciousnesses" (p. 52); and, again, it is the "universal condition of intelligence" (p. 47); and, once more, "consciousness and immediate knowledge are terms universally convertible" (p. 51). Are all these one and the same? He tells us, that,—"*We know*, and *We know that we know*," while "*logically distinct, are really identical*" (Dis. p. 47). Let us expand this statement and view it in a concrete example. *To know this table*, and *to know that we know it*, are, as it appears to us metaphysically, that is, really distinct, and may be logically distinguished, because really different. No doubt they co-exist in the concrete act, but it is as the knowledge of form and colour always co-exist in perception through the eye, they co-exist as cognitions, but we know them to be really different. We are clear, with Reid, that it is desirable to have one word to express our power of immediate cognition through the senses; and another to express our power of knowing of self in all its exercises, whether looking at an object without, or what is equally possible looking at self in a past state, or looking at no separate object at all, as when we are imagining; and it appears to us, that the best word for this latter capacity is consciousness. We are further convinced, that it is of vast consequence with Locke, with Hutcheson, with Reid, with Stewart, to bring out consciousness to the view separately, as a mental attribute, the source of important experiential knowledge, which can be submitted to all kinds of logical processes. The neglect of this truth, degraded the philosophy of Condillac, and passing from him to Kant, has confused the whole philosophy of Germany.

We have not as yet Hamilton's view of Space and Time fully unfolded. He often proclaims, however, his adhesion to Kant's view of them as forms or conditions of the sensibility, but adds, that we have also an empirical knowledge of them.—(See his Edit. of Reid, p. 126, and p. 882.) What relation we wonder do these two notions bear to each other? He has told us expressly, that "space is only a law of thought and not a law of things."—(Dis. p. 607.) We maintain, that our intuitive conviction, declares space to be a thing as certainly as the body contained in space. If we regard it with Kant as a mere subjective form, we cannot save ourselves from the consequence drawn by Fichte, that the bodies perceived in space may also be creations of the mind.

We shall not enter on the discussion of his doctrine of Substance and Quality, inasmuch as he has not expanded it. We shall only say of it, that it seems lamentably defective in representing our conviction of substance as a mere impotency.

His doctrine of Causation has been unfolded and has been pretty generally repudiated. If Brown "eviscerates" the idea (to use Hamilton's phrase), Hamilton decapitates it, making it a

"Law of Thought (not of Things) and merely subjective" (Dis. p. 613). He leaves out in his Analysis and Intellectual Criticism the main element in the intuitive conviction. The phenomenon is this:—When aware of a new appearance, we are *unable* to conceive that therein has originated any new existence, and are, therefore, *constrained* to think that what now appears to us under a new form had previously an existence under others."—(Dis. p. 609.) This is not the phenomenon. The phenomenon is, that when we meet with a new substance, or a substance in a new state, we are constrained to look for a potency in a substance or substances to produce the new substance or the change of the old. His generalization is founded on a narrow view of material objects. It may be all true that "gunpowder is the effect of the mixture of nitre, charcoal and sulphur, which all existed before;" but this is a mere experiential observation in regard to the material cause. But we can conceive this sulphur, or a soul, or a world, springing into being without any previous matter, and what the mind insists on is, that there must have been an efficiency in some substance to produce it. This belief in Causation is not, as he represents it, a mere *mental impotency* or inability, but is a positive conviction, belief, or judgment, that every effect has a cause; and that when the effect is real, say the world, the cause, that is God, must also have a real existence. It is one of the lamentable consequences of this wretchedly defective view of Causation, that it does not entitle us to argue from the world as an effect to God as the cause.

His doctrine of the Infinite has appeared to not a few to be unsatisfactory. We admit that his criticism of the Theory of Cousin is unanswerable, and those who would succeed in meeting Hamilton, must not take up the ground of the brilliant French Eclectic. The business of the philosopher is here faithfully to interpret and unfold our intuitive conviction on this subject, when it will be found that the mind has something more than a mere negative impotency, that it has a positive belief, that to whatever point we might go in space or in time, there is, and must be, a something beyond.

It is in order to establish a great law of Relativity, that he has resolved our convictions as to Space, Time, Substance, Causality. Infinity (what makes he of a more important one still, Moral Good?) into mental impotencies. But when it is shown that the individual convictions are not impotencies but potencies, the great Law of Relativity is undermined, and with it the whole Alphabet of Thought.

The defective nature of the whole Hamiltonian system comes out in its results. Comparing his philosophy with that of Germany, he says:—

"Extremes meet. In one respect both coincide, for both agree that the knowledge of Nothing is the principle or the consummation of all true philosophy. "*Scire Nihil,—studium quo nos lætamur utrique.*" But the one doctrine openly maintaining, that the Nothing must yield every thing, is a philosophic omniscience, whereas the other holding, that Nothing can yield nothing, is a philosophic nescience. In other words:—the doctrine of the Unconditioned is a philosophy confessing relative ignorance, but professing absolute knowledge; while the doctrine of the Conditioned, is a philosophy professing relative knowledge, but confessing absolute ignorance."—(Dis. p. 609.)

Surely this is a pitiable enough conclusion to such an elaborate process. A mountain labours, and something infinitely less than the mouse emerges.

We suspect that Sir W. Hamilton was wont to meet all such objections, and try to escape from such a whirlpool as that in which Ferrier would engulf him, by taking refuge in belief—in faith. And we are thoroughly persuaded of the sincerity of his faith, philosophic and religious. But it is unsatisfactory, it is unphilosophic, to allow that cognition and intelligence may lead to nihilism, and then resort to faith to save us from the consequences. Surely there is faith involved in the exercises of intelligence; there is faith (philosophical) involved, when from a seen effect, we look up to an unseen cause. We are sure that human intelligence does not lead to absolute knowledge, but as little does it lead to scepticism or to nothing. Of this we are further sure, that the same criticism which pretends to demonstrate that intelligence ends in absolute ignorance, will soon—probably in the immediately succeeding age—go on to show with the same success, that our beliefs are not to be trusted.

The same doctrine of relativity carried out, led him to deny that there could be any valid argument in behalf of the Divine existence, except the moral ones. We acknowledge that the moral argument, properly enunciated, is the most satisfactory of all. We admit that the argument from order and adaptation (the physico-theological) can prove no more, than that there is a living being of vast power and wisdom, presiding over the universe—but this it can do by the aid of the law of cause and effect properly interpreted. The proof that this Being is infinite must be derived from the mental intuition in regard to the infinite. Hamilton has deprived himself of the power of using the arguments from our belief in Causation and Infinity by what we regard as a defective and mutilated account of both these intuitions. He has nowhere stated the moral arguments which he trusts in. We suspect that the criticism which cuts down the argument from intelligence, needs only to be carried a step

further to undermine the argument from our moral nature. This process has actually taken place in Germany, and we have no desire to see it repeated among metaphysical youths in this country. It is on this account, mainly, that we have been so anxious to point out the gross defects in the account given by Hamilton of our necessary convictions.

The question is started at the close of our survey, are we to have for ever nothing but a succession of schools in mental science,—Hutcheson superseded by Reid, and Reid by Brown, and Brown by Hamilton, and Hamilton superseded, as the author of it would wish, by a new and Ideal school, and in this view is Hamilton to be as much disparaged in the next age as Brown is in this? We reply that Reid and Stewart are not superseded, that they stand as high as they ever did: that Brown so far as he has really added to psychology is not superseded, and that Hamilton, inasmuch as he has given us admirable summaries of philosophic systems, and masterly classifications of mental phenomena, will go down through ages, with the brightest names in philosophy.

All that is solid and permanent in mental science has been reached, in fact, by observation and induction. We must here, however, draw a distinction which has often been lost sight of. When we say that observation is needful in order to construct metaphysical science, we do not mean to say that there are no principles in the mind except these derived from observation and experience. Observation shows that there are principles in the mind, native and necessary, and regulating experience. But these principles acting in the mind as regulative principles are not before the consciousness as principles; all that is before the consciousness are the individual acts and exercises. The law of Causation is not written on the surface of the mind to be discovered by consciousness any more than the law of gravitation is written on the sky to be read by the senses. All that is before the senses, in the latter case, is an individual fact, say an apple falling to the ground, and the law is to be discovered by a process of generalization; and all that is before consciousness, in the former, is a particular mental conviction—the principle of which can be detected only by classification. And so it may be quite true that there are *à priori* principles in the mind, and yet a process of careful *à posteriori* induction may be absolutely requisite in order to discover their nature and their rule, and to entitle us to employ them in philosophic speculation.

In regard to systems which are not built upon inductive psychological proof they are to us all alike; they differ only in respect of the peculiar intellectual character and tendencies of those who have constructed them. The man of genius, like Schelling,

will form a theory, distinguished for its ingenuity or beauty ; the man of vigorous intellect, like Hegel, will erect what looks like a very coherent fabric ; but until they can be shown to be founded on the inherent principles of the mind by a rigid induction, we wrap ourselves up in doubt, and refuse to give our consent.¹ And we cleave to this principle because of its wisdom, knowing all the while that there are fervent youths (abetted by conceited older men) who, as believing that the next turn in the high *à priori* road which they are pursuing, is to open on the ocean of absolute truth, will feel as if it were turning them back, when the long looked for object were about to burst gloriously on their view.

Nor are we to be seduced into an admiration of these imposing systems, by the plea often urged in their behalf, that they furnish a gymnasium for the exercise of the intellect. We acknowledge that one of the very highest advantages of study of every description is to be found in the vigour imparted to the mind which pursues it. But, whatever may have been the state of things in the days of the schoolmen, it is not necessary now to resort to fruitless *à priori* speculation, in order to find an arena in which to exercise the intellect. Nay, we are convinced that when the research conducts to no solid results, it will weary the mind without strengthening it ; the effort will be like that of one who beateth the air ; and activity will always be followed by exhaustion, by dissatisfaction, and an unwillingness to make further exertion. Labour it is true, is its own reward ; but if there be no other reward there will be the want of the proper incentive,—the vigour imparted is only one of the incidental effects which follow when labour is undertaken in the hope of

¹ Professor Ferrier has endeavoured to introduce into this country an ideal system, which may attain the same notoriety as those of Schelling and Hegel in Germany, but in this he will fail. For, in addition to British good sense, he has the transparency of his own style against him. No man can confute Hegel, for no man is sure that he understands him, and to any professed refutation it will always be competent to reply that he has been misunderstood. But Ferrier's style is as clear as it is often fascinating, and the error is very visible. We may remark, however, that onlookers will often be tempted to think that Ferrier is in the right, if he be met by mere logical distinctions. A few stones from a sling will be felt to be far more annoying to this most dexterous of small swordsmen, than a more formidable weapon. He has given us a pretended demonstration without axioms or definitions. He is no sceptic, and has propositions which he assumes. On what ground we ask him? When he specifies the ground, we show on the same ground, that when we look on a stone, we know the stone to be an object separate from, and independent of the object. He says (Scot. Phil. pp. 19, 20), that "no man in his senses would require a proof *that* it (that is real existence) is." We are glad of this appeal to man's "senses", but we insist that these same "senses" tell us that the stone has an existence independent of the contemplative mind. This cannot be disproved by any pretended demonstration, for the principles assumed in such cannot be more certain than the truth which they would set aside.

reaching substantial fruits. Nor is it to be forgotten that these speculations though fruitless of good are not fruitless of evil. In the struggles thus engendered, there are other powers of the mind *tried* as well as the understanding; there are often sad agonizings of the feelings, of the faith, and indeed, of the whole soul, which feels as if the foundation on which it previously stood had been removed and none other supplied, and as if it had in consequence to sink for ever—or as if it were doomed to move for ever onward without reaching a termination, while all retreat has been cut off behind. In these wrestlings, we fear that many wounds are inflicted, which rankle for long, and often terminate in something worse than the dissolution of the bodily organism, for they end in the loss of faith and of peace, in cases in which they do not issue in immorality, or in scepticism and profanity.

These exercises we suspect resemble not so much those of the gymnasium, as those of the ancient gladiatorial shows, in which no doubt there were many brilliant feats performed, but in which also, members were mutilated, and the heart's blood of many a brave man shed. We fear that in not a few cases generous and courageous youth have entered the lists to lose in the contest, all creed, all religious—and in some cases all moral principle, and with these all peace and all stability.

- ART. V.—1. *Letters from the Slave States.* By JAMES STIRLING. London: Parker. 1857.
2. *American Slavery and Colour.* By WILLIAM CHAMBERS. London: W. and R. Chambers. 1857.

Two nations, in the present era of the world's history, are exercising almost a paramount influence on the world's progress—Britain and the United States of America. They bear the relationship of sire to son. The one in the full prime of life pursues his habitual avocation, exhibiting no symptoms of decay,—the other, having attained to manhood and achieved independence, strides onward in a separate but not altogether dissimilar career. They acknowledge their kindred by terming themselves Anglo-Saxons—a name unknown to the official catalogue of political designations, but one which expresses, in a higher sense than mere political classification, a community of origin, and not the less a community of end, aim, purpose, and destination. Of all races, this Anglo-Saxon race is the most ceaselessly active, the most daring in design, the most indomitable in execution. It is girding the world with its power, from two ends, and carrying into new regions the fruits and labours of civilization more than any, or all other races combined. Geographical considerations have assigned to Britain one course, and to America another course, but the end in view is substantially the same. America, with the same intention as Britain—"to subdue the earth and make it yield its increase"—has obviously a different career from that of Britain, a different destiny over which a different genius presides. Britain departs from a centre, works from a centre, colonizes from a centre, and governs from a centre. Her political action is outward, not less than inward. Her two islands, Britain and Ireland, are all that she has to boast of in the shape of a main land fit to rear a nation. The rest of her home territories are small islands—little dots that stand like children round the father and mother of the family. Seen from the moon by some lunar Herschel or Lord Rosse, Britain would appear to occupy but a small space. The map of the world reveals her territorial insignificance. We see two little spots huddled up into a corner, awkwardly shot off to a side, as it were, yet facing the great sea, on the very verge and lip of the great waste of waters, with nothing outside of them to protect them; not like Greece, or Italy, or Egypt, in a Mediterranean bounded by a surrounding shore to be coasted by timid mariners, but on the very edge and verge of the great ocean, looking out

westward to the expanse. If she launch at all, she must launch with the fearless heart that is ready to brave old ocean—to take him with his gigantic western waves—to face his winds and hurricanes—his summer heats of the dead still tropics—his winter blasts—his fairy icebergs—his fogs like palpable darkness—his hail blasts and his snow. Britain has done so. From her island home she has sailed east and west, north and south. She has gone outwardly and planted empires. The States themselves, now her compeer, were an offshoot from her island territory. Her destiny is to plant out nations, and the spirit of colonization is the genius that presides over her career. She plants out Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape. Ceylon and the Mauritius she occupies for trade. India she covers with a net-work of law framed and woven in her Anglo-Saxon loom. She clutches China, and begins at least to break up the celestial solecism. She lays hold of Borneo, and straight-way piratical prahus are seen wrecked and stranded on the shore, or blown to fragments in the air. She raises an impregnable fortress at the entrance of the Mediterranean, and another in its centre, as security to her sea-borne trade. She does the same in embryo at the entrance to the Red Sea. Westward from Newfoundland she traverses a continent, and there, in the Pacific, Vancouver's Island—which may one day become the new Great Britain of new Anglo-Saxon enterprise, destined to carry civilization to the innumerable islands of the great sea—bears the Union Jack for its island banner, and acknowledges the sovereignty of the British crown. At Singapore she has provisionally made herself mistress of the straits of Malacca, and thousands of miles away on the other hand at the Falkland Islands, near to the Land of Fire, the British mariner may hear the voice of praise issuing in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In addition to this, she has representatives at every court, and consuls at every sea-port. Her cruisers bear her flag on every navigable sea. Europeans, Asiatics, Africans, Americans, and Australians are found wearing her uniform, eating her bread, bearing her arms, and contributing to extend her dominion.

All this may be construed into ambition. We shall not stay to argue that point, but content ourselves with believing that, one service which Britain renders to the world would go far to justify the introduction of her policeman's baton among the tribes of the earth who otherwise would be a prey to lawless force. Britain keeps the police of the ocean. Without the British flag and the British cannon, piracy would make navigation too dangerous to be pursued as an art of peace, and that fact is occasionally overlooked when foreigners charge Britain with ambition. Perhaps, also, there is a deeper and a better truth than the im-

aginary independence of savage tribes or violence-doing chiefs and despots, no less than the brotherhood of mankind, which justifies the strong in protecting the weak. On that point, however, we say nothing. Let us rather turn to America.

America, animated in a great measure by a similar spirit to that of Britain, has entirely a different field for the exercise of her energies. She has no colonies, no foreign empire, no ocean fortresses, nothing out of herself, or out of the line of her own circumference. She has, in fact, no central station from which to flow in all directions. She flows in a mass, not from a centre. She trades largely, because she has large foreign wants, and can supply large foreign demands. Yet, with the exception of the South Sea whale fishery (which, although a maritime pursuit, somewhat resembles a foreign occupancy, from the peculiarity of its arrangements) she has absolutely nothing out of the limits of her own territory to require her attention. Yet her part in the world's drama is scarcely inferior to that of Britain. It is different rather than inferior. Her objects are,—to occupy a continent—to assemble all its countries under a single banner—to prevent war between them—to secure free trade between them—to prevent all custom-house lines of duties and tariffs between them—and to make every man (*white* man at present) within that vast territory a free citizen of the same gigantic nation. She was placed upon the sea-shore, on the outer verge of the great continent, and she must drive back into the wilds, with the axe in her hand and the rifle on her shoulder. British men did not land on New Zealand or at Port Natal without arms; and the west, to America, is what New Zealand or Natal is to Britain—a new colony that is brought under civilized rule, only after the first incidents of adventure, which imply more or less of warfare, disorder, and fatal strife. Instead of the ocean and the far distant settlement, America has had to face the continent—"Westward, Ho!" She has had to pioneer her way—to ascend or to cross rivers—to traverse forests—to ford through swamps—to wander on the prairie—to meet the hostile Indian—to breast the mountains, and to slope down on the far side, where she once more meets the sea, and finds the limits of her journeying westward. More or less perfectly or imperfectly, she keeps the police of this vast region—sometimes with swift Lynch retribution, sometimes with the stricter formalities of law; but, at all events, her ostensible object is to subdue and occupy the continent, to carry law into every territory that acknowledges her sway, and to endow all who dwell within her boundary with the same full rights of free citizenship.

The slave is an exception, and we shall endeavour to exhibit the reason.

Britain, in planting out colonies, or in establishing dominions, is compelled to encounter societies—tribes, nations, or states—in every stage of transition, and in every degree of progressive advancement. Her dominions include almost every known form of society—from the savage idolater, who stalks about armed with a club and clothed in a skin, up to the Asiatic prince, whose jewelled turban flashes in the sunlight, and whose arms are marvels of artistic beauty even in the eyes of our most skilful artificers. The hut of the Australian savage, the wigwam of the Red Indian, and the craal of the Kaffir, are found on British territory; so also are the stockaded fort of the fur trader, and the hill fort of the chief in Bengal; so also are the cottage of the hind, the house of the citizen, the mansion of the lord, and the palace of the duke. But not only do the British territories contain all present conditions of society; they contain representatives of the historic phases through which nations have passed. Were the Queen to summon her subjects before her, she would not only see all conditions of men, from the skin-clad savage up to the peer in his ermine, but she would see a living history of England portrayed in the living representatives of the various stages and aspects of society.

Admitting, then, that Britain combines the utmost diversity in her separate territories, we have only to glance at the distinguishing characteristic of the United States, to remove surprise that institutions, which appear utterly incongruous with civilization, should still be found within the limits of the great Republic. What Britain contains in her diversity of dominions, America contains within the boundary line of her circumference. She could not, it is true, present so great a variety of complexions, such a multitude of dialects, nor such a rare spectacle of outward garb and appearance; but she could furnish variety notwithstanding. The Southern planter, who owns a thousand slaves, contrasts as really with the New England trader, as the Asiatic prince would contrast with the Melbourne merchant; the Indian squaw contrasts with the lady of New York quite as much as the bride of the New Zealander or Hottentot would with the daughters of the English aristocracy; the seminole of Florida would contrast with the senator of Massachusetts quite as much as the wildest Australian savage would with the Prime Minister or the Lord Chancellor of England. True, the United States are under a Federal Government, but under a Government somewhat in the sense that all the colonies, territories, and possessions of Britain are under the same Government—a Government that tolerates, even where it does not establish, the utmost diversity of laws, religions, policies, practices, usages, customs, privileges, exemptions, and so forth. Acknowledge the Crown,

pay your taxes, and commit no breach of the public peace, is almost the only rule of British dictation. In all else, we may find the most discordant elements all mingled together, and all supposed to be under the dominion of the British throne. Slavery, it is true, is exempted. It is the grandest attribute of the empire, that, notwithstanding all its creeds, all its complexions, and all its languages, "the sceptre of Britain cannot touch a slave." But a quarter of a century has not yet elapsed since the same Negro slavery which now prevails in the southern states of the Union, prevailed in our West Indian Colonies and Mauritius; and, more recently, we have been compelled to enforce the truth with a strong hand on our Dutch colonists at the Cape. We have not much to boast of, therefore, in point of time.

The difference, then, between Britain and America, is, that Britain contains, discretely and in separate colonies or dominions, a vast variety of laws and institutions; and that this variety of laws and institutions, or at least a corresponding diversity, is found in the United States brought together within the boundary of the Union. The British dominions are like a family, from which the sons and daughters are first sent to school, and then planted out, in different professions, to shift for themselves. The United States are like a joint-stock company, in which each independent member holds shares, but, at the same time, pursues his own private business after his own fashion. It need not, therefore, be a matter of surprise to the student of political history, that some of the colonies of Britain should have been infected with negro slavery, nor that some of the States of the Union should still continue to perpetuate the evil; but the same duty that impelled the British Government to abolish it, must weigh with the Federal Government of America, as soon as the Free States return a body of directors representing their own principles, or, in fact, representing the true interests of the American Union.

That America derived her slave system from Britain, is an unquestioned fact; and it is needless to argue the greater or less culpability of the two countries. The States, in declaring their independence, did so as colonies of Britain, in which slavery was tolerated and established. They formed a portion of the slave colonies of Britain, and, consequently, were more deeply implicated, and had a longer and more arduous struggle before them than the British Empire at large, where slavery was a local accident, pertaining only to a small portion of the general dominion. Slavery, with Britain, was only the disease of a branch of the empire. With the Declaration of Independence, a diseased branch took independent root, and gradually wrought its

way to a more healthy condition of society. A colony, in separating from the mother country, necessarily retains the impress of its condition at the period of separation ; and, though it must ever be regretted that the first constitution did not pronounce boldly for freedom, and terminate the question once for all by law, it must not be forgotten that the States were exclusively absorbed in their struggle for national independence, and had not contemplated the magnitude of the evil that might grow out of their hereditary disease.

Rightly to understand the Slave question of America, therefore, it is necessary to conceive the Union as starting, not from the point of liberty, but from the point of slavery. In 1790—the year of the first census of the United States—two States only, Maine and Massachusetts, were absolutely without slaves ; every other free State has been a virtual conquest or acquisition on the part of freedom. What the progress has been, we shall see in detail as we go on ; but, before doing so, we must say a word on the leading characteristic of the Union—her genius, as distinguished from the genius of Britain. Britain colonizes or governs ; America absorbs and amalgamates. All states and territories, whatever their peculiarities, are absorbed into the Union—amalgamated with it, and form a constituent portion of it. If Britain had ten or twenty slave colonies, she could govern them at a distance. There would be little or no reaction on the character of the Government at home. The colonies send no representatives to Parliament, and, consequently, exercise no direct power on the formation of the Legislature. With America it is different. Her Government is the reflection of herself. The Slave State sends its members to the American Parliament, and the American Parliament rules and governs the Union. Wherever, therefore, America absorbs a new State, she absorbs not only a territory or a population, but a new element into her Legislature ; and hence, the strife between slavery and freedom is a perpetual struggle of political parties, in pursuit of political power ; and hence, also, the violent struggles that are now occurring to secure for the one side or the other the remaining territories that have still to be absorbed. The contest for Kansas, for instance, has not been merely a contest for the extension or restriction of slavery, but whether more votes in Congress should be added to the party of Slavery or to the party of Freedom ; for both are aware that the first time the party of Freedom gains the ascendancy in Congress, a new era must dawn on the history of the Union.

We now, with the volumes on our list before us, enter more particularly on the question of Negro slavery in the United States, and lay down a few of the conditions of the problem, to enable us to detect the influences that are working out the de-

molition of the fatal institution. We are content to suppose that there are some in Britain to whom the subject is almost unwelcome—some who would pass it by as if it did not concern them, and who wish to hear no more of it. And yet, again this slave question must be faced. The statesman must face it, because it involves some of the most vital questions of national existence; the philanthropist must face it, because it involves an untold amount of human weal and human woe; the Christian must face it, because it involves the principles of his faith and the practices of his daily duty; the economist must face it, because it involves a whole theory of labour and a problem of profit and loss; the traveller must face it, because it intrudes itself hideously on his attention; the novelist must face it, because it involves scenes and characters of specific national interest; the critic must face it, because it involves a literature of its own. Sooner or later we must all face it. Our Anglo-Saxon race is implicated in it—it belongs to our race's history; posterity will paint it into the portraiture of our time and being; we shall go down to posterity with this "dark shadow" hanging about us. True, Britain has cut adrift the shadow, and Britannia has emerged with Freedom—free to carry freedom far and wide over the broad surface of the world. But history will tell the tale of the Antilles, and the middle passage, and the slave whip, not yet passed out of the memory of living men, and we of Britain shall have our share of the dark colouring not less than our brethren of the West, 'on whom the shadow has rested a little longer, as if freedom, like the sun, had risen first on us and was now but travelling westward.

Let us, then, look at American slavery as it stands realised.

The population of the United States may be divided into five distinct classes or embranchments. First, the free white population of the Free States, numbering, at the last census of 1850, about thirteen millions; second, the white population of the Slave States, numbering about six millions; third, the slaves of the Slave States, numbering more than three millions; and, fourth, the free persons of colour distributed throughout the Union, numbering less than half a million. But the white population of the Slave States must itself be divided into two classes, namely, the planters and slave-owners, numbering only three hundred and fifty thousand, or, with their families and relatives, say two millions altogether, and the free white population of the Southern States—owning no slaves—numbering about four millions. It was out of this latter class that the Border ruffians were extemporised, apparently without much trouble, and with no great change of habit. The three millions of slaves of 1850 are now, from the estimated rate of known increase, little short

of four millions, the expectation being that they will exceed four millions at the ensuing census.

Assuming, then, that the slave population of the United States reaches, at the present time, nearly four millions, we next turn to the race. The slaves are of African blood but not of African birth. A few there are of the original stock of imported negroes, but the vast majority have been born in America, and have been brought up as children in the presence of white civilization, such as it there appears. The early associations of the American slave are American, not African. The present slave knows Africa only by tradition—a tradition that has ceased to operate as a moving impulse in his character. He knows nothing of Africa, does not regard it as his fatherland, and indulges in no mysterious hope that he may see it before he dies. A *slave* he may be, but he is an American, as much so in fact as his white master, who may date a little further back in the history of his ancestral importation, but who is an importation nevertheless—a man of British, French, or German blood born in America; and as the white race of America has gradually assumed a national type of its own, which has no existence in the lands from which the emigrations have been made, it is certain that the Negro-American has undergone somewhat of a similar transformation, although the extent of the change may be less in his case than in the case of the white American. The Negro-American, under whatever influence it may be—climate, intercourse with the white man, the light of Christianity, shaded and obscured as that light has been—has become a different man from the native African. He has begun to awake from his intellectual apathy—a thought has flashed across his mind that he also is a man; this dark race—down-trodden and slave-driven—has been imperceptibly inspired with an aspiration that has a different birth-place from Africa—that was born in Britain, hewed out by the race of “God’s free Englishmen,” as John Milton triumphantly calls his countrymen. Into the woolly head this Anglo-Saxon notion has been making its half-uncertain way. This *thought* is the thing that has made the radical difference between the native African and Negro-American. The Negro has begun to think, and, thinking, has become more dangerous; hence the ameliorations that, to some extent, had been made in his condition, have latterly been superseded by a system of more severe restriction. So long as he refrained from thinking he could be trusted; now that he has begun to think he must be looked after, which is, perhaps, the beginning of the end. Nothing that America can now do can prevent the coloured population from acquiring knowledge, and knowledge must ultimately be freedom if it be power.

In race, however, there are gradations. The black blood and the white have mingled. It is reckoned that one-twelfth of the slaves of America are mulattoes, while one-half of the free persons of colour have the blood of the white man in their veins. Here, again, is an essential point of difference between the Negro of Africa and the coloured American. Not only is the coloured man brought into the presence of civilization, such as it is, and of even a beclouded Christianity, but his physical conformation has received an admixture of the nervous temperament and the progressive brain to which intelligence is a native necessity. Farther and farther from the native African the coloured American is removing, generation after generation. With the free black there may still be the fact of lineal descent, but the whole man is changed. His thoughts, his associations, his hopes, his habits, his whole outward and inward universe have undergone a transformation. As a freeman, he is no longer the stultified and uneducated serf and bond labourer, but an intelligent man—not rarely now—with the habits and the education of a gentleman; a man who, as merchant, lawyer, physician, or clergyman, can hold his place respectably, even when brought into competition with the pale faces of the old world or of the new.

The elevation of the free black is a point of the highest importance. The free black is a perpetual object, if not of envy, at least, of curious speculation to the slave; and the more the free black makes progress, and puts himself on an equality with the white man, the more often will the question recur to the slave,—“Why cannot I do so likewise?” This influence is the more effectual, from the circumstance, that the free blacks are located in the very States where their example may be most conducive to the cause of freedom. If they were congregated on the borders of Canada, they would be beyond the region of slavery; if they were all located on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, they would be beyond the region of freedom. On the contrary, they are placed in greatest number on the verge of the line that separates the Slave States from the Free States. Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, the three Eastern States that border on the British possessions, contain very few free blacks, only 2500 altogether. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, lying to the south of Vermont, contain 20,000 free blacks. New York contains 50,000—but the State of New York is exceptional, as it affords an easier market for the labour of black servants, waiters, porters, and occasional workmen—New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, the three Free States that border on the Eastern Slave States, contain 100,000, while Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, the four Slave States that border on the line of freedom, contain 170,000.

North Carolina, which is next to Virginia, contains 28,000, while South Carolina, a remove farther from the line of freedom, contains only 9000. The most Southern State, Florida, does not contain 1000, and Texas does not contain 500. Louisiana, like New York, is exceptional, on account of the city of New Orleans, and its vast traffic. It contains 18,000 free blacks. We thus see, that the great mass of the free blacks are distributed along the line that separates the Free from the Slave States. And it is there, we presume, that the spectacle of their freedom, restricted as it is, in some respects, can be of most avail for influencing their fellows who are held in slavery. This influence may be imperceptible from day to day, but it becomes abundantly evident after a period of years, and is now acknowledged to be one of the most powerful agencies for the amelioration of slavery in the States that border on the line of freedom.

We now turn to the legal condition of the slave. The slave is, by law, a thing, and not a man ; but, as laws cannot be altogether consistent when based upon erroneous principles, it is not legal to put a slave to death—evidently a logical absurdity—for, if the slave be “goods and chattels,” the owner should be at liberty to slay him, but not to *torture* him, as that would be an offence against the laws relating to cruelty to animals. With the exception, however, that he cannot legally be slain, the slave has virtually no rights conferred or secured by law. He cannot contract a legal marriage, and can have no family that he can call his own. His wife may be given to another husband, and his children may be sold in the customary routine of business. He can hold no property, unless by the continued consent of his master ; that is, he cannot hold property at all, in a legal sense. He cannot raise a suit at law, and cannot claim damages for injury. He cannot testify in a court of justice against a white man. His owner may beat him, flog him, brand him, and punish him ; or, if *punishment* be supposed to imply a reasonable being, we should rather say, “torture” him, and the slave has no remedy. He is a thing, and not a person. Such is the legal position of the slave. But, if the master were allowed to “do what he likes with his own,” the master might *educate* the slave on the same principle that he would teach his dog to dance, his parrot to talk, or his monkey to play tricks. The law, therefore, introduces more logical confusion, and forbids the master to educate his slave ; he must not, in that particular, “do what he likes with his own.” This restriction shows, that the laws are not made in the interest of the master, but in the interest of the institution of slavery. In some States, in fact, it is a penal offence to teach *free* coloured children to read.

One peculiarity of the American laws is not to be overlooked,

as it forms the characteristic feature of the American system. The slaves are not entitled by law to any holiday, period of rest, nor even to a Sabbath. This peculiarity is one of the greatest hardships that could possibly be imposed on the afflicted race—one of the greatest obstacles to the slaves' improvement, and an effectual barrier to self-emancipation. In the British West Indies the slave was allowed a patch of ground, with a certain portion of time that could be devoted to its cultivation. In Brazil and Cuba at the present time the same system prevails, and if that system had been adopted by the Slave States of the Union, there can scarcely be a doubt that, under the example of American energy, it would have reacted most powerfully on the whole slave population of the South. As it is, all that a slave has belongs to his master—all that he can possibly do must, by law, be done for his master. True, it is customary not to work the slave on Sabbath, and it is usual to allow him a holiday at Christmas. This, however, is merely an alleviation of his wretched condition. It does not animate him with the prospect of freedom purchased by his own exertion. On the other hand—if the slave had had a certain portion of the week secured to him by law, and if the proceeds of his labour could have been safely deposited and registered for the purchase of his own freedom or that of his family—the moral impulse would have inspired the more intelligent slaves with a resolve to achieve their liberty, and the process—continually calling forth the exercise of foresight, prudence, economy, self-denial, and self-reliance—would have rendered the struggle a moral education for the man, and would have left him, when he had achieved success, a trained and disciplined citizen who, under adverse circumstances, had learnt to perform with credit the social duties of a freeman. It may be too late now to speak of a weekly holiday secured to the slave by law, and other means must probably come into play for the settlement of the question; but we have the firmest conviction that, if a Saturday holiday had been instituted at the period of the Revolution America would now have been without a slave, or at least that the remnants of slavery would have been wearing themselves out in the remoter regions of the Southern plantations, and fading gradually away before a course of continual emancipation. A weekly holiday would have involved the two greatest social requisites of the slave—the possibility of education and the possibility of freedom, procured by the training of voluntary and systematic labour, combined with the practice of prudential saving.

As regards their social condition, the slaves must be divided into three classes—the plantation slaves, the farm slaves, and the household slaves. The plantation slave is the lowest and most

miserable of the whole. Treated essentially as a labouring animal, he is reduced to the last condition of unrequited toil. He is lodged in a slave hut, fed on plantation provisions, and clothed in slave garments of the meanest uniformity. He is driven a-field in the morning, and driven back to his quarters at night. No humanizing influence comes near his dwelling—nothing to alleviate when his work is over. He belongs to a gang and is under a driver, over whom is the white overseer, the sole and undisputed master of the whole establishment. The proprietor is usually absent, or, if present, does not interfere with the management of the slaves.

The farm slave is placed in a condition of comparative respectability. He is brought into more immediate contact with his master's family. He works with his master and his master works with him. With the exception of his bondage, he occupies a position somewhat similar to that of a farm servant; and, where the master and mistress are endowed with tolerably even tempers, a community of feeling grows up in the family, even where there is little direct community of interest. Association, that powerful tie which binds all men more or less to habitual circumstances, creates in him a virtual and genuine belief that he belongs to the family in the same manner perhaps that an old servitor of an English family persists to the last that he belongs to it, even after he has ceased to serve and may now receive only charitable aid. These are the slaves that are said to be "well off," and whose condition is sometimes contrasted with that of our poorer labourers at home—with those, for instance, who are subjected to the abomination of the bothy system. Materially they are well off—sufficiently fed, sufficiently clothed, and tolerably well cared for, so far as their material wants are concerned. At the same time, they are exposed to the ill-treatment of savage masters, or—worse—may be sold at a moment's notice—they, their wives, or their children—to the hopeless plantations of the South, and the "regions of drudgery till death."

The third class consists of the household slaves, or house servants, who are even more immediately connected with the family; who have easier work, and that of a domestic kind, and who, so long as they remain in the house, really know little of the genuine hardships of slavery. These slaves, subject as they are of course to cruel treatment or to sale, are treated in many families with a species of indulgent familiarity, that perpetually recalls the difference of race—as if they were children of a larger growth, and were indulged because they were inferior, and could not compromise the dignity of the white proprietor. The position of these slaves, although in favourable circumstances offering little outwardly to shock the moral feelings, is altogether

detrimental to the Negro character. A foolish childishness is encouraged by the master, and artfully adopted by the slave, who intentionally sinks his manhood in habitual cunning, and adopts an artificial imbecility, that he may the more easily prey on the weakness of his white master.

Difficult as it would be to assign the numbers of slaves in each of the above classes, it is still easy to determine that the numerical strength of the planters is less than might have been imagined, seeing that they possess the greatest share of political power, and monopolize for their party most of the offices of State. The "planters," according to the returns of the last census, are set down at 27,005; but, as this return depends on the use of a name which might be arbitrarily adopted or rejected, we may employ another method of arriving at their probable number. The whole slave-owners of the United States are set down at 347,525, and, if we assume that the possession of at least twenty slaves must be necessary to entitle the holder to the name of "planter," and deduct from the above number those who hold less than twenty slaves, we arrive at the limits within which the planters must necessarily be confined. The proportions then should be as follows:—

Total slaveholders,	.	.	.	347,525
Owners of 1 slave,	.	.	.	68,820
" less than 5 slaves,	.	.	.	105,683
" less than 10 slaves,	.	.	.	80,765
" less than 20 slaves,	.	.	.	54,595
				<hr/> 309,863

Total owners of 20 slaves and upwards,	.	.	.	37,662
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It is thus certain that the great slave-holding interest, which at present rules the political destinies of the States, is confined to less than 40,000 persons. But we could no more argue the weakness of the slave power from the smallness of the number of the planters, than we could argue the weakness of a European aristocracy, from the still smaller number of its members. In fact, the condensation of aristocratic interest and influence appears to have increased the security of the position in both cases. The material has become stronger in becoming more condensed; that is, it has, in the meantime, assumed a more precise and definite form of interest, and has become more manageable as a political power. The slave interest is precise, and consequently works with advantage towards a given point, amid a mass of vague general interests. Condensation, compactness, and a comparatively small number of slave ownerships, are rather advantageous than otherwise to the slave party. In

every age, and in every country, six men ten feet high would meet with more consideration than twelve men five feet high, and, in the social or political world, ten planters who own a thousand slaves each, will make a stronger party, and exercise more political influence than a thousand small cultivators, who own ten slaves each. Each of the ten planters could become a politician and legislator, whereas each of the thousand small cultivators would require to stay at home and attend to the culture of his crops. Hope for the slave, therefore, is not to be found in the smallness of the number of planters, unless, indeed, a catastrophe were to come, and the question were to be tried by force.

These planters, in fact, constitute the oligarchy of the Union, which, so far from being a Republic, is the co-partnery of a democracy in the north with an aristocracy in the south,¹ a form of government unknown to the older States of Europe, and not likely to continue permanent, at least in its present form.

Next comes the geographical question—the question of latitude and climate. Running down the United States from north to south—from Maine to Louisiana—we may say roughly that we pass through a region of timber, a region of grain, a region of tobacco, a region of rice, a region of cotton, and a region of sugar. Into the timber State of Maine slavery never found its way; from the grain region, slavery has already disappeared; it is loosening its hold in the tobacco States; its stronghold is in the rice field and the cotton plantation; the sugar cultivation of the South is unsuccessful, and the sugar planters are looking to Cuba, not so much for the purpose of extending slavery, as for the purpose of preserving their capital from exhaustion, and it may be themselves from ruin. In 1780 Pennsylvania, the seat of the pacific Quakers, and Massachusetts, the seat of northern intelligence, abolished slavery. In 1784 Connecticut and Rhode Island, the trading and sea-going States, followed the example. In 1792 New Hampshire, the northern neighbour of Massachusetts, was ranged on the side of freedom. In 1799 New York, the virtual metropolitan State, declared for emancipation, and in 1825 achieved the abolition. In 1804 New Jersey was added to the roll of the Free States. The plan was that all born after the respective dates should be free, while the actual slaves were allowed to die out in the course of nature. In 1820 there were left in Rhode Island 48 slaves, in Connecticut 97, in New York 10,088, in New Jersey 7657. In 1840 there were in Rhode Island 5, in Connecticut 17, in New York 4, and in New Jersey 674. In 1850 the whole of these Northern States were clear, with the exception of New Jersey, which still retained 236 in the character of apprentices. The most northern Slave State on the sea-

¹ Stirling, page 60.

board is Delaware, which contains only about 2000 slaves, and must soon be added to the number of the Free States. We see here the "dark shadow" flitting off from north to south, from the land of industrious enterprise and success to the land of luxurious indolence and decay.

The question, then, is, will this process continue? and the answer must be extracted from the present condition of the Slave States that border on the line of freedom. Next to Delaware is Maryland; and Maryland, at the last Presidential election, forsook the South, and voted for the anti-slavery candidate. Next to Maryland is Virginia; and the "Old Dominion" is already so divided, that the West Virginians, who, as whites, are more numerous than the white population of East Virginia, have threatened to split the State into two, because they are outvoted by the slave representation of the East—every five *slaves* counting for three white votes. Tennessee, again, has its two parties, and two classes of population. East Tennessee partakes of the character of West Virginia, and is, at least, preparing to discover that, with only 8 per cent. of slaves, it is disadvantageously allied with the western district, that contains 31 per cent. Next to Virginia is Kentucky; and in Kentucky abolition meetings have already been held; and next to Kentucky, westward across the Mississippi, is the State of Missouri, which is so unquestionably verging towards freedom, that the last election for governor was announced to be in favour of the anti-slavery candidate. The border States are evidently becoming imbued with views and feelings that must sweep slavery still farther south; and if to this we add, that manumission and flight are going on in them, at a much higher than the average rate, there can scarcely be a doubt that several of these States must soon be numbered in the ranks of freedom. In the old States, there is a perpetual crumbling of the wall of separation. The edifice of slavery is giving way before the progress of industry, and the more modern necessities of a civilization which rushes onward too rapidly for the slave system. In the Northern Slave States—those which touch the line of freedom—the system is perishing, simply because it cannot keep pace with the progress of society.

To make this even more clear, let us look at the following fact:—

In 1790, there were *five* States in the Union that contained no slaves, or less than 1000. In 1800, there were *seven* States that contained less than 1000 slaves. In 1810, there were *ten* such States; and, in 1820, there were still ten. In 1830, there were *twelve*; in 1840, there were *fifteen*; and, in 1850, there were *sixteen*—fifteen of these being absolutely free of slaves altogether, and the other being New Jersey, a Free State, with 236

apprentices. It is impossible to affirm that a continuous course of this kind is without a definite meaning. It means, that if no new Slave States had been added, the causes which have presided over the above progress would have terminated slavery. But—including the newer States, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas—slavery (or rather, the slave population) is increasing in fourteen States.

How, then, is it that, ever and anon, there should be such fierce struggles to carry the institution of slavery into the new territories of the Union? If slavery has died out of the Northern States, and is dying out of the States that border on the line of freedom, what is the real motive for carrying a seemingly worn out institution into the new districts, that, from time to time, are thrown open to the scrambling enterprize of the adventurous citizens? If slavery was a failure in New York and Pennsylvania, and was abandoned because it was a failure, why carry it into Texas, Missouri, or Kansas? If it is dying out in Maryland and Delaware, what possible advantage could attend its introduction into Utah or Nebraska? If the system is evidently doomed, why extend it at all?

In her westward race from the sea to the Mississippi, and again from the Mississippi to the mountains and the sea, America had two starting points—the Yeoman States of New England, and the aristocratic plantations of the South—a starting point of freedom, and a starting point of slavery. Her object has been to absorb, to grow wider and wider—to take in territory after territory, and State after State. Her institutions she has carried with her. She had no central Government to direct the flowing of her people; but, with the one proviso, that all new States should be Republican, and should adopt a Republican form of rule, she allowed the stream to flow westward, clear or turbid, as it might be. At the Revolution, she had no traditional government to start with, and no sufficient power to establish a central and dominant authority. She was compelled to throw around the States a few loose rules, which formed the Confederacy into a Union. The common danger, and the common triumph, bound her independent countries—for independent countries they were—into a formal, and at first almost a nominal, unity. She scarcely knew that she was inaugurating the establishment of a central government, which must eventually absorb her separate governments, and subject the whole to a uniform system of laws, policy, and administration. Two generations have passed, and the central government is still labouring and gasping, oppressed with the gigantic enterprize, and suffering, in the meantime, from a plethora of liberty. The States have flowed, as it were, by accident, and in a mass. If slave owners planted themselves

out in the new territory, the territory became a Slave State; if freemen, the territory became a Free State, by the law of "squatter sovereignty," which allows the people of a new territory to adopt any institutions, and to enact any laws, provided it only adheres to the one essential of republicanism. The race westward, therefore, is a struggle between North and South which party shall possess the new territories; and, consequently, the New States; and, consequently, the votes in Congress; and, consequently, the power. The North attempts to thrust the slave line as far south as possible; the South attempts to thrust the line of freedom as far north as possible. Hence the racing and running of the two parties into Kansas, that the State might be voted, black or white. Then must come New Mexico, then Utah, and then the race is well nigh ended, and the play over, for California, as a Free State, intercepts the extension to the ocean. This race can scarcely be called the "extension of slavery," or of freedom. It is merely that the Union flows, as a mass, almost geographically, and carries its institutions with it, such as they are, for the time being.

In this race across the continent may possibly be found what, for want of a better name, may be termed the natural termination of slavery in the United States. Any accident may, of course, produce a change in the position of parties. The slave system, like a steam boiler, may give little warning before it bursts and is blown to atoms. But we mean that the extreme limits of American slavery, as regards duration, are possibly or probably to be found in the absorption of the remaining territories. As soon as the territories are occupied and have become States, the strife changes its character. It is no longer a race westward, but a trial of the permanent capability of slave institutions, or of free institutions, to stand in the presence of modern civilization with a progressive people. Slavery might possibly stand so long as the American nation was hurrying onward to new ground, but it must fall when the progress ceases to be onward and becomes upward. It can stand in a country of nothing but plantations,—hence the desire to get it into new ground,—but it stands no longer when exposed to the tidal wave of competitive commerce, which is certain to follow the plantation period. First hunting, then pasture, then agriculture, then commerce, manufacture and art. Commerce kills slavery, because slavery cannot keep up with its requirements,—hence at New Orleans and St Louis, trade is converting the slave into a semi freeman, taking off the shackles, even though it has not yet accorded the deed of manumission.

We now turn to the volumes before us, to record the impressions of two British writers who have recently visited the States.

Believing as we do, that slavery in America will be made to disappear quite as much by the enlightened opinion of Europe and the advance of catholic truth, as by the efforts of abolition organizations, we welcome every work on the subject that can pretend to even a moderate amount of intelligence and impartiality. Much more do we welcome the works before us. If British writers had always written of the States with the good sense that characterises the letters of Mr Stirling, and the criticisms of Mr Chambers, our trans-Atlantic friends would have had little reason to complain of literary injustice, even though their evil practices may be exposed and rebuked more effectually by the condemnation that arises after inquiry than by the flippant sarcasm that originates in a wounded self-esteem. Both authors approach the Republic with a just appreciation of her worth,—both give her credit for what she has done,—both are willing to recognise whatever she contains of great, good, useful, or true, and both arrive at an unmitigated, absolute, and total condemnation of her slave system. With a clear and rapid style, Mr Stirling's letters combine the rarer element of proportion. He does not wish to dwell on the cruelties of the slave system, nor on the crimes it generates. He does not find an "Arrowsmith" tragedy in every railway train, nor a Legree in every plantation. But he finds enough of truth to make romance unnecessary, and setting the truth into a well-proportioned composition, which portrays the social aspect and countenance of the States, he brings out the cancerous blemishes of slavery, and shows how they disfigure the features that should have beamed with the health of freedom. Slavery, according to Mr Stirling, is not a pathological preparation to be studied in a museum of horrors, but a cancer on the brow of freedom. He draws it as it stands, not bottled up in cases and instances, but as it stands upon the brow of life—shows how it contrasts with vitality, and how, unless handed over to sharp excision, it must spread its malignant fibre until the whole tissues of society being invaded fall into the hideousness of corruption. He shows how it ramifies through the various classes of society, and how injurious it is to all—how it degrades the South, and robs the North of its integrity—how its nature is at all times vile, and its influence everywhere destructive. Such is a summary of the convictions of an observer who does not pretend to devote more attention to slavery than exactly as much as slavery demanded at his hands while drawing the portrait of the States through which he travelled. We should do injustice to the "Letters," however, were we not to mention that they contain a most ably drawn delineation of the Union; for though the author devotes his descriptions to the slave States, he does so with a perpetual stream of comparison

running through his narrative, which proves incontestably the superior success of the northern institutions. He sketches rapidly, but often with the happiest touches, and always with a freedom that renders his work attractive. The shrewdest remarks are scattered about with seeming carelessness, as if the author had sharpened his pen in New England before he commenced his tour through the South, while now and then he winds up a paragraph with a figure so concise and apposite, that the reader is startled into admiration. We question whether the progress of America has ever been better hit off than in the following passage:—

“ When I attribute superficiality to American civilization, the charge does not apply equally to all parts of the Union; and its applicability to any part varies from day to day. This qualification, indeed, should modify every judgment on American affairs. It is this varying aspect of the social phenomena of America that makes it so intensely difficult to form an accurate estimate of her progress. Everything varies, and everything is in flux. The phenomena change with every step you take, and with every hour you continue your observations. The East differs from the West—the North differs from the South; and all are different to-day from what they were yesterday, or will be to-morrow. You have to daguerrotype a scene that is at once a moving panorama and dissolving view.”—*Letters*, 192.

We do not profess to give even the slightest summary of Mr Stirling's Letters, because they are certain to be read universally by all who take an interest in the subject. He has given us a work that will enlighten Britain and produce a most powerful impression on the States—a work full of faith, hope, and charity, good taste and discrimination. We wish rather to devote our remaining space to the influences that are in operation for the emancipation of the slave, and, in so doing, we shall weave in a portion of Mr Stirling's materials. We must say a few words, however, on Mr Chambers' volume, which, as its title indicates, is devoted more exclusively to the treatment of the slave question. Mr Chambers gives us the pathology of the slave question—its history (since the Revolution)—its nature—its influence on the body politic—its economy, and its probable termination. His history is excellent, his facts well selected, and his integrity beyond question, yet we scarcely incline to the belief that Mr Chambers makes a just estimate of the course of slavery, or of the process by which it is to be finally abolished. As a book of facts, *American Slavery and Colour*, is thoroughly conscientious, but we question whether its inferences and anticipations would not be more correct if they were more hopeful. We object to all works, however well written, that treat any department of man's social history on the plan of a Newgate calendar. Crime

cannot be seen in its proper and most instructive light except when contrasted with rectitude, any more than disease can be understood unless when contrasted with health. In a crime like slavery we can fall back with almost unlimited confidence on the historic teaching of past time. We can see how slavery has perished out of the most advanced nations of the earth, and feel the firmest assurance that it will also perish out of America with the advance of catholic civilization. We may even take analogous institutions and trace their fate. We can see in *their* history, that there was a period of growth, when the evil was becoming every day more and more gigantic, when it seemed laden with portentous disasters, and no man could see the end. Yet we have only to look a little further down the page of history, and behold the evil is obliterated. It has fallen into decay, or has removed further outward to the edges of civilization. On the frontiers of civilization we find not only the habits but the crimes of past centuries. Society, in fact, flows like the sea with the turbid wave always in front, only to be followed by the clear water when the turmoil of advance has ceased.

And here we must note, as Mr Chambers well observes, that the question is no longer one of *Negro* slavery. The old argument, that Negroes are an inferior race, and ought therefore to be slaves, has fallen to pieces, partly from the circumstance that the coloured Americans have shown themselves capable of education, and partly because they have received so large an admixture of white blood, that the argument bears a contradiction on the face of it. The doctrine now is, that slavery in itself, whether black or white, is a good and proper thing, and a wise and legitimate institution. "We do not adopt the theory that Ham was the ancestor of the Negro race," says Mr Fitzhugh, a southern writer, quoted by Mr Chambers "Slavery, black or white, is right and necessary." The argument is beginning to move, and the institution must move also, although not exactly in the same direction. The advocates of slavery are searching for a new line of defence, and thereby beginning to acknowledge the weakness of their cause. But they have leapt from the argumentative frying-pan into the argumentative fire; and this new doctrine of a universal white slavery, is only one of the pangs and throes that betoken dissolution.

But while Mr Chambers takes a view of the case scarcely, as we think, sufficiently hopeful, though, after all, his view may prove to be correct, he does what is more valuable. He throws the whole weight of his moral judgment against the American slave-system. From Mr Chambers we expected moderation, impartiality, and an unbiassed estimate of the system. America would expect the same. But he has given us more. He pronounces indignant judgment, washes his hands from all possible

contamination, and tells America that if she will not root out the curse she will have a revolution or an insurrection. No slave-owner will quote the name of William Chambers as affording the slightest pretext in favour of slavery, no slave will hear of that name except as the name of a friend. And this, we presume, is one of the influences that work directly towards the abolition of the atrocious system—atrocious in reality, and in the eyes of Europe, though not yet atrocious in the eyes of the Southern slave-holders, nor even in the eyes of Northern traders. The more the mind of impartial Europeans is brought to bear on the question, the more must the mind of America be brought to see that her Negro-slavery is the miserable accident of a locality, a moral swamp and fever-breeding pestilential marsh that must be drained of its waters of iniquity, before the air can be purified for the use of honest men. America will see reflected in European opinion the coming doom of the accursed evil, and will be ashamed of the foul blot that makes Europe point the finger of scorn at all her professions of liberty. What can America dare to say to Italy, when the clank of the chain in the Italian dungeon is answered by the echoing shriek in the Southern slave plantation? What can America dare to say to Poland or Hungary, when the knout sounds the key note of brutality, and the slave whip takes up the infernal theme, and draws blood from the American born as fiercely and as fiend-like? What can America dare to say to any down-trodden nation, when millions of her own people writhe hopelessly in the agony of bondage? The South may bluster for a time, but the freemen of the North cannot continue to live on in an atmosphere of contempt.

Nor, indeed, is it necessary that the United States should much longer endure the sarcasms of Europe, for there are causes at work which must lead to the emancipation of the slave. The fact of emancipation we regard as an indubitable certainty. It will come as a matter of course with the advancing tide of civilization, and the specific causes, each of which would entail its overthrow in a longer or shorter period, can be pointed out. It might even be possible to conjecture the duration of slavery were the causes to work separately; but when many causes work together in the same given direction, and react upon each other, we cannot know how soon emancipation might take place. In four or five States it might arrive to-morrow. But if even four States—Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Missouri—were to pronounce for freedom, the present balance of parties would be so changed, that it would be impossible to predict the result. The Federal Government might then venture to take the whole subject into its own hands, and there

can scarcely be a doubt that the first time the Federal Government fairly approaches this one great master evil of the American organization, it will be for the sole purpose of effecting the destruction of slavery—by a process longer or shorter, as the case may be supposed to require.

We give Mr Chambers' conclusion:—

"Slavery, we repeat, is seemingly destined to push far beyond its present limits. Is no check practicable?

"The Constitution—it can do nothing.

"The Republicans—they possess little political power, and, besides, they propose to act solely through the Constitution.

"The North—the majority of its representatives faithless; confidence in politicians gone.

"The Anti-slavery Societies—a scattered body, with unfashionable views and no political weight.

"Enlightened Opinion—suppressed by mob, violence, and out-voted, the less opulent and more numerous classes being democrats and supporters of the slave power.

"The South—resolute in maintaining its institutions, and master of the situation.

"Patience—the next decennial census will add to the number of members in Congress from the Free States; the Free States will be increased in number by Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, and Washington. . . ."—P. 177.

"To be quite Plain—there appear, at least on the surface, to be but two expedients by which this fearfully embarrassed question is to be solved—Revolution, Insurrection—both to be earnestly deprecated. . . ."—P. 179.

"One trembles at the fatal alternative—Revolution—Insurrection. Can insurrection be avoided either way? Revolution would produce insurrection. Successful insurrection would be followed by revolution, for we can scarcely expect that the North would remain in union with a nation of blacks."—P. 181.

And now for Mr Stirling's conclusion:—

"I put no faith in political or philanthropic nostrums. If the South is to be regenerated, it must be by economical influences. Slavery will be abolished now as heretofore, simply because slavery is unprofitable. An unworthy motive some may say. True; but it is the way of God to bring good out of evil, turning even our unworthy motives to His own good ends."—P. 302.

We would fain hope that Mr Chambers has taken too dark a view of the alternatives. Mr Stirling's conclusion we regard as too hastily expressed, unless the terms "economical" and "unprofitable" are taken in such a wide signification as to include all possible elements—Christianity and education as well as dollars and danger. We hope, and indeed expect, that the good sense of the States will discover some other termination than

revolution or insurrection. But we cannot suppose that slavery in the Southern States will gradually die away, merely because it is unprofitable, or that it can be abolished without violent agitation and the application of, perhaps, very strong "political nostrums." It might die out of the North, because the North was peopled with yeomen who were themselves willing to labour, and to whom slavery was an encumbrance and a nuisance, as well as a degradation. But it cannot die out of the plantation districts in a similar manner or from a similar cause. Labour has there become traditionally dishonourable, and the whites would on no account encounter the drudgery of the fields. The political pressure of the North must come into play; and if the planters saw that the North was really serious—which it has not yet been, or is only beginning to be—they would feel the necessity of capitulation, to escape what to them would be a greater evil—Separation. There is a vast substratum of power in the North that has never been brought into action, namely, the power of the yeomen proprietors, the strongest body of freemen in the world out of the British islands. If these men were fairly roused, their voice would startle the Union from end to end, and the slippery politicians, who have been playing fast and loose with slavery, would quail when they heard the manly voice of Anglo-Saxon freemen pithily, but unmistakeably, declaring that the name of slavery should no longer be branded on the reputation of their free country. Yet these men have not taken their side. They scarcely even vote at elections. In the State of New York, there are 300,000 electors (about a third of all the electors of England) who do not use their franchise, and in Massachusetts, nearly two-thirds of the electors stay away from the polls.

The causes at work for the abolition of American slavery, we are inclined to enumerate as follows:—

First, Christian civilization. Second, The education and social elevation of the coloured American. Third, The moral aversion of the Northern States to the system. Fourth, The public opinion of Europe. Fifth, The commercial as distinguished from the plantation and agricultural period of society. And, Sixth, The proven inferiority of the slave system to the free system.

We shall take these causes of abolition or emancipation inversely, and offer a few observations on each; but before doing so we may remark, that pecuniary compensation, or the purchase of the freedom of the slave population, is utterly and totally out of the question. Britain could afford the outlay, because the empire was only negotiating the affairs of some small colonies; but the New Englanders would as soon think of buying up the Pope and Cardinals as of buying up the slave rights of the planters. The extradition of the blacks is also hopelessly absurd.

They are there in the Southern States, and there they must remain to cultivate the land.

First, The proven inferiority of the slave system to the free system. What was formerly suspected is now proven, and the more the proof is known, circulated, canvassed, and reflected on, the more does it become a valid argument and a moving power. Let us, in the first place, contrast the Free States with the Slave States in the following table :—

FREE AND SLAVE STATES, 1850.

	Population.		Industry.							Public Works.		Education.		Representation.		
	Density per Square Mile.	Annual Increase, 1790 to 1800.	Agriculture.					Agricultural and Manufacturing products per head of Population.	Canals per Million Population.	Rail-roads per Million Population.	Illiterate Whites.		Native.	Foreign.	1790.	1800.
			Im- proved Land, P. Cent.	Average Value of Land, Dollars.	Average Value of Agricultural Implements, Dollars.	Produce per Acre.										
						Wheat.	Maize.				Bushels.	Dollars.				
Free States,	P. Cent. 21.91	P. Cent. 9.71	P. Cent. 14.72	Dollars. 19.00	Dollars. .77	Bushels. 12.4	Bushels. 9.8	Dollars. 31.1	Miles. 374	Miles. 1000			P. Cent. 2.40	P. Cent. 6.37	P. Cent. 53.8	P. Cent. 61.5
Slave States,	11.35	6.59	10.00	6.00	.36	9.8	19.6	65.67	116	500	8.37	9.19	46.2	38.5		

Stirling, 336, Compiled from De Bow's *Compendium of the Census*, and the *Treasury Report of 1853*.

This table proves that in every single item, without exception, the Slave States are inferior to the Free States. But listen to Mr Stirling, "Marvellous as has been the progress of the Northern States of the Union, it is, I am persuaded, nothing compared with that which is in store for the South, so soon as she shall have the virtue and wisdom to remodel her institutions in the spirit of freedom."—(247.) Leaving the above table to speak for itself, we turn to the question of slave and free labour, with the same population before and after emancipation. This, in fact, is the real question, and the following quotation will suffice to show in what sense the West Indies have been "ruined:"—

"The impression, we believe, prevails among the American planters that the British West Indies are rapidly returning to a state of nature, and especially are fast abandoning the sugar cane, as too much for the energies of free labour. Happily, the commercial returns dispel this ridiculous illusion. Slavery was abolished by the Act of 1833, the system of forced labour being still continued for some years, under the name of apprenticeship, and the monopoly by differential duties remaining unbroken until 1845. If we take the produce of the three years, 1835, 1845, and 1855, we shall see at a glance, 1st, The latest achievements of the slave system with protection duties; 2d, The result of free labour without free trade; 3d, The most recent operation of a system doubly free. In the first of the three selected years, our Slave-Colonies (West Indies and Mauritius) furnished for home consumption, only 178,000 tons of sugar and molasses; in the second, 180,026; in the third, 211,631. Thus the free produce, instead of dwindling away in obedience to prediction, has increased about 19 per cent."—Chambers, p. 160, from *Anti-Slavery Advocate*.

Second, The commercial as distinguished from the plantation period of society. Plantation agriculture implies little more than animal labour. Commercial industry implies the growth of intelligence. Wherever commerce prevails over mere agriculture, the bonds of slavery are relaxed, and ultimately are broken. If commerce could undermine the feudalism of Europe, it can have no great difficulty in rooting out the slavery of America, which, after all, is only black feudalism. Hear Mr Stirling:—

"Further, among the commercial class of the South there is much concealed hostility to slavery. This is particularly the case in the large trading towns of the frontier States; in Wheeling, Virginia; in Louisville, Kentucky; and above all, in St Louis, Missouri. In St Louis there are about 30,000 Germans, all to a man opposed to slavery. Indeed, slavery in St Louis exists only in name. When the time comes, the party of freedom in the Slave States will find itself suddenly endowed with unlooked for strength. Two-thirds or

three-fourths of the commercial business of the south are carried on by northern men, or foreigners. At present these men hold their peace—they bide their time. But many of them hate the system they are forced to endure.”—P. 821.

Hear, again, the American correspondent of the “Times :”—

“The soil of Missouri, its climate, and its productions, are as much adapted to free as to slave labour. Hemp, tobacco, and Indian corn, are its staple agricultural products, but its commerce and its manufactures promise to be of greater value than its agriculture. St Louis, the depôt of the former, is near the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi, with an inland navigation of thousands of miles in every direction, with great accumulated wealth, a large tonnage, and promises to become the great city of the interior of this country. The mountains of Missouri are full of mineral wealth, and want only to be struck by the hand of well-directed industry, to yield a stream of wealth. The population of the eastern part of the State is young, and largely from the Free States. *It is easy to see that all these causes might bring about in Missouri a feeling in favour of emancipation not shared by the other frontier States.*”—(*Times*, Aug. 29, 1857.)

Third, The public opinion of Europe. Perhaps the greatest achievement of civilization, is the triumph of catholic opinion. What is the catholic opinion of the civilized world? On some subjects we are compelled to answer, “The civilized world has not yet arrived at its conclusion”—with regard, for instance, to the mode of political government. But where it has done so, as in the case of piracy and slavery, we acknowledge that the catholic opinion must prevail—must be reduced from a form of opinion to an overt act, and from an overt act to an outward condition of society. Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Italy, countries where slavery once prevailed, have given in their declaration on the side of freedom. Even Russia is coming rapidly over to the common conviction, and Turkey is at least on the way. All nations that join in the community of civilization must necessarily abandon slavery, or must at least expel it to colonies; and this common, habitual, effortless, but invincible influence, is bearing most powerfully on America. So long as they retain slavery, the States cannot be admitted *on terms of equality* into the community of nations; and the Americans know and feel this fact with ever-growing acuteness. The black stain is always present; and, until it is removed, America knows that she cannot take her place at the council-table of nations, except as the tolerated representative of a new society, that has not yet been moulded into form—exactly as we tolerate a Californian with a revolver in his belt, although the European gentleman has given up the habitual use of arms.

America feels not merely the sarcasms of British writers, but far more intensely she feels the moral weight of British consistency and political rectitude. She feels beaten, not by the enterprise of Britain, but by the honesty of Britain. She feels robbed of her place in the world's estimation, because there is another country that bears a free flag, and carries it fearlessly before all—before high and low, rich and poor, bond or free—a flag which her very slaves are taught to reverence in their childhood—a flag that is not dragged one day in the blood of Negroes, and next day flaunted in the face of foes—but a flag that covers every man, woman, and child born in the British dominions, and gives them the same right to the full protection of the British crown. She knows that whatever her strength, her population, or her territory, she can never attain to a similar estimation in the eyes of the world, until the curse of slavery is rooted out; and thus the opinion of Europe, and of the world, is perpetually disintegrating her slave system, perpetually exposing its rottenness and worthlessness, and perpetually passing a sentence of condemnation, from which no escape is possible, except by the surrender of her black institution, and by the coming over of America to the side of freedom.

Fourth, The moral aversion of the Northern States to the slave system.

This feeling on the part of the inhabitants of the Northern States, is every day becoming more widely diffused, and every day deepening in intensity. The Fugitive Slave Law brought the reality of the system home to the door of the North, and created a revulsion which first rendered that law a total failure and an impracticable absurdity, and then began to express itself in "struggles for Kansas," and other similar efforts. The North is not yet alive to the full degradation of its own position, and, consequently, exercises less weight than really belongs to it; but every day the progress is towards more decisive action; and, though the foolish prejudice against colour complicates the influence which the North undoubtedly possesses, all the more recent proceedings of the Free States prove that the North is gradually tending to a European style of thought, by which slavery must ultimately be condemned. Even while we write, it is announced that the State of Maine—the northernmost State, and one that never had slaves—has admitted persons of African descent to the franchise of citizens, and entitled them to vote for Governor, Senator, and State Representative. Here we see, commencing at the extreme north, the second course of Freedom's progress—the first course being the abolition of slavery without conferring the right of citizenship.

Fifth, The education and social elevation of the coloured

American. So far as regards the slave, we may quote from Mr Stirling :—

“The elevation and the emancipation of the Negro must go hand in hand. Now, the ennoblement of the slave can only be effectual by reversing those influences which have degraded him. High motives of action must be substituted for low ones. Free will must rule instead of force, and voluntary contract take the place of the cowhide. By giving the slave an interest in his labour, we shall stimulate his energies, and raise him in his own esteem. His labour will cease to be a degrading and irksome drudgery. The idea of property, with all its civilizing influences, will be awakened within him, and the consciousness of voluntary exertion will gradually lead to that development of the power of will which lies at the root of all human ennoblement.”—*Letters*, p. 240.

The elevation of the slave, however, *during the time he is a slave*, is not the quarter to which we look for amelioration. We look rather to the elevation of the free coloured American. If the men of African blood be capable of standing on a footing of equality with the white races, the coloured American must prove it by the actual, tangible, realized fact. He must become a man of education, a man of wealth, and a gentleman. If he can do so, he has won the battle of his race; if he cannot do so, in a free country, and with the fair field of honourable competition open before him, then we should be compelled to conclude, that there was some inherent inferiority which nothing can eradicate, and that he must remain, even if free, a hewer of sugar canes and a drawer of molasses. The Jew—against whom prejudice during the middle ages in Europe was incomparably stronger than the vulgar prejudice of present Americans against the yellow and black complexions—has won his place in European society; but won it, not by the elevation of the Jews of Poland, or of the old clothesmen of London, but by the manful competition of the Rothschilds, fairly launched in the open market of the world, and winning the battle of mercantile life; taking the guineas from the very teeth of the christian Jews, and daring them to their faces in a free encounter in the lists of money. Let the coloured Americans do the same in any department whatever of man's social existence; let them do it in the fear of God, as the highest duty they owe to their race, and Providence, that fails not to the brave, will show them at length the fruits and harvestings of their endeavours ripening in the respect of the world. No race has worked so hard for its place as the Anglo-Saxon; none has paid down the price of success with such constant and untiring punctuality, in all quarters of the globe, and under all circumstances of earth or ocean. Is it,

then, too much to ask, that those to whom the Anglo-Saxon accords full freedom, with all its hard-won benefits, bought by centuries of unflinching toil, shall not be entitled to assume social equality until they have at least proven themselves worthy workers in the world's great cause? Let the coloured American once win his place, and the Anglo-Saxon will secure it to him in perpetuity, in the midst of a civilization which the dark man could not have attained without the white man's aid. Already this process is at work, and the next generation will see a vast change in the position of the coloured American. Lawyers, doctors, editors, manufacturers, and others, on the way to the higher platforms of society, are now seen clothed in the cloud of Africa—painted black by nature for nature's purposes, but not the less endowed with the immortal spirit of man, that may live for ever.

Sixth, Christian civilization. Modern civilization is so essentially the result of Christianity, that we cannot separate the one from the other. Paganism can civilize man up to a certain point—it can make him an artist—but it leaves the moral world a wilderness, with fiery serpents in it. Civilization is the outward and worldly expression of the spiritual truth of Christianity; and Christianity and civilization are both essentially antagonistic to slavery. This is proven by the historic course of Christianity, which has gradually lifted the veil from the eyes of nations, and gradually swept slavery out of the older societies of Christendom. It is useless to aver, that, in the Slave States, Christianity appears under a corrupted form, and even preaches slavery. It does so; but the preaching of a few half-educated and interested men, placed in the worst of circumstances, can no more affect the historic evidence, that Christianity bears freedom on its wing, than the secession of a few renegades to the Moslem faith can prove the decay of Christianity, and the advance of Mohammedanism. Take up a map of the world, and plant your finger on the Christian countries, one after another: you have planted them on the countries where slavery has been abolished. Plant your finger on the countries where slavery is thoroughly rooted out and forgotten: you have planted your finger on the countries that are most peculiarly Christian. Nor has this result been the impulse of accident: it has been the universal and constant tending of Christianity to elevate man as man—to draw him upward into intelligent freedom, where he shall be able to rule and guide himself under the administration of just laws, framed by the living conscience of society for the welfare of all. Christianity is so fatal to the very essence and being of slavery, that slavery dies before it; and though a Christian nation may begin, like Bishop Meade of Baltimore, by preaching slavery, it

will infallibly end, like Bishop Meade, in the emancipation of its slaves. The historic course of Christianity is in no degree affected by the utterances of a few tortuous-minded men, who seek for sophistry to defend a surrounding evil. The progress of Christianity is independent of all such local and temporary hindrances. It will sweep slavery, not only out of the States, but out of the world itself. Its very nature is to make man a free spirit, under the laws of God. Christianity walks with the seed of truth in one hand, and the seed of freedom in the other; and she sows broadcast the two together, as the twin blessings with which she endows the earth.

Such are the causes that are working out the demolition of American Slavery; and the result we regard as altogether indubitable. Slavery is doomed, and must die. The future is, of course, inscrutable; but we shall venture to hazard an anticipation. The next census—of 1860—will so alter the position of North and South, of Free States and Slave States, that the election of an anti-slavery President, in 1861, may be reckoned as not improbable. Should an anti-slavery President find himself installed in the chair at Washington, the slave question must be brought to an issue, so far as the extension of slavery is concerned. If slavery can then be confined to limits, and no longer allowed to enter new territories, its domestic demolition becomes a matter of detail, as it cannot be perpetuated if confined to definite boundaries.

- ART. VI.—1. *Memoir of John Dalton*, D.C.L., F.R.S., Instit. (Acad. Sc.;) Paris; Socius, President of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, etc., etc.; and History of the Atomic Theory up to his Time. By ROBERT ANGUS SMITH, Ph.D. F.C.S., Sec. to the Lit. and Phil. Soc. Published also as Vol. XIII. New Series of the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester. Pp. 298. Lond. 1856.
2. *Memoirs of the Life and Scientific Researches of John Dalton*, Hon. D.C.L., Oxford; LL.D., Edinburgh; F.R.S.; President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Manchester; Foreign Associate of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Paris; Member of the Royal Academies of Science of Berlin and of Munich, and of the Natural History Society of Moscow, etc. etc. By WILLIAM CHARLES HENRY, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Chemical and Geological Societies, and Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Turin. Printed for the Cavendish Society. P. 250. Lond. 1854.
3. *The Life and Discoveries of Dr John Dalton*. By GEORGE WILSON, M.D., etc., etc. (Brit. Quarterly Rev., Vol. I., p. 157, Feb. and May 1845.

AMONG the great men who have illustrated the passing century, there is no brighter name than that of John Dalton. Among the Watts, the Cavendishes, the Herschels, and the Youngs of his own country, he occupies a distinguished place; and foreign nations have not hesitated to crown him with the honours which they so readily and so impartially concede to original genius. It is always instructive to trace the steps by which "Industry and Genius" lead their possessors to brilliant discoveries; but there are cases of a peculiar interest, where the provincial sage has been ill equipped for his arduous enterprise, or where the path of research has been encumbered with the failures of unsuccessful rivals. Ingenuity and patience may sometimes procure for the apprentice philosopher the materials and the instruments of study, which an academical or more opulent rival can command; but the sage who first reaches the goal, and carries off the prize, is often doomed by contemporary injustice, and the ignorance of the historians of science, to wear for a while a mutilated laurel. From both of these misfortunes Dalton was destined to suffer. Without pecuniary means he was compelled to carry on his researches under the harness of professional labour, and with the cheapest and most imperfect apparatus; and when he had

triumphed over all the difficulties which had beset him, and achieved a European reputation, his claims to originality were keenly contested by the very rivals whom he had outstripped in the race of discovery. But though thus pursued under difficulties, the studies of Dalton had a prosperous issue. The laws of proportion and combination, the foundation and the nucleus of the Atomic Philosophy, with which he enriched the science of chemistry, were as firmly established as if he had occupied the most favoured position; and, while his competitors in discovery have received their meed of praise, his independent claims have been ratified by the acknowledged arbiters of European fame.¹

In no event of his career has Dr Dalton been more fortunate than in the biographers who have appreciated his labours, and in the fellow-citizens who have done honour to his name. Within a comparatively brief period since his death, three eminent individuals have published Memoirs of his Life and Discoveries, and in the wealthy and enterprising city which he adorned, a massive tombstone of granite has been placed over his grave, a statue erected to his memory, and a new street inscribed with his name.

Dr William C. Henry, one of his pupils, and the accomplished son of the late Dr Henry, was appointed by Dr Dalton his literary executor, and in a well written volume has given an interesting sketch of the life of his friend, and an able account of his writings and discoveries.

Considering chemical literature as demanding a more minute history of the Atomic Theory, up to the time of Dalton, than has been given in the works of Dr Kopp and Dr Daubeny, Dr Angus Smith has been induced to draw up a New Memoir of its Author, and to make the distinctive feature of the volume a history of our ideas of matter, bearing on modern chemistry, until the time when Dalton flourished. This important task has been ably executed, and the future historian of chemistry will find valuable materials in Dr Smith's excellent work.

So early as 1845, before any of these biographies were undertaken, and only a few months after the death of Dalton, Dr George Wilson, drew up for the "British Quarterly Review," an able article on his Life and Writings. This brief memoir was, for nine years, the only biography of the philosopher, and the only just appreciation of his discoveries; and we need hardly say, that it does much honour to its distinguished author.

John Dalton was born at Eaglesfield,² a small village 23 miles

¹ "Much," says Dr Smith, "has been said of the Atomic Theory. Some have given credit to Dalton, some have taken it from him; most writers have even confusedly mixed him up with others."—*Memoirs*, p. 3.

² The first meeting-house of the Society of Friends in England was erected in this village.

south-west of Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 5th of September 1766. His father, Joseph Dalton, occupied a small cottage on the estate belonging to the family, and having only two small rooms, "one of which was ten feet square, and the other still less." He earned a scanty subsistence by weaving common country goods, while his wife, Deborah Greenup, eked it out by selling paper, ink, and quills. On the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the family property, and removed to the larger house, which is described as one of the better class of farm-houses. This small copy-hold estate, which measured about 60 acres, came into the possession of the philosopher in 1834, upon the death of his elder brother, who had increased it considerably by purchase; and it afterwards passed into the hands of his cousins on the mother's side. Deborah Greenup, through whose mother the property came, was the third daughter of a family, of one son and seven daughters, who resided at Greenrigg, Coldbeck. Upon the death of the only son, who practised as a barrister in London, the Greenrigg estate went to his unmarried sister Ruth, who left it to Jonathan and John Dalton, and their cousin John Bewley, who in 1827 sold it for L.750.

On his mother's side Dalton was connected with many families in the neighbourhood; but of his relations on the father's side, very little is known. The philosopher himself was anxious to learn something of his ancestors; and in his latter years, when he had been honoured with a national recognition of his services, he traced as well as he could the history of his family. In a parchment pedigree, surmounted with armorial bearings, he records the alliances of the Daltons with the Greenups, yeomen or "statesmen of the lake district," and also with the Fearons, who possessed property at Eaglesfield, in the reign of Elizabeth.

Jonathan Dalton, the grandfather, was the first of the family who joined the Society of Friends, a connection which was kept up by his descendants. Joseph Dalton and Deborah Greenup had three children, Jonathan, John the philosopher, and Mary. Although in narrow circumstances, Joseph was anxious to give his family a good education, and he is said to have instructed both his sons in mathematics. At the same time he sent them to the school belonging to the Society of Friends, then taught by Mr Fletcher, under whose tuition John remained till he was 12 years of age, imbibing all the knowledge which qualified him to be Mr Fletcher's successor. To be able to teach at the age of 12, indicated some superiority over the other inmates of the school, and we have no doubt that our young philosopher was fitted for the task; but to maintain authority over pupils, many of whom were his elders, required powers which he was not likely to possess. We, accordingly find, on the authority of one of his scholars, that

he struggled hard to maintain order in the school. Many who surpassed him in age, refused to obey him, and some of them went so far as to challenge him to fight in the burying-ground in which the school was placed. We are not told that the physical powers of teacher and taught were thus tested; but it is very probable that the man of peace would take other means of maintaining his authority. We know that he locked up the most refractory of the rebels, and made them learn their tasks, while he went to his dinner; but this punishment proved rather expensive, as he often found the windows broken on his return. During the summers of the two years in which our philosopher wielded the birch over the refractory community, he wrought hard as a labourer on his father's farm, and he himself informs us that "afterwards (that is after he had left the school) he was occasionally employed in husbandry for a year or more."

Previous to his debut as a teacher, even at the early age of ten, Dalton was led to study the relations of space and number, in which his mathematical tastes were developed. A distant relative who, at this time, took a kind interest in him, Mr Elihu Robinson, was a man of property as well as education. He had in his service a youth of the name of William Balderstone, whose taste for knowledge, Mr Robinson, and his wife, who was an accomplished woman, did everything in their power to encourage. Dalton shared in the instructions given to his young friend, and they became rivals in the solution of various problems which occurred in their studies. Dalton had previously evinced a want of acuteness in answering a question submitted to him by some mowers in a hay field. He at first decided that *sixty yards square*, and *sixty square yards* were the same, but a little reflection soon satisfied him that he was wrong. When any difficult problem in mathematics was proposed, Dalton encouraged his companion to undertake it, in the dialect of the country, "you might do it;" and on one of those occasions, when Balderstone proposed to settle a mathematical dispute, by betting a sixpence, Mr Robinson interfered, and proposed that the loser should supply the other with candles for their evening studies during the winter. Without understanding the difference between betting in candles and betting in sixpences, it is sufficient to state that the suggestion was adopted, and Dalton won the bet. Poor Balderstone, in place of losing sixpence, was thus subjected to the severer forfeit of half of the candles which the tyros consumed during their winter studies. In this mathematical rivalry Dalton soon outstripped his companion, who does not seem in his future life, to have occupied any distinguished position. In 1834, when Miss Johns and Dr Dalton visited him, he was ninety years of age. The visit gave him much pleasure, and he expressed the opinion,

that he was not only a great but a good man who, after having been introduced to the King, could visit one so humble as himself!

In 1781, when Dalton had quitted the school at Eaglesfield, and was only fifteen years of age, he went to Kendal as assistant to his cousin George Bewley, who, with the assistance of Jonathan Dalton, conducted a boarding school for members of the Society of Friends. It does not appear how long Dalton occupied the humble position of an assistant. George Bewley, the principal master, gave up the school in 1785; and we find, in a printed notice, quoted by Dr Henry, that the school would be re-opened on the 28th of March 1785 by Jonathan and John Dalton, "where youth will be carefully instructed in English, Latin, Greek, and French; also Writing, Arithmetic, Merchants' Accounts, and the Mathematics." Mary Dalton, their sister, came to give her assistance in taking care of the boarders; and their father and mother often went to visit them, walking in one day, "over mountain and slack," a distance of forty-five miles.

Having no capital for such an establishment, the two Daltons were obliged to borrow money from George Bewley, and also from their father and sister and other friends; but, being very economical and good managers, they repaid these loans out of their first year's earnings, which amounted to L.107,—an income which they eked out by a few pounds received for "drawing conditions," "collecting rents," "making wills," and "searching registers." About the middle of 1786 they issued a second circular, announcing a more extended plan of instruction, embracing, in addition to English, Latin, Greek, and French, no fewer than *twenty-one* subjects in Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and their applications.

In addition to these duties, John, who had now reached his twenty-first year, announced a series of lectures on Mechanics, Optics, Pneumatics, Astronomy, and the use of the Globes, giving their general contents in a syllabus, and fixing half-a-guinea (or one shilling per lecture) as the fee for the course.¹ The syllabus ends with the Latin quotation,—

"Ex rerum causis supremam noscere causam."

Miss Johns informs us that when this syllabus, with another of the later date of 1792, came accidentally under Dalton's notice, "he burst out into a loud laugh;" astonished, no doubt, with the vast range of science which, with such slender acquirements, he had undertaken to teach. It is interesting to learn how John performed his part as a teacher of about sixty boys and girls, especially after hearing of his doings in the village school. The

¹ This course was repeated in 1791; the fee being reduced to five shillings, or sixpence for each lecture.

two masters, having seen little of society, were "uncouth in their manners," and maintained a "system of great sternness and formality." John was the gentler and more popular of the two. During school hours he was occupied with his own studies, making mathematical calculations on scraps of paper; so that it is probable that the faults of the scholars escaped his notice from his being less vigilant than his brother. Corporal punishment was inflicted only once upon three boys. John held the culprits, while Jonathan administered the whip so sharply as to draw blood, and render necessary the assistance of a surgeon. This severity of discipline occasioned much discussion, and its victims would have been withdrawn from the school, "had not a strong interest been manifested in support of the masters."

During the twelve years which John spent at Kendal, he made great progress in his scientific studies. Almost every branch of science seems to have occupied his attention. He not only made barometers, thermometers, and hygrometers for his own use, but also for sale. He collected butterflies and ichneumons for Mr Crosthwaite. He studied the changes in caterpillars, and the power of a vacuum, or immersion in water, to destroy or suspend vitality in snails, mites, and maggots. He prepared books of dried plants, consisting of two quires, which he proposed to sell for half-a-guinea; and he completed a *Hortus Siccus*¹ in eleven volumes, now in the possession of Mr T. P. Heywood of the Isle of Man. In one of his botanical excursions with a friend, he narrowly escaped from the attack of a bull "by climbing into a tree or over a wall."

Having at one time thought of studying medicine, and practising it as a profession, he performed an elaborate series of experiments on his own *ingesta* and *egesta*, with the view of ascertaining the weight lost by insensible perspiration. An account of these experiments was read at the first meeting of the British Association at York; and the writer of this article, who was present, will never forget the peals of laughter which were elicited by the peculiarly grave and solemn manner with which the author detailed the various operations which were rendered necessary in such an inquiry. The scheme of relinquishing the profession of a schoolmaster and entering upon the study of law or medicine, was not encouraged by the friends whom he consulted. Mr Greenup bluntly told him that these two professions "were totally out of the reach of a person in his circumstances," and recommended to him the "more humble sphere of

¹ The first of these volumes contains the following general title-page:—*Hortus Siccus, seu Plantarum diversarum in Agris Kendal vicinis sponte nascentium Specimina, opere et studio Johannis Dalton collecta, et secundum classes et ordines disposita*, 179.

an apothecary or an attorney," while Mr Elihu Robinson considered him "well adapted for his present profession," and disapproved of his abandoning "the noble labour of teaching youth." This last advice he adopted, and the rest of his life was spent in the diffusion, as well as in the advancement, of science.

During our philosopher's residence in Kendal, he contributed largely to the *Gentleman's and Ladies' Diary*, two periodical works which often called forth the talents of some of our best English mathematicians. His name is attached to many solutions of mathematical and physical questions in the volumes which were published in the years 1784-1794. He proposed several questions and answered them himself. In 1787 and 1788 he was peculiarly successful in his solutions. He solved correctly *thirteen* out of the *fifteen*, including the prize question, proposed in 1787. In the "*Gentleman's Diary*" for 1789, he solved correctly seven of the mathematical questions; and in the "*Ladies' Diary*" for 1790, he gained the highest prize for his masterly solution of the prize question.

His great success in solving mathematical and physical problems induced him, in 1791 and 1792, to try his hand as a moralist; and we accordingly find, in a list supplied to Dr Henry by Dr George Wilson, some amusing queries and solutions in questions not connected with mathematics. One of these cannot fail to amuse the reader.

"Query by Mira.

"Is it possible for a person of sensibility and virtue, who has once felt the passion of love in the fullest extent that the human heart is capable of receiving it (being, by death or some other circumstance, for ever deprived of the object of its wishes), ever to feel an equal passion for any other object?"

"Answered by Mr John Dalton of Kendal.

"It will be generally allowed that, in sustaining the disappointments incident to life, true fortitude would guard us from the extremes of insuperable melancholy and stoic insensibility, both being incompatible with your own happiness and the good of mankind. If, therefore, the passion of love have not acquired too great ascendancy over the reason, we may, I think, conclude that true magnanimity may support the shock without eventually feeling the mental powers and affections enervated and destroyed by it; and, consequently, that the query may be answered in the affirmative. However, if this passion be too strong, when compared with the other faculties of the mind, it may be feared that the shock will enfeeble it, so as to render the exercise of its functions in future much more limited than before."

During our philosopher's residence at Kendal he became ac-

quainted with Mr John Gough, a man of high scientific attainments, whose memory has not been duly honoured by his countrymen. He was the son, as Dr Dalton tells us, of a wealthy tradesman who lived at Middleshaw near Kendal, and had the misfortune of losing his sight by the small-pox when about two years of age. He is, perhaps, he continues, one of the most astonishing instances that ever appeared of what genius, united with perseverance and every other subsidiary aid, can accomplish, when deprived of what we usually reckon the most valuable sense. He is a perfect master of the Latin, Greek, and French languages, understands all the different branches of mathematics, and solves the most difficult and abstruse problems in his own head. He is an adept in every branch of Natural Philosophy. He knows, by the touch, taste, and smell, almost every plant within twenty miles of this place;¹ he can reason with astonishing perspicuity on the construction of the eye, the nature of light, of colours, and of optic glasses; and was a good proficient in astronomy, chemistry, medicine, and other branches of knowledge. His father supplied him with books, instruments, and every thing he required; and, had he wished it, would have sent him to the University. His brothers and sisters wrote and read for him; Dalton drawing diagrams, and making for him mathematical calculations. For these good turns, Dalton was amply rewarded. Gough taught him Latin, Greek, and French, of which he knew nothing when he came to Kendal; gave him the use of his library and scientific apparatus; and freely imparted to him his "stores of science." For this interchange of kindness, Gough "was above receiving any pecuniary recompense," and Dalton has acknowledged that the balance was always in his own favour. Gough, who was two years older than Dalton, lived to an advanced age. He is said to have "prepared Dr Whewell and several other distinguished wranglers for their contests." He was much respected by all who knew him, and sat for the following portrait to his friend and admirer Wordsworth:—

Methinks I see him, how his eye-balls rolled
Beneath his ample brow, in darkness framed,
But each instinct with spirit, and the frame
Of the whole countenance alive with thought,
Fancy, and understanding; whilst the voice
Discoursed of natural or moral truth,
With eloquence and such authentic power,
That, in his presence, humble knowledge stood
Abashed, and tender pity overawed.²

¹ Mr Gough's brother-in-law, Mr Thomas Harrison of Kendal, himself a philosopher and botanist, informs us that Gough possessed the best collection of plants in Cumberland.—See *Nicholson's Journal*, 8vo, vol. xi., p. 237.

² The Excursion.

We should like to know the history of Gough, and his relations with Dalton during the nine or ten years which followed their separation in 1793, when Dalton removed from Kendal to Manchester. We have traced his history from the end of 1801 to the middle of 1810, in twenty volumes of "Nicholson's Journal," now before us. In each of these there is one paper, and in many of them, two or three, from his prolific pen. The papers are mathematical, chemical, and physical; and now and then on subjects in Natural History and general Science. We find him in controversy with Dr Thomas Young on the theory of compound sounds,¹—with Professor Barlow² on polygonal members,—and even with his bosom friend Dalton, and Dr Henry senior, on the subject of mixed gases. In this last controversy, Dr Henry junior alleges that Gough employs some asperity of language, and that Dr Dalton replied with unruffled kindness; but this appears to us to be too strongly stated against the blind philosopher. Having maintained the chemical union of water and air, and also the homogeneity of the "atmospherical gas,"³ Gough says that, on further prosecuting the inquiry, he was "compelled to make an open attack on his friend Mr Dalton, and his new convert Mr Henry. He promises to conduct the dispute fairly, which he says "is due to friendship, as well as the obligation of truth."⁴ As the dispute advances, the teacher and his pupil denounce each other's arguments as unsound and untenable. What is called theory by the one, is called hypothesis by the other. The pupil implies in his arguments that his opponent is ignorant of chemistry, and uses illustrations so homely as to be offensive. Mr Gough, exaggerating these blossoms of temper, alleges that his pupil has amused the superficial reader rather than convinced the reasoner; that he treats *the subject* (not the author) with acrimony and ridicule; and that the simile of the philosopher, cottager, and sieve, is more calculated to promote ridicule than truth. In replying to this letter, Dr Dalton promises "to avoid as much as may be" the two charges of "acrimony and ridicule;" and in answering a dynamical argument against his theory, he observes, with much good feeling, "that, having himself studied the principles of Dynamics, as well as those of many other mathematical and physical sciences, under the tuition of Mr Gough, he feels under strong obligations to him; but these, he will readily grant, do not bind him to subscribe to his opinions when he cannot per-

¹ Mr Gough's paper with this title was published in the Manchester Memoirs. The controversy is not noticed in Dr Peacock's life of Young. Dr Young's reply is in Nicholson's Journal, 8vo, vol. ii., p. 264. See also vol. iii., p. 39, 145; vol. iv., p. 1, 139, 152.

² Id. id., vol. xxi., p. 115, 241; xxii., p. 33.

³ Id. id., vol. viii., p. 243.

⁴ Id. id., vol. ix., p. 52, 89, 107, 126, 160, 269. See also vol. x., p. 20,

ceive them to be well-founded.”¹ Mr Gough replies to this letter on the 3d December 1804,² under the feeling that his friend has tried to expose his ignorance of chemistry; and thus closes a controversy which, like all similar ones, derives any bitterness it may possess from mutual misapprehension. Had Mr Gough lived long enough, he would have been proud of the distinguished honours conferred upon his pupil.

After having abandoned the idea of following any of the learned professions, Dalton seems to have devoted himself to a regular course of scientific inquiry. Meteorology was the subject to which he most diligently applied himself. Mr Gough had set him the example of keeping a meteorological journal at Kendal,³ and he commenced one himself on the 24th March 1787. This journal was continued till 1793 at Kendal; and from 1793 till the evening before his death at Manchester. The very first entry in it is the notice of an aurora on the evening of the 24th March, another having occurred three nights before; and it is probable, as Dr Henry conjectures, that he was induced by this remarkable meteor to study and record meteorological phenomena. For nearly six months his observations were limited to general remarks on the state of the weather; but he afterwards records the indications of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer, by means of instruments of his own construction.

Towards the close of 1792, before he left Kendal, he resolved to publish his Meteorological Journals; and they accordingly appeared in 1793, under the title of “Meteorological Observations and Essays.” The work is divided into two parts, in the first of which he treats of the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and rain-gauge, adding tables of the daily pressure, temperature, and moisture of the air, with the quantity of rain which fell at Kendal and Keswick between the years 1787 and 1793. The observations at Keswick were made by Mr Crosthwaite, with instruments procured from and made by Dalton; but their value, as corresponding ones with those at Kendal, is greatly diminished by not having been made at the same hours. Those of Dalton are defective from other causes. They were made at hours which do not give by their average the mean temperature of the day; and, what is worse, they were not made at the same hours throughout the year. “The morning observations were taken *between 6 and 8 o'clock*; the mid-day observations *about 12 or 1*; the night observations at Kendal *about 9 or 10*, but

¹ Nicholson's Journal, vol. ix., p. 274.

² Id. id., vol. x., p. 20.

³ This journal does not seem to have been published. An abstract of his journal in 1807 and 1808 is published in “Nicholson's Journal.” With Lex's thermometer he found the mean temperature in lat. 54° 20' to be 46°·2.

at Keswick, at 6 in summer and 4 in winter." Our author notices this irregularity in the observations of his friend as "a circumstance which makes the mean temperature of Keswick too high compared with that at Kendal;" but he does not seem to be aware of the defects in his own times of observation. He subsequently tells us, however, the important fact, which vitiates so many meteorological registers—and many made in the present day—"that the time or times of the day at which the observations ought to be made, in order to determine the true mean, has not, that I know of, been ascertained."¹ Among the other observations in this part of the work, those of Crosthwaite on the height of the clouds, and of Dalton on the aurora borealis, are the most important. Out of 5381 observations, 2098 made the clouds above 1050 yards high. In heavy and continued rains, the clouds were generally below the summit of Skiddaw, whose height is 1050 yards above Keswick; but it frequently rained when the clouds were entirely above it. After noticing the winds, the frosts, and the falls of snow, and describing what is called the *Bottom Winds* on Derwent Water, he devotes two sections to the aurora borealis, and its influence on the magnetic needle.

The second part of this work consists of eight Essays—on the Constitution, Figure, and Height of the Atmosphere; on Winds; on the Variation of the Barometer; on the relation between Heat and other bodies; on the Temperature of different Climates and Seasons; on Evaporation, Rain, Hail, Snow, and Dew; on the relation between the Barometer and Rain; and on the Aurora Borealis, which is treated of in six separate sections.

Among the new ideas contained in this volume, its author placed a high value upon his theory of the trade winds, his discovery of the influence of the aurora on the magnetic needle, and his explanation of the lengthened sound of thunder. But, as he himself tells us, he was anticipated in them,—a mortification which falls to the lot of every ardent cultivator of science, and one which, to some extent, awaited him in reference to his greatest discoveries.

To the second edition of this work, published in 1834, he has added an appendix of forty-seven pages, in which his attention is especially called to Humboldt's celebrated Memoir on *Isothermal Lines*, in which this distinguished philosopher refers to Dalton's explanation of the great variations of temperature in different parts of the same parallel of latitude. This explanation "he unfolds a little," to make it more "generally intelligible," and he is disposed to refer the fact to the existence of two cold poles in the arctic region.

¹ This important point in Meteorology has been fully treated in this Journal, vol. v., pp. 494-503, in our Review of "*Humboldt's Central Asia.*"

"If the idea," he says, "suggested by Sir David Brewster, in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,' vol. ix., 1821, be correct (and there seems great reason to believe it to be so), namely, that *there are two poles of greatest cold in the Northern Hemisphere*, the above observations will enable us to see the natural cause of this remarkable fact; . . . and it would be a curious coincidence if Professor Hausteen's two supposed northern magnetic poles should be found (which they nearly are) in the same position as the two poles of extreme cold."¹

It appears, from his "*addenda*" to the Essay on the Aurora Borealis, that he attached great value to his observations and speculations on the subject. The present work, indeed, he tells us, "was published originally with more especial reference to this peculiar matter;" and he is, therefore, led to give a list of auroras observed in Britain, from 1793 to 1834, distinguishing those which he had himself observed. He continued to maintain the opinion, that the beams of the aurora were of a ferruginous nature; that in the higher atmosphere there is an elastic fluid, having the properties of magnetic steel; that, like vapourised air, it is an imperfect conductor of electricity; that rings of this fluid encompass the magnetic pole; that the beams are arranged in equidistant rows round the same pole; and that the free electricity, in a disturbed electrical state of the atmosphere, runs along these beams and rings, from one quarter of the heavens to another, exhibiting the phenomena of the aurora.

When the "Meteorological Essays" were in the press, Dalton left Kendal, and took up his residence in Manchester. Dr Burnes, the Principal of the New College in that city, the offspring of the Warrington Academy, having asked Mr Gough for a suitable person as the teacher of mathematics, he recommended Dalton, who gladly accepted of the office. He lived in the establishment, and continued for six years to teach a class of not more than twenty-three students. Small as this number was, Dr Smith remarks that, "although Manchester is now multiplied by four, it cannot show the same number;" and he "fears that the love of external things has overpowered the love of science."

On the 3d of October 1794, Dalton was elected a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and on the 31st, he read his celebrated paper, entitled "Extraordinary Facts relating to the Vision of Colours." The facts were, that he himself and several persons² had that peculiarity of vision now called *colour blindness*, from their distinguishing "only two,

¹ Appendix, pp. 215, 216.

² Dalton's brother, and one or two others in the neighbourhood of Eaglesfield, had the same defect.

or at most three, colours," which "they call yellow and blue, or yellow, blue, and purple;" his "yellow comprehending the red, orange, yellow, and green of other persons, and his blue and purple coinciding with theirs."

Without attempting any experiment on his own eyes, or those of his brother, our author, with his usual boldness in the suggestion of causes, does not scruple to assert, that "*it is almost beyond a doubt* that one of the humours of his eye, and of the eyes of his fellows, is a coloured medium, probably some modification of blue." This hypothesis, strange to say, was severely tested and disproved by the condition of his own eyes after death. Dr Ransome, his physician, conducted the examination of them with much skill and sagacity. "He sacrificed," as he remarks, "one eye to the determination of the colour of the three humours. The *aqueous*, collected in a watch-glass, from a careful puncture of the cornea, and viewed both by reflected and transmitted light, was found to be *perfectly pellucid and free from colour*. The *vitreous humour and its envelope* (the hyaloid membrane) *were also perfectly colourless*. The *crystalline lens* was slightly amber-coloured, as usual in persons of advanced age. The tunica, retina, choroid, and sclerotic, with their subdivisions, presented no peculiarity. In the other eye, the posterior part being removed by a vertical section in a plane at right angles with the axis, with as little disturbance as possible of the humours, we were able to see objects as through a lens; and thus objects of different colours, both by transmitted and reflected light, were examined *without any appreciable difference*. I did not omit to place scarlet and green together, as I knew that the Doctor was not able to discover any difference between the colour of the scarlet geranium flower and its leaves; but to my eyes, the contrast of the colours, seen through the medium of the greater portion of the humours, was as great as ever. Sir David Brewster visited me shortly after this examination, and I endeavoured to keep the humours in a state for his inspection and experiment; but he suggested nothing further, as he agreed with me that the imperfection of Dalton's vision arose from some deficient sensorial or perceptive power, rather than from any peculiarity in the eye itself."¹

From these causes, Dr Dalton's paper on Colour Blindness has a peculiar interest; but we cannot agree with Dr Smith in characterizing it as "in reality a discovery." The same visual defect had been previously described; and the subject has been recently pressed upon the attention of the public, in a new and important aspect, by Dr George Wilson, in his admirable work on Colour Blindness. We have already had occasion to direct

¹ Letter from Dr Ransome to Dr Henry, *Memoirs*, p. 202.

the attention of the reader¹ to the interesting contents of this volume; but we fear that the valuable suggestions which it contains respecting the use of coloured signals on railways and at sea, have not excited the attention which they merit; and that the suggestion, made in the Review referred to, that persons who are colour blind should neither be chemists and druggists, nor the manufacturers of food and beverages, nor soldiers or sailors, nor witnesses in a court of justice, has never been attended to by those whom it most concerns.²

After he had been five years in Manchester, Dalton communicated to the Philosophical Society, in 1799, his "Experiments and Observations to determine whether the Quantity of Rain and Dew is equal to the Quantity of Water carried off by the rivers, and raised by evaporation; and on the Origin of Springs." In this paper he decides, on grounds somewhat questionable, that the two quantities are equal; and on the subject of springs, he maintains that they are derived solely from rains. In this volume, he first distinctly announces his theory of aqueous vapour,—“that it is an elastic fluid *sui generis*, diffusible in the atmosphere, but not chemically combined with it;—that temperature alone limits the maximum of vapour in the atmosphere; and that there exists at all times, and in all places, a quantity of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere, variable according to circumstances.” This paper was immediately followed by one “On the Power of Fluids to conduct Heat,” in which, after ascertaining the point of maximum density of water, he draws the conclusion, in opposition to that of Count Rumford, that water conducts heat a little, and that its expansion is the same both above and below its point of maximum density. In fixing this point he adopted 36°, and afterwards 38°. Dr Hope made it between 39½° and 40°, a very accurate result, which has been confirmed by the more recent experiments of Dr Playfair and Mr Joule, who found it to be 39°·001.

In May 1800, Dalton was elected joint-secretary with Dr Hull to the Manchester Society, in the room of Dr William Henry; an office which he retained till 1808, when he succeeded Dr Roget as vice-president of that body. In the month of June of the same year, he submitted to the Society his “Experiments and Observations on the Heat and Cold produced by the Mechanical Condensation and Rarefaction of Air.” In this ingenious paper, he shows that the changes of temperature referred to, are much greater than had been supposed, the expansion of gases amounting to nearly one-tenth of their volume for 50° of

¹ See this Journal, vol. xxiv., pp. 325-358.

² Since Dr Wilson's book, and the review of it, were published, three new cases of colour blindness have been described.—See *Titan*, September 1857, No. CL., p. 344.

heat; and that a compression to one-half its volume raised the temperature 50° . He pointed out the insufficiency of the mercurial thermometer as a measure of such evanescent changes, and describes a simple and ingenious contrivance for approximating to the quantity of heat evolved or absorbed. He adopts the theory of Lambert, that a vacuum has its proper capacity for heat, and contains an absolute quantity of it.

In the month of March 1801, he published an English Grammar, which excited no notice, and of which almost no copies were sold; and in October of the same year, he communicated to the Manchester Society his important "Experimental Essays on the Constitution of Mixed Gases; on the Force of Steam or Vapour of Water and other liquids, in different temperatures, both in a Toricellian Vacuum and in Air; and on Evaporation, and the Expansion of Gases by Heat." The following are the general results at which he arrived:—

1. When two elastic fluids, A and B, are mixed, there is no material repulsion among their particles, those of A not repelling those of B as they do one another.

2. The force of steam from all liquids is the same, at equal distances above or below the several temperatures at which they boil in the open air; and that force is the same under any pressure from another elastic fluid as it is in vacuo.

3. The quantity of any liquid evaporated in the open air, is directly as the force of steam from such liquid at its temperature, all the circumstances being the same.

4. All elastic fluids expand the same quantity by heat, and this expansion is very nearly in the same equable way as that of mercury.

The Essay on the Force of Steam contains the results of his experiments made between the temperatures of 32° and 212° ; but though they were to a certain extent confirmed by other observers, yet they have been superseded by the more accurate results obtained by MM. Dulong and Arago, Regnault and Magnus.

In January 1803, he read a paper, "On the Tendency of Elastic Fluids to Diffusion through each other,"—a subject begun by Dr Priestley, and more successfully pursued by Professor Graham; and in October of the same year, he read another paper, "On the Absorption of Gases by Water and other Liquids,"—a remarkable paper, in which he first gives a table of atomic weights, or the weights of the ultimate particles of gaseous and other bodies—the foundation of that theory of the constitution of matter with which his name will for ever be associated.

Both Dr Henry and Dr Angus Smith have collected some notices of the social life of Dalton, which are too few in number

to give us an idea of the habits and manners of the philosopher. During the eleven years that he spent in Manchester, Dalton occupied rooms in the apartments of the Manchester Society. In the autumn of 1804, however, Mrs Johns, the wife of his colleague, the Rev. W. Johns, having accidentally met him when passing her house, asked Dalton why he never came to see them : He immediately replied, "I do not know ; but I will come and live with you, if you will let me." Mrs Johns thought at first he was in jest, but finding that he was in earnest, she desired him to call next day, after she had seen her father. He accordingly called ; and having learnt that his offer was accepted, he took possession of the only spare bedroom in the house. Here he lived for twenty-six years, until Mr Johns gave up his school, and retired to the suburbs of the town. He rose at eight o'clock in the morning ; went to his laboratory with his lantern to light the fire in winter, and came back to breakfast when the family had nearly finished theirs. Returning to his experiments, he staid till dinner-time, "coming," as Dr Smith says, "in a hurry when it was nearly over, eating moderately, and drinking water only. Went out again, and returned at about five o'clock to tea, still in a hurry, when the rest were finishing. Again to his laboratory till nine o'clock, when he returned to supper ; after which he and Mr Johns smoked a pipe, and the whole family seems to have enjoyed this time of conversation and recreation after the busy day." On the afternoon of every Thursday, he played a few games at bowls at the "Dog and Partridge," then outside the town. When he had played a fixed number of games, he took tea at the inn, smoked his pipe, and returned to his studies. About mid-day he read the newspapers at the Portico ; but he was so silent and uncommunicative, that his political opinions were only matter of conjecture. He was said to be a Conservative, although he always voted with the Liberals.

In summer, in the month of June, his great delight was to wander among the Cumberland hills—the scenes of his early studies—collecting air, gases, and minerals for analysis. He had ascended Helvellyn *thirty* or *forty* times ; and during these and other excursions, he always walked rapidly, outstripping generally his companions, even when younger than himself.

During the year 1803, Dalton accepted an invitation to lecture at the Royal Institution in London. Not knowing the nature of the lecture, nor the kind of apparatus at his disposal, he went to London in a great measure unprepared ; but notwithstanding these disadvantages, he seems to have acquitted himself to his own satisfaction as well as to that of his audience. In addition to the usual assemblage of "from one to three hundred of both sexes," including many persons of rank and official position,

"several gentlemen of first-rate talents" were among his auditors; and, as he himself informed his brother, his eighteenth lecture on heat and the laws of expansion was received with the greatest applause. "The one that followed," he adds, "was on *mixed elastic fluids*, in which I had an opportunity of developing my ideas that have already been published on the subject more fully. The doctrine has, as I apprehended it would, excited the attention of philosophers throughout Europe." In his lecture on optics, he amused his audience with an account of his colour blindness, a defect which rather amused than annoyed him. "I got six ribbands," he says, "*blue, pink, lilac, red, green, and brown*, which matched very well, and told the audience so. I do not know whether they generally believed me to be serious, but one gentleman came up immediately after, and told me he perfectly agreed with me; he had not remarked the difference by candle-light."

On this occasion Dalton became acquainted with Mr Davy, who was very kind to him. He advised him to write and to "labour" his first lecture, as his audience would form their opinions of him from it. He accordingly devoted nearly two days to its composition; and on the evening before the lecture, Davy took him to the theatre of the institution, and, seating himself in the most distant corner, made him read the whole of it. Davy then read it to Dalton as the audience, and the two philosophers concluded the rehearsal with criticising each other's method of lecturing,—a process in which Dalton, no doubt, got useful advice, as we may infer from his own account of his appearance on the real stage. "Next day," he says, "I read it to an audience of about 150 or 200 people, which was more than were expected. They gave a very general plaudit at the conclusion, and several came up to compliment me on the excellence of the introductory. Since that I have scarcely written anything; all has been experiment and verbal explanation. In general, my experiments have uniformly succeeded, and I have never once faltered in the elucidation of them. In fact, I can now enter the lecture-room with as little emotion, nearly, as I can smoke a pipe with you on Sunday or Wednesday evening."

In the month of February 1805, Dalton went to London to purchase apparatus for his lectures. In passing through Birmingham, he dined with James Watt, "that veteran in science, with whom he spent some hours most agreeably." In the summer of the same year, he delivered a course of lectures at Manchester, which were attended by about one hundred and twenty subscribers "at two guineas each." He was occupied in the winter of that year principally in teaching in private families, many of whom resided in the country, which "afforded him a pleasant

walk, very conducive to his health." At this time he contemplated a repetition of his lectures during the winter, and he was occupied in preparing for the press the first part of his "New System of Chemical Philosophy," which, however, did not appear till May 1808; the other two parts, which completed the work, were not published till 1810 and 1827. The first part, the most important of the three, was favourably received by the French chemists. "About two months ago," he says, in a letter dated December 11, 1809, "I received a very handsome present from Berthollet, in return for mine sent him (a copy of Part i.). It was *Mem. de la Societe D'Arcueil*, being the most recent transactions of the Parisian chemists. It contains some very valuable papers. They speak very respectfully of my first part."

Having succeeded so well as a lecturer in the Royal Institution, and before a metropolitan audience, Dalton offered to deliver a course of lectures in Edinburgh, in the spring of 1807. This offer, which must have been made to Dr Thomas Thomson, then a distinguished extra-academical lecturer in Edinburgh, was accepted; and after "announcing his intention by advertisement of handbills, and visiting the professional gentlemen in connection with the College, and others not in that connection, a class of eighty appeared for him in two days." When his five lectures had been finished, and he was about to return home by Glasgow, he was requested to deliver a second course. He accordingly issued an advertisement, announcing that his second course would commence on the 22d April; but neither of his biographers informs us whether or not a sufficient number of subscribers came forward. The writer of this article had the pleasure of attending the first of these courses of lectures. They were delivered in Dr Thomson's class-room, and were attended by Professor Leslie, Dr Hope, Mr John Murray, the lecturer on chemistry, and many other persons then of high reputation in Edinburgh. As a lecturer, Dalton did not shine. The homeliness of his manner—ungraceful, and even repulsive—the simplicity of his apparatus, and the awkwardness with which he used it, were not calculated to rivet the attention of his audience; but the originality and importance of his views, the clearness with which he explained them, and the singularity of a humble, and at that time unknown, member of the Society of Friends coming to enlighten the philosophers of Modern Athens, gave an interest to his lectures which they would not otherwise have possessed.

In general society he was grave and silent; but among persons who were either the cultivators of science or its admirers, he took an active part in the conversation, and was as willing to

receive instruction as he was to impart it. During his visit to Edinburgh, we had an opportunity of enjoying his society at a tea-party given by Mr Cruickshank, a member of the Society of Friends, well known and much esteemed for his benevolence and philanthropy.

So favourable was the impression which he had made upon a London audience, that he was a second time invited to lecture at the Royal Institution. He accordingly went to London in December 1809; and in January and February 1810, delivered three lectures a-week to the learned and fashionable audience which then assembled in Albemarle Street. Dalton's reputation was now widely extended by the publication of his "New System of Chemistry," and he was received with much distinction by the eminent men who then adorned the Royal Society of London. At Sir Joseph Banks' Sunday evening parties, he met with Cavendish, Davy, Wollaston, Marcet, Roget, Blagden etc., and thus found himself, as he describes it, "in the focus of the great and learned of the metropolis." He dined also with the Chemical Club, where he discussed chemical subjects with Wollaston and Davy, and was delighted to find "that Davy was coming very fast into his views on chemical subjects."

In the month of November 1810, he published the second part of the first volume of his "New System of Chemical Philosophy," which was dedicated to Mr Davy and Dr Henry, "as a testimony to their distinguished merit in the promotion of chemical science, and as an acknowledgment of their friendly communications and assistance." During the eight or ten years which followed the publication of this work, the studies and movements of Dalton have not been minutely recorded by his biographers. He was no doubt occupied with his usual inquiries, and much of his precious time wasted in the drudgery of tuition, and in lecturing, when invited, in various parts of the country. From these professional engagements he allowed himself a week or two in summer for relaxation, and he generally spent the time "in breathing the salubrious air of the mountains and lakes near his native place in the North of England." In these excursions, his object was to ascertain, by observations at different heights, whether or not there was an aqueous vapour atmosphere distinct from the general atmosphere, and decreasing in density upwards in a geometrical progression. These observations were continued for seventeen years, from 1803 to 1820, and they were published in an interesting memoir, entitled, "Observations on Meteorology, particularly with regard to the Dew-point, or quantity of Vapour in the Atmosphere, made on the mountains in the North of England." The general result of these observations was, "that the quantity and density of vapour

is constantly (or with very rare exceptions) less, the higher we ascend."

In the journeys during which these observations were made, our philosopher was accompanied by Mr Jonathan Otley of Keswick, the author of a "Descriptive Guide to the English Lakes," who has given an interesting account of the various excursions which he and Dalton performed almost annually between 1812 and 1836. Otley, who was born in the same year with Dalton, though a guide who was paid for his services, was treated as a friend, and was of great use to the philosopher as an active and intelligent auxiliary in his inquiries.

The discoveries and writings of our author were now well known throughout the scientific world, and honours of various kinds were liberally conferred upon him. In the year 1816, the Academy of Sciences of the Instituté of France elected him one of the fifty corresponding members on the subject of chemistry,—“an honour,” he says in a letter to his brother, “that has been conferred only on one other person in this kingdom, I believe on Dr Wollaston, Secretary to the Royal Society.”

In 1818, Sir Humphry Davy offered him the appointment of Natural Philosopher to the Arctic Expedition, which was about to sail from England; but though the salary, during the voyage of from two to three years, was about L.400 or L.500—a much larger sum than Dalton realized by lecturing and teaching, he declined to accept of the offer.

In 1822, our author was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; and in the summer of the same year, he visited Paris in company with Mr Benjamin Dockray, the accomplished author, we believe, of *Egerie*, and Mr W. D. Crewdson. Having called upon M. Breguet, the celebrated watchmaker, for the purpose of having one of his own watches repaired, he received the warmest welcome, and was invited with his two companions to dinner, where they met M. Arago, M. Fresnel, and other eminent savans. The elder Breguet having seen the Marquis De Laplace at the Board of Longitude, and mentioned to him the arrival of Dalton in Paris, he was charged with an invitation to him and his two companions to dine with the Marquis at Arcueil on the following Sunday.

On Saturday the 6th of July, he was visited by M. Bonsdorf and M. Nordenskiöld, distinguished pupils of Berzelius. On Sunday he attended the chapel of the British Embassy, and on the same day he dined at Arcueil with Laplace. The following interesting account of the dinner has been preserved by Mr Dockray, and published by Dr Henry:—

“At four in the afternoon by a coach with Dalton to Arcueil, Laplace's country seat, to dine. Engaged the carriage to wait for our return at nine. On alighting we were conducted through

a suite of rooms, where in succession, dinner, dessert, and coffee tables were set out ;—and onwards through a large hall, upon a terrace commanding an extent of gardens and pleasure grounds. There was a sheet of water in front, a broad spreading current pouring into it from some rocks, where was seen a sculptured figure—an antique—found in the locality, representing the genius of the place. It is in these grounds that are still remaining the principal Roman works near Paris—the vestiges of Julian's residence, as Governor of Gaul. Avenues, pastures and lawns, terraces and broad gravel walks, in long vistas of distance, are bounded by woods and by higher grounds. As yet we had seen no one, when part of the company came in view at a distance: a gentleman of advanced years, and two young men. Was it possible not to think of the groves of the Academy, and the borders of the Ilyssus? We approached this group, when the elderly gentleman took off his hat, and advanced to give his hand to Dalton. It was Berthollet! The two younger were Laplace's sons, and the Astronomer Royal, Arago. Climbing some steps upon a long avenue, we saw at a distance Laplace walking uncovered, with Madam Biot on his arm; and Biot, Fourier, and Courtois, father of the Marchioness Laplace. At the front of the house this lady and her grand-daughter met us. At dinner, Dalton on the right hand of Madam Laplace, and Berthollet on her left. Conversation on the Zodiac of Denderah in Egypt, Berthollet and Fourier having been in Egypt with Napoleon; the different aras of Egyptian sculpture; the fact, that so little at Rome—of public buildings—is earlier than Augustus, etc. After dinner, again abroad in the beautiful grounds, and along the reservoir, an aqueduct of Julian. These curious works, after falling very much into decay, were restored by Mary of Medicis. Dalton, walking with Laplace on one side, and Berthollet on the other, I shall never forget. Such men, in their personal attentions, respect in each other the dignity of science herself—the great interpreter of nature and leading star of civilization; something which is beyond the honoured individual, which yet attends him, impressing a sense of homage that is elevating to him who feels it. Laplace is an uncommon union of simplicity of manners and an essential dignity of character. His collected and serene air realizes to the observer the tranquillizing influence of philosophy. We may well conceive that such a man feels for the interest and honour of science something like a religious regard."

Dalton himself seems to have preserved some brief notes of his agreeable trip to Paris. After characterizing his introduction to Laplace as agreeable and interesting, and his villa at Arcueil

as beautiful, he gives an account of his visit to other persons and places in Paris:—"Monday, 8th July—Walked down to the arsenal; saw Gay Lussac for half an hour; went to the Jardin du Roi; saw the wild beasts and anatomical preparations, etc.; took coach home; and then went to the Institute, about 100 persons present; was introduced by Biot, and placed in the square adjacent to the officers; was announced by Gay Lussac (as president) as a corresponding member (English) present. The sitting was from three to five o'clock. After my announcement, my two companions were introduced to the same bench during the sitting. Sunday, 14th—Gay Lussac and Humboldt called and spent an hour on meteorology, etc. Took coach to Thenard; breakfast *a la fourchette* with him, family, and Dr Edwards. Went to the laboratory near M. Biot's, and saw a full set of experiments on the deutoxide of hydrogen, most curious and satisfactory. M. Thenard then went with us through the laboratory; showed us the new theatres for chemistry, physique, etc.; and then went to M. Ampere's, who had previously prepared his apparatus for showing the new electro-magnetic phenomena. Saw a set of these experiments, which, with the aid of Dr Edwards, were made intelligible to me. 15th—Took coach to the arsenal; spent an hour with Gay Lussac in his laboratory; saw his apparatus for specific gravity of steam, vapours, etc.; also M. Welter's, the improver of chemical distillation, etc. Walked to the Jardin du Roi; *dejeuner a la fourchette* with Monsieur and Madam Cuvier and youngest daughter. M. Cuvier went with us to the museum, and accompanied us for some time, and then left a gentleman to attend us through the museum, being himself engaged, but occasionally meeting us; spent two hours in the museum—the most splendid exhibition of the kind in the universe,—it beggars description. Left after two, and took a coach to the Institute; took a cup of coffee, etc., and then entered the library; saw and spoke to M. Edwards, Biot, Cuvier, Laplace, Berthollet, Breguet, etc.; entered the Institute; heard papers by Edwards, Biot (on the Zodiac of Denderah,) Fourier on the Population of Paris; after which, notice was given for strangers to withdraw, when Gay Lussac called to me to stay if I chose, being a member, which I did. The business was about the election of members, and lasted nearly half an hour, after which we broke up. Saw M. Pelletan on coming out, who kindly inquired of me my health, etc. Went with Vanquelin in a coach to dine, when my companions met me; saw M. Payant, a young chemist of promise."

Although the talents and discoveries of Dalton had been exhibited to distinguished audiences in the metropolis, and were

well known to the men who had the capacity to appreciate, as well as the power to reward them, yet no attempt was made to raise him from his obscurity, and withdraw him from the professional drudgery to which he had so long been doomed. "For a long series of years," says Dr Henry, sen., "he bore neglect, and sometimes even contumely, with the dignity of a philosopher who, though free from anything like vanity or arrogance, yet knows his own strength, estimates correctly his own achievements, and leaves to the world—generally, though sometimes slowly just—the final adjudication of his fame."

Even at the advanced age of fifty-two we find him still gaining a small and miscellaneous income as a professional chemist, a lecturer and teacher of chemistry and mathematics; sometimes giving evidence in courts of justice on subjects connected with the arts, and sometimes assisting the manufacturer, by answering his inquiries and removing his difficulties. But, however congenial a few of these occupations may have been, they withdrew his attention from those grand and original researches which he was destined to pursue, and compelled him to sacrifice for inferior ends those precious hours which science demanded as her own. It was fortunate, under these circumstances, for Dalton that he had no domestic cares to ruffle the serenity of thought—none of the sharp anxieties which so painfully afflict the parental and the filial heart—no aged relative to cherish and maintain—and no prattlers at his knee to feed and clothe, and prepare for "the neglect and contumely which he had himself endured." Thus, more of the man, and less of the philosopher, we should have beheld him in the social conflict, and admired him no less when struggling against adverse tides, than we now do in his serene and peaceful passage to the grave.¹

Thus situated, we can readily understand how much Dalton was gratified with the warm reception which he met with in Paris. He returned "refreshed and invigorated in mind." He formed a high estimate of the character and talents of many of the celebrated men with whom he had associated; and he repeatedly spoke of his French visit as one of the most pleasing events of his life. The appreciation of his merits by competent and impartial judges, raised him even in the estimation of his best friends at home; and the dispensers of honours and of fame were roused from their apathy to a due sense of the duties which they had neglected.

¹ It would be unjust to Mr Strutt of Derby, himself distinguished by his scientific acquirements, not to state that, about the year 1818, he offered to Dalton, through Alderman Shuttleworth of Manchester, a laboratory and a home at his house, with a salary of L.400 a-year, and perfect freedom to spend his time in any way he might think agreeable. A love of independence, however, induced Dalton to decline the offer.

The Royal Society, as Dr Smith states, had paid him no attention, standing, as he adds, more in the condition of a reservoir than a fountain. This, however, is a defect which attaches more to the constitution of the body than to the Fellows who compose it. In Foreign Academies, the members, who are the governing body, are responsible for the institution to which they belong; but the Royal Society is conducted by its office-bearers and council, the members of which have no permanent standing, and therefore no personal responsibility. The council of the present year is not the council of the next; and the president, the most permanent and responsible office-bearer, has been so often changed, that within the last forty years seven or eight individuals have held that honourable office.

So early as 1810, Mr Davy had offered to propose Dalton as a member of the Society; but there is reason to believe that he declined the honour on account of the heavy entrance fee, and the annual payment which it involved. In 1822, however, he was proposed and elected without his consent; and, in 1826, the president and council awarded to him the first of the Royal medals, of the value of fifty guineas, which had been founded by George IV. in the previous year. In presenting this medal to Dalton, "for the development of the chemical theory of definite proportions, usually called the Atomic Theory, and for his various other labours and discoveries in physical and chemical science," Sir Humphry Davy, then president of the Society, conceded to him the distinction, which others had denied, of first unequivocally calling the attention of philosophers to that important subject. He compared his merits to those of Kepler in astronomy; referred to his disinterested and painful labours for a quarter of a century; and pronounced the award of the Royal Medal to be an "anticipation of that opinion which posterity must form of his labours."

In August 1827 the first part of the second volume of his "New System of Chemical Philosophy" was given to the world; but it did not add to his reputation, and did not, as Dr Henry observes, even adequately represent the existing state of chemical knowledge. He was always unwilling to change his opinion, and to adopt those which chemists of his own rank had placed beyond a doubt. He hesitated to acquiesce in the then universally received doctrine of volumes; and, in his reformed tables of atomic weights, he clings with obstinate tenacity to his early determinations, though they had been unanimously rejected by every living chemist.

By the death of Sir Humphry Davy, in 1829, the place of one of the eight Foreign Associates of the French Academy of Sciences became vacant; and Dalton was raised, in 1830, from

the class of corresponding members to this, the highest honour which the Academy could bestow—an honour, as Cuvier remarks, “for which all the philosophers of Europe compete, and of which the list, beginning with the names of Newton, Leibnitz, and Peter the Great, has at no period degenerated from its original lustre.”

Highly appreciated as were Dalton's recent honours, both by himself and his friends, he was still working for his bread, and sacrificing in uncongenial labour those precious hours which would otherwise have been devoted to the service of his country and of mankind. With small means and economical habits he had saved a little money, but not sufficient to support him during his probable term of life. His friends were therefore “anxious to secure for him an old age less laborious than his life had been,” and various circumstances concurred to bring about so desirable an event. Lord Brougham, before his elevation to the Woolsack, had obtained from the Duke of Wellington, when Premier, the first pension that had been given to science, and is therefore entitled to the honour of having introduced this national appreciation of scientific discovery. When the British Association was organized in 1831, one of its avowed objects was to advocate the national support of literary and scientific individuals who were prevented by professional occupations from making their genius and talents useful to the State;¹ and, as Dr Smith has remarked, “it was perhaps not one of the least services rendered to science by the first meetings of the British Association, that it brought before the notice of his countrymen the merits of Dalton.” He himself took an active part at its first meeting in York, and attended its annual reunions while his health permitted him. In Mr Babbage's interesting “Reflections on the Decline of Science in England,” published in 1830, he stated, that “if knowledge was valuable, it was bad policy to allow a genius like Mr Dalton's to be employed in the drudgery of elementary instruction;” and, in a review of that work in the “Quarterly Review,” Sir David Brewster remarked, “that if the Royal Society of London, on whom the obligation lay, had represented to the proper quarter the pre-eminent services of Mr Dalton and Mr Ivory, these great men would have held a more comfortable and a more prominent position in the eyes of their countrymen.” These suggestions, urgent as they were, produced no immediate effect; but they were pondered, as we know, in the mind of one statesman at least, who afterwards became a patron of science.² The Royal Society did not feel the obligation thus imposed upon them, and Dalton, now in his 67th year, on the verge of life's appointed term, had received no mark of

¹ See this Journal, vol. xiv., p. 242.

² *Id.*, vol. xiv., p. 245.

national liberality. On the occasion, however, of the second meeting of the British Association, which was held at Oxford in 1832, his merits were more specially brought into public view. Dr Daubeny, who had boldly, and without the concurrence of the university authorities, invited the association to Oxford, interested himself in obtaining for its most active members a warm and hospitable reception. Rooms were provided for Dalton in Queen's College; the most courteous attentions were shown him by the resident Fellows of the college; and, on Dr Daubeny's recommendation, the honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him, when the same degree was given to Mr Faraday, Mr Robert Brown, and Sir David Brewster. Dalton was proud of this honour. He went to church in the red gown, the drapery of a Doctor of Laws, and, we believe, was the only one of his compeers who wore it in Oxford. As it appeared to him of the same modest colour as the foliage around him, he was not aware of the brilliancy of his plumage, though he often jocularly referred to his incapacity of appreciating it.

When thus prominently placed in the public eye, the friends of Dalton availed themselves of the opportunity of again urging his claims upon the Government. Mr Babbage, who had first suggested the grant of a pension, made a formal application (accompanied by an admirable letter from Dr Henry, senior) to Lord Grey, and also to Lord Brougham, who was ever ready to urge the claims of intellectual merit. The application was successful. A pension of L.150 per annum was granted to him, and was first announced at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge in 1834. The honour of doing this was, with good taste, given to the president of the Association, Professor Sedgwick, who, in discharging the agreeable duty, at a public meeting in the Senate House, pronounced an eloquent eulogium upon his friend. During the ministry of Lord Melbourne in 1836, the pension was increased to L.300; and as the death of his brother Jonathan had, two years before, put him in possession of the paternal estate, he was now comparatively rich.

Thus elevated in the social, and occupying an exalted place in the intellectual world, the friends and neighbours of Dalton thought the time had arrived when some public mark of its esteem should be shown by the town of which he had so long been the ornament. His declining years suggested the idea of a permanent memorial; and accordingly, in 1834, a marble statue of him was subscribed for, and executed by Chantrey. This statue has been placed in the entrance of the Royal Institution of Manchester; and out of a subsequent subscription raised to do him honour, L.1000 was devoted to a bronze statue, copied from Chantrey's marble one, which is now erected at the right

hand of the centre of the Infirmary, the most open and public place in the city, and beside the statues of other distinguished men.

In the year 1834, when the British Association held its fourth meeting at Edinburgh, the degree of LL.D. was unanimously conferred upon him by the University; and, in the same year, he was presented at court to King William IV. by Lord Brougham, then Lord High Chancellor of England. On this occasion Mr Babbage taught him, in a rehearsal at his own house, how he was to conduct himself in the royal presence; and it appears, from Mr Babbage's account of the presentation, that he performed his part with sufficient correctness and formality.¹ The grave Quaker and venerable sage appeared in the scarlet dress of a Doctor of Laws, as more appropriate than the court drapery, garnished with bag-wig and sword; and in such a costume, not usual at levees, he attracted general notice. "The prevailing opinion," says Mr Babbage, "was, that he was the mayor of some corporate town that had come up to get knighted. I informed my inquirers that he was a much more eminent person than any mayor of any city; and, having won for himself a name which would survive when orders of knighthood should be forgotten, he had no ambition to be knighted. At a short distance from the presence-chamber, I observed, close before me, several dignitaries of the Established Church, in the full radiance of their vast lawn sleeves; the Bishop of Gloucester (the late Dr Monk) accidentally turning his head, I recognised a face long familiar to me from its cordiality and kindness. A few words interchanged between us, and also by myself with the rest of the party, the remotest of whom, if I remember rightly, was the Archbishop of Dublin. The dress of my friend seemed to strike the Bishop's attention; but the quiet costume of the Quaker beneath his scarlet robe was entirely unnoticed. I therefore confided to the Bishop of Gloucester the fact, that I had a Quaker by my side; at the same time assuring him that my peaceful and philosophic friend was very far from meditating any injury to the Church. The effect was electric upon the whole party: episcopal eyes had never yet beheld such a spectacle in such society, and, I fear, notwithstanding my assurance, some portion of the establishment thought the Church really in danger. We now entered the presence-chamber, and, having passed the King, I retired very slowly in order that I might observe events. Dr Dalton having kissed hands, the King asked him several questions, all which the philosopher duly answered, and then moved on in proper

¹ See Mr Babbage's letter to Dr Henry, in which a very amusing account is given both of the rehearsal and of the performance.—*Memoirs*, etc., pp. 185-189.

order to join me. This reception, however, had not passed with sufficient rapidity to escape jealousy; for I heard one officer say to another, who the —— is that fellow, whom the King keeps talking to so long?"

Dr Dalton attended the meeting of the British Association which was held at Dublin in 1835, and officiated as vice-president of the chemical section, to which he always attached himself. He was present also at the meeting of the same body which assembled at Bristol in 1836, when he occupied the same office in the section of chemistry; but though he took part in the discussions, he communicated no paper of his own. Although his mental faculties were undecayed, yet his intellectual vigour had waned. That spring of mind which carried him over the region of atoms was now beginning to unbend; and that elastic step had begun to fail, which scaled the peaks of Helvellyn, and bounded over the fells of Cumberland. Paralysis, the malady of minds overwrought, attacked him on the 18th April 1837, and a second and a third seizure followed in a few days. After having recorded the state of the barometer and thermometer, he fell suddenly on the floor; and though he wrote some memoirs after this attack, he never entirely recovered from its effects.

In June 1837, he had regained sufficient strength to be able to send to the Royal Society his "Sequel to an Essay on the Constitution of the Atmosphere," which was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year. In September 1837, the British Association met at Liverpool; but, though Dalton had been chosen one of the vice-presidents, he was not able to attend the meeting. He communicated, however, a short paper "On the Non-Decomposition of Carbonic Acid by Plants;" and as it was said to have been written during the convalescence of its illustrious author, it was listened to with the most marked attention. His absence was feelingly alluded to in the Presidential Address of the Earl of Burlington, who expressed his own gratification, and that of the public, at the rewards and honours, late though they were, which had been conferred on the philosopher. This convalescence, however, was of brief duration. A new paralytic attack, on the 15th February 1838, left him much enfeebled; and from that time he required constant attendance, although he had no other illness till near the day of his death.

Although both his mind and body were now seriously weakened, he still devoted himself to his usual studies. In 1840, he communicated to the Royal Society an Essay on the Phosphates and Arseniates, which is said to have been "throughout obscure, and in parts scarcely intelligible." The Council of the Royal Society declined to publish it; and Dalton was so much mortified

by their decision, that he procured a copy of the essay from the archives of the Society, and printed it in a separate form, with the indignant comment, "Cavendish, Davy, Wollaston, and Gilbert are no more." Dr Henry has expressed the opinion that, "in declining to publish this essay, the Royal Society were governed by a true regard to Dalton's lasting reputation."¹ In this sentiment we cannot concur. The Royal Society did not show the same tenderness for Wollaston's name when they published some of the latest productions of his pen; and we venture to say, that the reputation neither of Wollaston nor of Dalton has suffered the least blight by the publication of the feeblest of their productions. The earliest and the latest achievements of a great mind have an interest beyond their value to science. In its blossoms, and in its falling leaves, as well as in its ripened fruit, human genius appears in unimpaired grandeur. The God of Day is not shorn of his meridian brightness, because he may have shone feebly at his rise, and feebler still at his decline.

In the year 1842 the British Association assembled for the first time at Manchester; but though the office of president would have been unanimously conferred upon him, yet his defective articulation, and the infirm state of his health, would have prevented him from accepting it. The situation of vice-president, which involved no duties, was therefore conferred upon him; and it was most gratifying to his friends that he was able to be present at the Presidential Address of that accomplished nobleman, Lord Francis Egerton (the late Earl of Ellesmere), who thus gracefully referred to the claims of Dalton,—“These, with a host of other local reasons, might well justify the selection of Manchester as a place of scientific assemblage. It has, in my opinion, a claim of equal interest as the birth-place, and still the residence and scene of the labours, of one whose name is uttered with respect wherever science is cultivated,—who is here to-night to enjoy the honours due to a long career of persevering devotion to knowledge, and to receive, if he will condescend to do so from myself, the expression of my own deep personal regret, that increase of years, which to him, up to this hour, has been but increase of wisdom, should have rendered him, in respect of mere bodily strength, unable to fill on this occasion an office which, in his case, would have received more honour than it could confer. I do regret that any cause should have prevented the present meeting, in his native town, from being associated with the name of Dalton as its president. The council well know my views and wishes in this matter; and that, could my services

¹ As in all similar cases, Dr Dalton printed the paper at his own expense; and therefore its rejection by the Royal Society as worthless, was a blow given to the reputation of its author.

have been available, I would have gladly have served as a door-keeper in any house where the Father of Science in Manchester was enjoying his just pre-eminence.”¹

To the meeting of the chemical section our author presented three Essays, “on Microcosmic Salt;” “on the Phosphates and Arseniates;” and “on a New and Easy Method of Analysing Sugar.” The second of these, which he had previously printed, is the paper which the Royal Society had rejected. The Essay on Microcosmic Salt, and the one on the Analysis of Sugar, had also been printed along with other two, “on the Mixture of the Sulphate of Magnesia with the Biphosphate of Soda,” and “on the quantity of Acids, Bases, and Water in the different varieties of Salts, with a new method of measuring the Water of Crystallization, as well as the Acids and Bases.” In this last paper, and in that on Sugar, we find, as Dr Henry remarks, a discovery of great importance. “He found that certain salts, rendered anhydrous by heat, *when dissolved in water, caused no increase of volume*” (the salt entering into the pores of the water); “and also that salts containing water, when dissolved in a measured quantity of pure water, increased the volume of the solvent by a quantity precisely equal to their constituent water—the solid matter, as before, entering the pores of the water. . . . The solid matter adds to the *weight*, and the water only to the *bulk*.” In the paper on Sugar, Dalton remarks, “that this fact was new to him, and he supposed to others;” and “he considered it the greatest *discovery* that he knew of, next to the Atomic Theory.” Applying the principle to the analysis of sugar, he dissolved 100 grains of sugar in 100 of water, which just melts it. He then found that the two together made precisely 157 grains. The 57 grains of pure water arose out of the sugar, and the 43 grains of sugar remain in, buried invisibly in the pores of the water. The analysis of sugar by Gay Lussac, and Thenard, and Prout, are in accordance with the views of Dalton, which have also been confirmed subsequently by the fine researches of Dr Lyon Playfair and Mr Joule.

During the session 1843-4 of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, Dalton occasionally attended; but he was hardly able, even when leaning on the arm of his friend, Mr Peter Clare, to walk from his own house in Faulkner Street across the two intervening streets. Another slight attack of paralysis occurred on the 20th May 1844, but he was still able to record his meteorological observations. A few weeks after this, he received a vote of thanks from the Literary and Philosophical Society, of which he had been president for twenty-seven years; but his malady speedily returned, and proved fatal

¹ Report of the Twelfth Meeting of the British Association, p. xxxii.

on the 27th July 1844, when he was about to enter his 79th year. On Friday, the 26th of July, he went to his room about nine o'clock, recorded the state of the barometer, thermometer, etc., at that hour. About half-past nine he retired to bed, spent a restless night, but appeared not worse than usual, when his attendant left his bed-side at six o'clock in the morning. Though he had been warned to remain in bed, yet he seems, in making an unavailing effort to rise, to have fallen backwards, and was found with his head on the floor quite lifeless.

With an appreciation of intellectual merit which few communities in England have exhibited, the municipal body and the principal inhabitants of Manchester resolved to honour the memory of their eminent fellow-citizen with a public funeral. Although the Society of Friends, to which he belonged, objected to the measure, the conduct of the funeral was intrusted to the authorities of the town. The remains, deposited in a lead coffin enclosed in one of oak, were placed in an apartment in the Town Hall, hung with black drapery and artificially lighted. Upwards of 40,000 spectators passed through the apartment for some days, many of them but little cognizant of the claims of their deceased townsman.

The funeral took place on the 12th of August. A procession of a hundred carriages, and many hundred persons on foot, accompanied the body to the Ardwick Cemetery, on the south-east side of the city. The streets and the windows were crowded with numberless spectators; 400 of the police were on duty, each wearing a badge of mourning; and nearly all the shops and warehouses in the line of the procession were closed. The grave, to which the remains of a humble and simple philosopher were thus magnificently conducted, was surrounded with a strong railing, enclosing a space about twenty feet square. A tombstone, consisting of a solid red granite pediment and overhanging slab, with the inscription, JOHN DALTON, in large letters, and the date of his birth and death in smaller ones, was erected some years after his death, when the sum of L.5312 was raised by subscription for this and other purposes. He himself had originally set aside L.2000 to establish a chair of Chemistry at Oxford, from which the Atomic Theory, as propounded by himself, should be explained; but a desire to repair the losses sustained by Mr Johns, to show his gratitude to his affectionate friend, Mr Peter Clare, and to Mr Neild, to whose table he had for many years been regularly welcomed, induced him to alter his will. In place of employing any part of the subscription to establish a chair at Oxford, his friends decided upon applying it to an analogous purpose. Owen's College having been founded in Manchester since his death, a large part of the fund has been devoted to the establishment of two Dalton chemical scholarships of L.50, for two years; two Dalton

mathematical scholarships for the same time; Dalton prizes from L.10 to L.25; and a Dalton natural history prize of L.15,—all of which were advertised for competition in 1856.

In his personal appearance Dr Dalton was of middle stature, and of a vigorous muscular frame. A portrait of him by Allen, taken in 1814, in his forty-eighth year, represents him in his manhood. The bust of Chantrey exhibits him at a more advanced age; while a successful portrait by Mr Phillips shows him "when his features had lost much of their chiselled firmness." He has been thought to have had a considerable likeness to Sir Isaac Newton. In their mental powers, too, there were many points of resemblance. With but little imagination or genius, all their discoveries were the result of industry and patient thought. Experiment and observation were their never-failing guides; and when they did venture into the regions of hypothesis, it was with the resolution of subjecting their speculations to the severest scrutiny. In their religious and moral character, too, their resemblance was considerable. In the creed of both are found the great truths of Christian doctrine. Their faith, too, shone in their works; and in their moral nature, justice, generosity, and Christian charity were conspicuous.

Having devoted so much of our space, as we wished to do, to a popular sketch of the life of Dr Dalton, we must endeavour very briefly to give some account of the great discovery with which his name will be for ever associated.

Various opinions have been entertained respecting the constitution of body or matter. Democritus, Epicurus, Bacon, and Newton, have regarded it as composed of indivisible atoms placed at a distance from each other. Boscovich discarded atoms altogether, and regards the elements of matter as physical points which are inextended, and which are the centres of attractive and repulsive forces. This singular hypothesis, though maintained by so distinguished a philosopher as Mr Faraday, is not likely to have many supporters.

In the Atomic hypothesis of Dalton, the particles of bodies are ponderable and indivisible, and they have length, breadth, and thickness, and therefore form; and that hypothesis consists in showing how these particles are combined in various bodies susceptible of chemical analysis. Assuming that every compound body invariably consists of the same components, the first law is that of *definite or constant proportion*. Water, for example, from whatever source it be derived, is composed invariably of 8 parts in weight of *oxygen*, and 1 of *hydrogen*; and common salt, or muriate of soda invariably contains 35 parts of *chlorine*, and 22 of *sodium*. If any other matter is contained in the water or in the salt, it is uncombined or only mechanically mixed with the

water or the salt. This law was known to Bergman, Cavendish, Lavoisier, and others; but was demonstrated by Wenzel, Richter, and Proust.

The *second* law of the Atomic hypothesis is that of *multiple proportion*; a mode of combination in which the higher numbers are multiples of the lowest,—that is, if 8 parts of oxygen combine with any body, $8\frac{1}{2}$ or $8\frac{3}{4}$ cannot combine with the same body: 16 parts of it, or 24 or 32, multiples of 8, must be combined with it before it is saturated. The five compounds of nitrogen and oxygen afford a fine example of this law.

Nitrous oxide consists of	14	nitrogen and	8	oxygen.
Nitric oxide	„	14	„	16
Hyponitrous acid	„	14	„	24
Nitrous acid	„	14	„	32
Nitric acid	„	14	„	40

This law of multiple proportion was certainly discovered by Mr Higgins, Professor of Chemistry in Dublin; but Dalton was not aware of what had been done by his predecessor, and had the merit of establishing the law by numerous analyses, and applying it to various theoretical and practical purposes.

The *third* law of combination has received the name of *reciprocal proportion*,—that is, if 16 parts of sulphur combine with or saturate 8 of oxygen, and if 27 parts of iron saturate 8 of oxygen, 16 parts of sulphur will saturate 27 of iron. This law was discovered by Wenzel, and published in 1777, and was confirmed by numerous analyses by Richter.

The *fourth* law of the Atomic hypothesis is that of *compound proportion*; according to which the combining number, or proportion, of the compound body is the sum of the combining numbers, or proportion, of its components. The combining number of *water*, for example, is 9; but 9 is the sum of the components of *water*, namely, 8 parts of *oxygen* and 1 of *hydrogen*. In like manner, the combining proportion of *marble* is 50, which is the sum of its components, viz., 22 of carbonic acid, and 28 of lime.

These views of chemical combination presented themselves to Dalton in 1803. They were first adopted and explained by Dr Thomas Thomson, and afterwards cordially by Wollaston, and reluctantly by Davy. In France they were welcomed by Gay Lussac, who, in 1809, discovered the law of volumes according to which the gases combine in equal or multiple volumes; and wherever chemistry is studied, the Atomical hypothesis of Dalton, as we are entitled to call it, is universally received and admired “on the twofold ground,” as Dr George Wilson remarks, “of its beauty as a method of expressing the order and symmetry of material nature, and its value as a means of apprehending and inculcating great chemical truths.”

ARTICLE VII.—1. *Œuvres Complètes de Béranger*. Paris, Perrotin.

2. *Mémoires sur Béranger, recueillis et mis en ordre par Savinien Lapointe*. Paris, G. Havard.

3. *Quarante-cinq lettres sur Béranger, et détails sur sa vie publiés par Madame Louise Collet*. Paris, Librairie Nouvelle.

ANECDOTE-MONGERS and collectors of gossip are already busy with Béranger. The French public is anxious to know as much as possible respecting a man with whom they all felt thoroughly identified; they are conscious that the great *chansonnier* was the true embodiment of their thoughts, their passions, and their sympathies; and they almost expect to discover in the secret of his every-day life the spell which made him so essentially, so exclusively—we might say—the poet of France. A few facts have already been collected in the brochures of Madame Louise Collet and M. Savinien Lapointe; a few more may be found scattered hither and thither in the *feuilletons* of the daily newspapers, and, without waiting for the publication of the post-humous works, which M. Perrotin, the bard's editor and friend, has now in the press, we think that we have before us elements enough from which we shall be able to draw, for the benefit of our readers, a sketch of Béranger's life and influence.

Yes, "Béranger," and not "De Béranger"—although the latter appellation is the one sanctioned by the parish-register—but the singer of the French *bourgeoisie* dropped the aristocratic particle at a very early period. We have not been attracted to this article by any great love for, or by warm admiration of, Béranger. His works, however, will long continue to keep alive and to control one of the most powerful political forces now at work in France, which is as surely destined, in the future, to influence the moral condition of that great country, as it has done in the past. And even, as in the case of Burns, when the higher mind of France shall turn away from the loose and licentious effusions of the *chansonnier*, they will continue to influence the lower classes of society, which have ever played such an important part during crises in French politics. It seemed good, then, to devote a few pages to the works quoted above.

The Boswells of the transcendental school are remarkably fond of discovering something symbolical, mysterious, and ominous in the least particulars of a great man's life. Thus they have endeavoured to form a Béranger according to their own pre-conceived notions, and to explain, after the approved formulas of

their dim philosophy, a character than whom none was ever less qualified to discuss metaphysics. We shall not attempt such high-flown notions, but ask from the poet himself the plain truth respecting the year and place of his birth :—

Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt,
Chez un tailleur mon pauvre et vieux grand-père,
Moi nouveau-né. . . .

In plain prose, Pierre-Jean de Béranger was born in Paris, Rue Montorgueil, on August 19th, 1780. Whilst his father was engaged in financial speculations, which seem to have deadened even his parental feelings, the "grand-papa" Champi—a notable tailor by-the-bye—watched over the child, took charge of him entirely, and packed him off to Auxerre under the care of a Burgundy nurse.

It has often been remarked, that the incidents of early childhood leave on our mind a deeper impression than the events of a comparatively later date. Béranger's recollections of his nurse were never very vivid; but, on the other hand, he always remembered his foster-father's care, and found in him the same generous, disinterested affection which characterized the old tailor of the Rue Montorgueil.

"I was five years old," says the poet, "when I returned home. Grand-papa Champi owed several months' nursing; I even think it was more than one year. The foster-father did not ask for his money. On the day when he received the letter which apprised him of our separation, I remember that the intelligence threw the whole cottage into the greatest consternation. The girl cried. There was between the father and mother a rather long discussion on the subject of knowing who should take the child back to Paris. Both declined the task. At last the *père nourricier* accompanied me. John deposited me upon the tailor's work-table, shed a flood of tears as he gave me a parting embrace, and refused to pocket the money which was due to him—'No,' said he to grand-papa Champi, 'it seems as if I were selling you the child.' It was very difficult to comfort the poor fellow."¹

We are unable to ascertain what causes had lessened the receipts of Monsieur Champi, the *maitre tailleur*. Things in general were declining from bad to worse; gloomy forebodings had got possession of every mind; and it is highly probable that few people could go to the expense of providing a satin waistcoat, when famine, bankruptcy, and civil war were threatening France with utter destruction. The fact is, that young Pierre-Jean

¹ Lapointe, p. 22.

was left to do very much as he liked,—that is to say, to neglect his books, cut school, and spend his time with the *gamins* of the neighbourhood, playing at marbles, commenting upon the latest pranks of Monsieur de Mirabeau, or gathering the intelligence about the approaching session of the States-General.

“Papa Champi,”—we quote from the same authority—“who had been unusually harsh with his own children, treated his grandson with the greatest weakness, or rather indulgence. He would not allow anybody to contradict me; every one was to be at my beck and call, ready to execute the commands of *Monsieur son petit fils*. The reason he alleged for such kindness was my extreme debility. The fact is, that I was weak, although a good-looking child; therefore my grandfather had no difficulty in making the whole family acquiesce in his opinion. I was sent to a school in the *cul-de-sac de la Bouteille*. As my grandfather’s house was opposite, I had only the street to cross. The class was held on the first floor. I felt no inclination for books, and often pretended to be ill, in order that I might be kept away. ‘My head aches,’ I used to say, and that was enough; papa Champi, thoroughly frightened, made me stay with him, or perhaps sent me out for a walk, just as I felt inclined, and this infallibly brought about my cure.”¹

If history had not recorded for our benefit the experience of other lads who became illustrious men without going to school, we might well grieve over the truant dispositions of young Béranger. The lad, who was to be in after times Sir Walter Scott, used to spend his time in composing and relating to his companions tales of chivalry, not very long before the period when Champi’s grandson roamed through the streets of Paris in quest of fun. Fun! there was not much of it to be had then; and one day, the rolling noise of artillery, the deafening shouts of the victorious *Gardes Françaises*, and the crash of the gates of the Bastille as they fell, never to rise again—such was the scene which the scholar of the *cul-de-sac de la Bouteille* was called upon to witness.

Pour un captif, souvenir plein de charmes!
J’étais bien jeune; on criait: Vengeons-nous!
A la Bastille! aux armes! vite aux armes!
Marchands, bourgeois, artisans, couraient tous.
Je vois pâlir et la femme et la fille;
Le canon gronde aux rappels du tambour.
Victoire au peuple, il a pris la Bastille!
Un beau soleil a fêté ce grand jour.

The first step in the career of the French Revolution was

¹ Lapointe, pp. 23, 24.

soon followed by that well-known series of events which led to the "Reign of Terror." It had become rather unsafe for a child to run about the streets of Paris, when the cry of "*à la lanterne*" was the order of the day, and when summary execution was soon to be the lot of all those whose republican sentiments had not been thoroughly vouched for by competent *sans-culottes*. Rather than see his grandson swing from a lamp-post, M. Champi made up his mind to part once more with him; and accordingly the boy was despatched to Péronne, where lived an aunt of his, by name Madame Bouvet. This lady, although attached to the principles of the Revolution, was a woman of good principles. Her occupation (she was an *aubergiste* or inn-keeper) left her time to cultivate her taste for literature; and she had a small library, to which her nephew enjoyed free and unrestricted access. Unfortunately, together with the works of Racine, Fénelon, and Corneille, this collection contained the more objectionable productions of Voltaire; and young Béranger devoured these with all the avidity of a boy who had been taught to hail in the *philosophe de Ferney*, the regenerator of the human race. The now hackneyed anecdote of the storm proves how speedily free-thinking principles can take root in the heart, and blight, under their withering effect, every sentiment of awe for the power of God.

In the meanwhile, the doctrines of Voltaire and of the "Encyclopédie," reduced into practice by the Lycurgi and the Dracos of the French Republic, had given rise to a style of literature which was assiduously cultivated by all the young generation. "Patriotic institutes"—species of debating societies—were springing up on all sides. In the "Patriotic Institute" of Péronne, the young alumni were taught the "Rights of Man," the "Republican Calendar," and the art of composition, illustrated by addresses to Tallien, Robespierre, and Collot d'Herbois. Béranger seems to have in a very short time qualified himself as an accomplished club-orator; and it is said that he was sadly annoyed when his aunt removed him from the patriotic care of *citoyen* Ballue-Bellanglise, the founder of the club, to the less noisy but more useful protection of a printer, M. Laisney, who, together with the means of earning an honest livelihood, gave him the opportunity of completing, or rather of carrying on, his education.

J'ai fait ici plus d'un apprentissage,
A la paresse, hélas! toujours enclin.
Mais je me crus des droits au nom de sage,
Lorsqu'on m'apprit le métier de Franklin.

"I had," says Béranger, "such an idea of a printing-office,
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that I entered it, as I would have done a temple, bare-headed. But the leaders of the locality not possessing either all the peaceful virtues or the classic language which I fondly imagined they had at their command, I was obliged to modify very much my opinion of them; I could not get reconciled to kicks and cuffs. *Maman Bouvet* took me away. I had learnt very little of the printer's craft, except the art of making paper caps, in which I was pre-eminently successful."

In the meanwhile, matters had gone on rather doubtfully with *M. de Béranger père*. Deeply engaged in the Royalist movement, and firmly convinced of the approaching return of the Bourbon family, the old gentleman was anticipating the total discomfiture of sans-culottism, and for himself, as a small acknowledgment of his services, an appointment at Versailles—some wand of office, with, perhaps, the rights of *grandes* and *petites entrées*, and what else besides? In the midst of all these dreams, down tumbles Pierre-Jean, the journeyman printer, quite as deeply enthusiastic for the cause of the Republic, most clever at making paper caps, singing "*le chant du départ*," and repeating with marked emphasis the famous lines of his favourite poet:—

"Les prêtres ne sont pas ce qu'un vain peuple pense;
Notre crédulité fait toute leur science."¹

The progress of the Revolution speedily overturned the Royalist's hopes. Instead of enjoying the *entrées* both great and small, he was arrested and ignominiously thrown into the prison of the Temple, as many others had been before him; and when he was at last released, it was only to have the mortification of seeing General Bonaparte at the Tuileries, and himself totally ruined. He died soon after, at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. Such a catastrophe would have damped the spirits of any other but the *chansonnier in posse*: after the visions of twenty franc pieces piled up in neat little columns, and bank-notes spread out in layers twelve or fourteen deep, to fall down to a dry crust of bread and a glass of water! Why, *citoyen* Ballue-Bellanglisse himself, with all his patriotism, could not have stood it. Fortunately, by the interests of Arnault, whose friendship he had made, he got an appointment to an office, to which a small salary was attached.

But before the appointment of Béranger to a clerkship in the offices of the University, he had already attracted the notice of Lucian Bonaparte, whose independent character, at a time when moral degradation was the general rule, cannot too much be praised. He sent for Béranger; talked with him for a long time on his position, his wishes, and his works; encouraged him to

¹ Voltaire.

persevere in the career of literature; and when his own liberal opinions had brought down upon him the displeasure of the Emperor, and obliged him to withdraw to Rome, he made over to Béranger the salary he received as Member of the French Institute, accompanying the kind present with the following letter:—

“Je vous prie d’accepter mon traitement de l’Institut, et je ne doute pas que si vous continuez de cultiver votre talent par le travail, vous ne soyez un des ornements de notre Parnasse. Soignez surtout le rythme; ne cessez pas d’être hardi, mais soyez plus élégant.”

We need scarcely say that Béranger never forgot the Mécenas whose timely and considerate assistance had shed a bright light over the beginning of his literary life, and relieved him from the pressure of actual want. “The recollection of my benefactor,” said he, “will follow me to the tomb.”

Our readers, of course, will ask, what were the songs which Béranger had composed at that period—what were the subjects of his satire? Against what abuses in Church or State had he directed his shafts? Béranger was not yet a *chansonnier*,—at least he was not known as such. His first production, “The Garland of Roses,” published at Péronne in 1797, consisted of small pieces in the style of Parny and Dorat. Besides that, he had begun an epic poem on the subject of Clovis, and composed several odes on religious themes, written in a style which, certainly, would not have led any one to anticipate in their author the same Béranger who was shortly afterwards to compose *Pailasse, le Marquis de Carabas*, and *Les Révérends Pères*. M. de Chateaubriand had published his *Génie du Christianisme*, and it is curious to notice the influence upon a writer whose greatest reputation is unfortunately derived from a systematic contempt for religion. The following lines, reprinted in the preface to the Complete Works, and taken from a poem, entitled *Méditation*, strike us as exceedingly interesting. The reader, in order to appreciate them better, must bear in mind, that at the time when they were written (1802), M. de Lamartine had not yet begun to sing, and that the artificial and flimsy poetry of Delille was still considered as the *ne plus ultra* of fine writing.

Au milieu des tombeaux qu’environerait la nuit,
Ainsi je méditais par leur silence instruit.
Les fils viennent ici se réunir aux pères
Qu’ils n’y retrouvent plus, qu’ils y portaeint naguères,
Disais-je, quand l’éclat des premiers feux du jour
Vint du chant des oiseaux ranimer ce séjour.
Le soleil voit, du haut des voûtes éternelles,
Passer dans les palais des familles nouvelles;
Familles et palais, il verra tout périr!

Il a vu mourir tout, tout renaitre et mourir,
 Vu des hommes, produits de la cendre des hommes,
 Et, lugubre flambeau du sépulcre où nous sommes,
 Lui-même, à ce long deuil fatigué d'avoir lui,
 S'éteindra devant Dieu, comme nous devant lui.

These lines, and such as these, were running through Béranger's imagination, whilst twice a-day he walked over the distance which separated his small *appartement de garçon* from the office, where his services as a clerk were remunerated at the rate of eighty pounds per annum;¹ and sometimes, as he met on the way the then king of song, Desaugiers, with an expression half of contempt, half of jealousy, he was wont to mutter between his teeth: "Well! well! I could write songs quite as well as you do, if I liked; only there are those poems of mine!"

One morning, M. de Fontanes, grand-master of the French University under Napoleon, received an anonymous letter, in which he was warned that one of his clerks, Béranger by name, instead of earning conscientiously the salary bestowed upon him by the munificence of Government, spent his time in composing songs. And *what* songs! The notorious *Roi d'Yvetot* was enclosed as a specimen. It seemed certainly bold in a young man, circumstanced as Béranger then happened to be, to read a lecture of moderation to Napoleon-le-grand. The cautious M. de Fontanes thought so; he forthwith took the manuscript and submitted it to his Imperial Majesty.

The date of "*le Roi d'Yvetot*" is 1813. Napoleon had gained the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen, but still he saw that his power was waning; and it is by no means unnatural to suppose that at that time he found it prudent not to disregard that longing for peace which was manifesting itself throughout the country. At all events, Béranger, tacitly allowed to rhyme just as he pleased, followed up his satire on the Emperor by another set of stanzas called *Le Sénateur*; and when the dignitaries of that grave body complained to Napoleon of the liberty taken with their character and morality, the answer was:—"Gentlemen, I have had no objection to the *Roi d'Yvetot*; you have permitted it to be sung. May I, in my turn, ask the same favour for *le Sénateur*?"

The sarcastic spirit of Béranger was not satisfied with the opportunity supplied by poetry, and the natural accompaniment of a popular time. It must needs express itself in plain prose, and reflect on the excesses of despotic power in the very drawing-room of M. de Fontanes. One evening a rather obsequious *employé*, anxious, no doubt, to make a strong profession of imperialism, exclaimed:—"Alexander alone could tame Bucephalus;

¹ He began with forty-four pounds, and never rose higher than a salary of two thousand francs.

no one but Napoleon the Great would be able to rule over France." "Oh! oh!" answered Béranger, who had overheard the remark, "do you compare France to Bucephalus? A donkey would have been a better simile; for then it would tell you, perhaps, on what part the saddle galls it." This was carrying plain speaking somewhat too far; the chansonnier received a sound lecture in consequence.

Whilst the star of the victor of Austerlitz was thus sinking gradually below the horizon,—whilst the general anxiety was increasing, and disaffection and treason were surely hastening the disorganization of the empire,—songs still sparkled at intervals, and *chansonniers*, when not engaged in rhyming about political subjects, would run riot in bacchanalian strains, too often without the slightest respect for the laws of morality and religion. The celebrated societies which met at the *Caveau*, the *Cadran bleu*, and the *Moulin de beurre*, had not yet assumed a political character; they were merely festive associations, periodical gatherings of free-livers, who amply proved that they deserved the celebrated qualification of Horace, *Epicuri de grege porcum*. There Desaugiers, Armand Gouffé, Dumersan, and a thousand others, used to meet; twelve hundred persons busily plied the knife and fork around tables spread out in the open air; and when the chairman had given the signal towards the end of the repast, Anacreons sprung up in every direction, under the influence of champagne and chambertin, and song followed song in quick succession.

Some persons may perhaps accuse us of being unnecessarily squeamish, because we decline, in this review, even alluding to those licentious effusions which have disgraced the genius of Béranger. But we would ask this plain question, in the words of a modern critic:—"Can a man sing what he would not dare to say, and is rhyme a sufficient safe-conduct for licentiousness?" We are still wondering how men, whom their talent raises above the multitude—men of noble sentiments, if we can judge from the average of their writings—could degrade themselves so far as to disclose to the public, without any shame, the secret of their most ignoble thoughts! What dignity can *he* show in private life who has thus surrendered himself, and who, to speak like Phædrus, *stulti nudavit animi conscientiam*? It is in vain for Béranger to tell us, as an excuse, that "*les gens véritablement sages, toujours indulgents, pardonment des écarts à la gaité, et permettent à l'innocence de sourire*;" we are still of opinion, with the same critic, that "bad words, to whatever tune they are sung, are bad actions." Molière, La Fontaine, are also often adduced as authorities; but the talent which these great writers have unfortunately shown in describing objectionable scenes, and casting ridicule upon the most sacred ties, only serves to prove how

generally the consciousness of morality has been deadened and blunted in France. That Molière's *Amphitryon* should have been performed under the sanction of Louis XIV., and that La Fontaine's *Fables* should have been the favourite book of the fine ladies of that monarch's court, cannot be quoted as the justification of Béranger. We quite resign ourselves to the imputation of over-strictness, when we say that morality would gain much, and literature would sustain little loss, were all the *chansonniers*'s Anacreontic effusions destroyed.

"Mes chansons, c'est moi," said Béranger. We find, therefore, as one of the constituent parts of his moral character, a kind of refined Epicurism, which forms the subject of most of his early productions, and which led him to consider life as a sort of dream, which we must while away as pleasantly as possible. This feature, however strongly marked in the first *recueil*, became gradually weaker and weaker; the satirical element, on the contrary, acquired more extension, until it pervaded the whole of the latter songs; and Béranger could say at last, with much truth,—

Ma gaité s'en est allée ;
Sage ou fou qui la rendra
A ma pauvre âme isolée ;
Dieu l'en récompensera.

Here we may note a striking difference between Béranger and the *chansonniers* who immediately preceded him. In the works of Desaugiers, Panard, Collé, and Vadé, there are certainly here and there some satirical passages—a few stanzas which evidence great powers of observation, and an unquestionable talent for seizing and jotting down the ridicules and vices of society; but still with them the song, taking it as a whole, is merely the effusion of a voluptuary. Béranger, on the contrary, goes further and deeper: he begins with a song, he goes on with a satire; he first puts on his head a chaplet of roses, but speedily exchanges it for the warrior's helmet; instead of the bauble which he first sported with, we find in his hand a drawn sword, or the avenging whip of Nemesis. In a word, Béranger, like Paul Louia Courier, his contemporary and his perfect parallel, was the most complete embodiment of what has been called *l'esprit Gaulois*,—that indescribable assemblage of qualities in which we find united the voluptuous tendencies of Chaulieu, the wit of Voltaire, and the *frondeur* disposition of every *bourgeois de Paris*. Béranger's poems form the most interesting and curious collection of documents on the history of France since the Restoration; and the philosophical reader can study in them the struggle between the Liberal opposition and the government of the Bourbons, quite as

accurately as he can trace, in the celebrated *Recueil de Maurepas*,¹ the feeling of the nation towards the absolutism of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the irritation of the parliaments, and the corruption of the court. Molière's *Mascarille* speaks of "mettre en madrigaux toute l'histoire Romaine;" Béranger's *Recueil* might properly be entitled, "The history of my own time set to music."

Our poet had never felt any sympathy for the brilliant though heavy despotism of the Empire; and his song of *Le Roi d'Yvetot* proves how opposed he was to that spirit of conquest and of ambition which ended in Waterloo.

But when the disasters of 1814 brought into France the allied armies,—when, after a long and desperate conflict, the Bourbon rule was re-established, and, along with it, all the reactionary principles, all the musty old traditions which the people had thought gone for ever since the storming of the Bastille,—then Napoleon's unbridled ambition was forgotten; his name became the watch-word of the Liberals, who acknowledged in him, as Béranger says, "le représentant de l'égalité victorieuse;" and the French people, always so fond of military glory, contrasted the triumphal progress of the tricolor flag with the ridiculous pretensions of those effete *gentilhommes*, who had carried back from the land of exile nothing but their prejudices and their utter ignorance of the political wants of the nation. The celebrated song, *les Gaulois et les Francs*, written in 1814, was launched forth as an appeal to union against the occupation of the country by foreign troops.

Even during the first months which followed the accession of Louis XVIII., Béranger advocated a system of conciliation. He saw very clearly all the difficulties which the King had to contend against, and he perceived that, personally, the monarch was determined to secure for the country those inviolable rights which the Charter itself proclaimed, and which had been purchased at the cost of so much suffering:—

Louia, dit-on, fut sensible
Aux malheurs de ces guerriers,
Dont l'hiver le plus terrible
A seul flétri les lauriers.
Près des lis qu'ils soutiendront,
Ces lauriers reverdiront.

But the prestige was not of long duration. The *émigrés* of the reactionary coterie, surrounding the king, and overpowering the cabinet, were loudly calling for the recovery of their privileges, and parading about their scutcheons, newly furbished up.

¹ This curious MS. collection of songs and squibs is about to be published by the well-known projector of the *Bibliothèque Electrique*, M. JANNET.

Who is that pompous-looking personage, with knee-breeches, a bag-wig, and a laced three-cornered hat, elbowing his way through the *salons* of the Tuileries, and looking down superciliously upon a Conegliano, a Gouvion Saint Cyr, a Macdonald? Béranger will tell you:—

Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Gloire au Marquis de Carabas!

The moment could not better be chosen for a satirist. Béranger began by sending in his resignation of the post he still occupied at the University, and then issued his first *recueil de chansons*. King, ministers, fleurs de lys, white flag, State religion, Jesuits, and Bourbon government, were unsparingly held up to the ridicule of the nation. Béranger was twice tried for attacks upon the Government, and offences against public morality. The first time, he was condemned to three months' imprisonment and to a small fine,

Malgré l'éloquence sublime
De Dupin qui nous parla!

"Oh!" remarked some friend, "it is very kind of you to call Dupin's eloquence *sublime*." "Certainly," was the answer, "Dupin often rises to the sublime. Yes, he does get up to the clouds; only, I don't know how he manages, for when he comes down, he is always covered with mud." Seven years after, Béranger selected for his counsel M. Barthe, who became Minister of Justice under Louis Philippe. Still, condemnation was unavoidable, and the court pronounced a sentence of nine months' imprisonment, and a fine of 10,000 francs (400 pounds). This sum was immediately paid by M. Bérard and a few other friends of the poet.

Meanwhile the celebrated songs had speedily found their way into the heart of the whole population. Napoleon's veteran grenadiers shed tears whilst repeating the stanzas of "*le Cing Mai*;" the song of the "*Sacre de Charles Simple*" was whistled about the streets by the impudent little "*gamins*," in defiance of the judicial verdict.

Béranger had evidently struck the right cord. And here let us notice other strongly marked features of his productions, and which are essentially French. The first is that longing after political equality—the dream of "Young France." In this respect, as in many others, Béranger had identified himself completely with the majority: he was their spokesman; his songs were the living expression of their feelings, and for that reason his name had become "a household word."

Why was Béranger so enthusiastically fond of Napoleon?

Why did he sing so constantly "*le petit caporal*," and take "*la redingote grise*" as his guiding star? It is because he saw in the dictator's rule the triumph of equality.¹ "*Comme l'égalité*," he said, "*visible sous les uniformes et les croix d'honneur était à l'armée occupée à faire le siège des vieilles aristocraties de privilège et de droit divin, le peuple suivait avec amour ce soldat victorieux, porté sur le pavois de la Révolution.*"

In his view of the relation in which we stand to another world, Béranger was essentially French. You will find nothing in Montaigne, Molière, La Fontaine, and the popular writers of France, but a vague Deism, which, rising occasionally to the expression of truly noble sentiments, is more usually of a very sensual character, and easily reconcilable to that Epicurism which sees everything, even the tomb, *couleur de rose*, through the sparkling transparency of a bottle of champagne. The famous song "*Le Dieu des bonnes gens*," may be said to contain the articles of the *chansonnier's* creed; and what creed! or rather, what utter inability to understand the great questions about God, the soul, and eternity!

When some serious voice talks to him of the last day, and of the dissolution of all things, does he then at least reflect a little, and examine whether after all the teaching of religion is not likely to be true? No! "*quelle erreur!*" he exclaims:—

" . . . quelle erreur! Non, Dieu n'est point colère;
S'il créa tout, à tout il sert d'appui."

The great mistake in unbelievers has ever been, the identification of Christianity with that corrupt form of religion which has mixed with the truth the grossest errors, and enforced subscription to these errors by terror and violence. Unfortunately, in France there have been very little means of ascertaining that the identification is not real; and when an allusion is made to the doctrines of the Bible, the immediate answer is, What! believe that the consecrated wafer has been transformed into God himself!—that the *capucins indignes* are the pillars of the Church!—that the doors of purgatory can fly open at the trifling expense of a couple of crowns!—We are, it is true, ordered to accept these doctrines not only as the decrees of the Church, but also in our capacity as private citizens. If we do not attend mass regularly, *gensdarmes* will drive us thither; if we cannot prove that we have received the priest's absolution, we shall lose our office or our employment; if we eat eggs and butter in Lent, beware of Sainte Pélagie and of Monsieur le Procureur du Roi!—Well, we shall conform to all this; we shall subscribe the doctrine of

¹ Lapointe, p. 49.

transubstantiation, frequent the confessional, lay in a stock of salt fish for proper seasons; and, with all that, we shall, like true *frondeurs*, repeat that

Des deux clefs de notre bon pape,
L'une du ciel ouvre la trappe;
Et l'autre aux griffes du légat
Ouvre les coffres de l'état.¹

In countries where an enforced State-religion is the exclusive rule, unbelief and profanity often, or rather generally, become the necessary elements of political opposition.

We must hasten with the few remaining observations we have to make respecting Béranger's biography. During the period extending from 1820 to the end of his life, he was the real monarch in France, for he had on his side public opinion; and the opposition which he carried on was the expression of the wishes of the multitude. He saw that the government of the Bourbons had in it no element of stability, because it was conducted in defiance of the spirit of the age; and the intriguers, who aimed at ruling in the name both of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X., utterly disregarding the new direction given to ideas by the principles of 1789, were dreaming of a return to worn-out institutions and customs. Whilst Paul Louis Courier in his "Simple Discours," his "Pamphlet des Pamphlets," and his other brochures, was reviving in all its point and pungency the spirit of Pascal,—whilst the palmy days of the Provincial Letters seemed to have returned with the lampoons of the Tourangeau vigneron, Béranger knocked down the pillars of the Old Monarchy as it were in sport, and the echo of his strains caused the worm-eaten institutions to fall to pieces. His strong common sense served him more than his very genius; and he had over Courier the advantage which rhyme gives, even merely considered as a help to memory. It is impossible to sing a pamphlet; but put a lampoon into verse, adapt it to a popular tune, and, like the electric spark, it flies in a minute from one end of the country to the other.

Béranger was the poet of the bourgeoisie. When the Revolution of 1830 had brought the bourgeoisie to the throne, he understood that his political career was finished, and remained silent. After that time he might easily, had he thought proper, obtained every dignity which the most ambitious can covet; but he knew too well the price of independence, and he preferred remaining unfettered, enjoying the right of his *franco-parler*. M. Lafitte offered him the most brilliant situation; his friend Manuel left him his heir; he received propositions equally

¹ Les chantages de paroisses.

honourable to the persons who made them, and to him who was the object of them. But all in vain :

Un ministre vet m'enrichir,
Sans que l'honneur ait à gauchir,
Sans qu'au *Moniteur* on m'affiche.

This last trait refers to an anecdote related by M. Lapointe in his biography. General Sebastiani, then Minister of War, and dangerously ill, received one day a visit from Béranger. "Ah ! my dear friend," said the old soldier to the poet, "I am very ill. Come, my dear Béranger, we must do something for our friends. I declare to you that I shall not die quietly if I leave you in poverty behind me. Madame de Praslin has a fortune of her own ; therefore it will not be doing any injustice to my children. Listen ; I have there in my bureau a few small savings, about two hundred thousand francs, let us divide them." It is an old friend, an old soldier, who offers you this ; and I swear, on my cross of honour, that no one shall know the pleasure you will have done me in accepting this small present." The poet refused.

Béranger, it is well known, was twice elected a member of the Legislative Assembly which met in consequence of the events of 1848, and twice he declined the honour bestowed upon him.

The last years of the *chansonnier's* life were spent by him in the enjoyment of the reputation he had earned by his writings, and in the practice of acts of kindness and munificence which, in the case of candidates to literary fame, were uniformly accompanied by a few words of excellent advice. M. Lapointe's volume is full of interesting anecdotes of that description ; and although want of space prevents us from indulging in any further lengthened quotation, we cannot help transcribing, for the benefit of young *littérateurs*, the following sensible piece of advice :—"Beware of illusions ; write, compose poetry, sing, but take some employment, and never forsake work. Let poetry be for you only a recreation, a *passé-temps*. Unless a man is helped on by circumstances of an extraordinary nature, he gains by writing nothing beyond a foolish reputation, which leads him to the work-house or the arms of misery."¹ On the 16th of July Pierre-Jean de Béranger breathed his last, and, true to his old views, declined receiving the sacraments of the Church to which he nominally belonged.

From the remarks we have made, our readers will have no difficulty in perceiving what opinion we entertain of Béranger's songs. As literary compositions, some of them have already taken their place amongst the masterpieces which genius has

¹ Lapointe, p. 242.

produced. Each chanson is a complete drama in itself, well-proportioned, and finished off with all the care of a consummate artist.

The *chansonnier* was self-taught, and the only poet with whom we can fitly compare him is Burns. The Scottish minstrel, however, had a far finer perception of the beauties of nature, and far deeper sympathies with the highest aspirations of the soul, than Béranger.

To conclude. Literary powers, poetic genius, and a classical taste, are not all that we should look for, even in a writer of songs. Victor Hugo says somewhere, that "a poet has also the cure of souls." This, we believe, is true; and, if it be true, what must we think of him who disregards the most common ideas of morality? What must we think of the patriot who, after having celebrated in his strains the ennobling love of the father-land, condescends to disgrace his pen by appealing to the grossest passions and most degrading appetites? As an excuse, Béranger says, that "*sans ce folles inspirations de la jeunesse, mes couplets politiques n'auraient per aller si loin.*" For our part, we refuse to think so ill of our neighbours as to suppose that they cannot accept patriotism unless when it walks hand in hand with licentiousness. The imputation is an insult; but if it were true, it would only lower our opinion of the French, without increasing our esteem for Béranger.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Early Travels in Palestine, comprising the Narratives of Arculf, Willibald, Bernard, etc.* Edited, with Notes, by THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. London: Bohn.
2. *Biblical Researches in Palestine and the Adjacent Nations; a Journal of Travels in the years 1838 and 1852.* By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D. Second edition, in 3 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1856.
3. *Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M.A. London: John Murray. 1856.
4. *The Desert of Sinai: being Notes of a Spring Journey from Cairo to Beersheba.* By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. Second edition. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1857.
5. *The Holy Places: a Narrative of Two Years' Residence in Jerusalem and Palestine.* By H. L. DUPUIS. Two vols. London: Hurst and Blacket. 1856.
6. *The Tent and the Khan: a Journey to Sinai and Palestine.* By ROBERT WALTER STEWART, D.D. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons. 1857.
7. *Tent Life in the Holy Land.* By WILLIAM C. PRIME. London: Sampson Low, Son and Co. 1857.
8. *The Land of Promise, being Notes of a Spring Journey from Beersheba to Sidon.* By HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. London: J. Nisbet and Co. 1857.

MOST annalists can identify the localities over which their story rests; so that the two things, story and scene, like soul and body, being honestly knit together and fitted into each other, make up a substantial whole, a genuine historical being,—not only not lacking in any essential part or feature, but possessed of a sufficient amount of clothing and drapery to satisfy the reader that it really is the very piece of authenticity and life which it professes to be.

History has always sought to bring the two things together, at whatever cost or toil; and the annalist, who knows his office and mission, has invariably manifested an uneasiness, a sensitive consciousness of failure, when unable to achieve this union.

In many cases, however, the attempt at union has broken down, or been at once abandoned as hopeless. The two parts have, in the run of ages, been so thoroughly severed, that with our present amount of information and research, reknitting

is impossible. It is not that both parts have been found, but cannot be brought together, so that

“They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which have been rent asunder:”

it is, that *one* has totally perished. One, indeed, is found,—entire enough, it may be, after its own kind; but its fellow is wanting. There is no “dreary sea” flowing between the sundered cliffs, but a stormy ocean, that has succeeded in wearing down and engulfing perhaps the mightier and more majestic of the two. Sometimes it is the *site*, sometimes it is the *story*, that is amissing,—the survivor ill at ease, if not disconsolate, without its mate. The story, when it outlives the site, seems to hover, like one of Ossian’s ghosts, over cities and regions, uncertain where to alight, or, indeed, whether it be possible or wise to alight at all. That Homer was born, and that he was born somewhere upon the face of the broad earth, is admitted by all, save those whose vocation is, not to find truth in fable, as in Esop’s manlier days, but fable in truth, as in Strauss’ less upright age. But for the birth-place itself we search in vain; and the old name still hovers, as it has done for ages, over the seven cities of Greece, unable in any of them to fix its home. The site, when it survives the story, lies cold, inexpressive, soul-less, like some corpse cast ashore from wreck which has no friend to recognise it, or some skeleton discovered in an unnamed and unknown sarcophagus. Who that has explored the wonders of Elora,—that magnificent Indian excavation that casts Petra into the shade,—has not eagerly asked for its history; and, standing in the vast rock-hewn hall of Key-las, has not felt surprised, almost ashamed, that the annals of that wondrous memorial of ancient science, strength, and riches,—city, palace, temple, all in one,—should have perished from the earth! That which, on a smaller scale, we feel when gazing on Stonehenge, or the round towers of Ireland, or the rude stone-circles of Shetland, or the Jebel-Kheim of Malta, or the Obelisk of Heliopolis, or even the Pyramids of Ghizeh and Sakharah,—we are made to feel, on a much larger scale, and in a more impressive manner, when looking at the marble-blocks of Goura, the cave-temples of Kennery, or Carlee, or Mavalipuram, the ruins of Bejapûr (the Palmyra of the Deccan), or Petra the rock-city of Edom, or Yucatan with its constellation of forest-buried cities. From all these the history has perished. There they moulder;—bodies, out of which the soul has fled;—harp-frames, whose strings have been torn away.

The antiquarian or historical student,—nay, even the general reader of history or antiquities,—will be thoroughly conscious of the truth of these remarks. Of such students or readers we find

two classes,—the one the counterpart or converse of the other; both most important, and reciprocally helpful.

One class is seeking sites for histories; the other is seeking histories for sites.

The former go forth, with their finger in the well-replenished volume, in quest of localities which they desire to look upon and examine, as well as name, and into which they would fain fit the hundred floating items of authentic narrative or semi-authentic tradition. The latter betake themselves to some old ruin, whose *name* reveals nothing beyond some local incident or shadowy legend, but which does itself, in its every nook and tower and pillar, bear the most living marks of having once had a story; a story in every stone; a story which, though long lost, must evidently have been no common one; a story which the traveller longs to resuscitate, and on the recovery of which he would gladly bestow a life-time's research. These two classes, though often separate, sometimes unite in one individual, who, both as historian and antiquary, carries on the two lines conjunctly: at one time searching out localities for his narratives, and at another, narratives for his localities.

The exactest specimens of these classes are, perhaps, to be found in books of Eastern travel. The number of these works is very great, almost incredible. But they fall, with sufficient exactness, under the above twofold subdivision,—needing only this further remark, that the Syrian traveller is generally, though not without exceptions, the man seeking sites for histories, and the Egyptian traveller the man seeking histories for sites.¹ Not with Egypt, however, do we mean at present to concern ourselves, save in passing, great as are the attractions of Abu-Sembel, Karnac, Luxor, and the Necropolis of Sakharah,—of which last the discoverer Mariette has taken possession in the name of France, and which he would fain keep under lock and key as an antiquarian *preserve* of his own. We must not linger by the Nile, that most majestic of all noble streams, with its varied fringes of sand and verdure, of palm and tamarisk, of hut and palace, of pyramid, obelisk, temple, and mountain. We must leave, on the right, its fair waters, enlivened and beautified with the gleam of a hundred sails, moving gaily through the sunshine that lies in such joyous tranquillity upon its burnished waves.

We might sail or steam up the river to feed our wonder upon the gigantic temple-ruins that strew its banks,—from Ghizeh to Denderah, Edfü, and Eswân,—with their white limestone or

¹ The old travellers in Palestine are mere retailers of ecclesiastical legends. Their sites and their histories are for the most part traditional, and often purely fictitious. Felix Fabri (A.D. 1483), whose travels fill three Latin octavos, is decidedly the best of them. His narrative is minute and lively.

purple granite. But the travellers whose works head our article have not taken this route ; so, leaving the Nile-boat or railway at Bulak, we strike eastward, tracking their footsteps. There is one advantage for this, at least to ourselves ; we shall be saved the toil of seeking histories for sites, and shall have the easier and perhaps more lively occupation of finding sites for histories.

Long before the traveller reaches Bulak, whether by boat or train, he is struck with the increasing fertility of the region through which he is moving. Alexandria, in spite of its gardens and palm-plantations, would seem by all accounts to have a dreary, barren aspect ; and for miles around, the country is said to look pale and scorched,—a region of sandy flats or monotonous undulations. But, as he sweeps eastward and southward, the sand gives place to the black soil ; verdure is becoming luxuriant ; and he feels that he has entered on a territory whose superior fruitfulness is not of yesterday,—a territory which, in spite of neglect and unskilfulness, still retains the evidence of having once been the garden, or at least the pastureland of Egypt. The question immediately rises, “Is not this Goshen ?” Nor can there be much hesitation in answering the question affirmatively. This district of Lower Egypt must have formed part of the rich territory granted by Pharaoh to the sons of Jacob. It would be rash to attempt to mark the boundaries of the region. There are no relics of Israel anywhere to be found. Nor can the Egyptian cities, with which Israel’s history stands connected in this quarter, be identified. Hence one can only speak generally, and say, Somewhere on this most eastern branch of the Nile,—somewhere between this and the “Wilderness of Shur,”—must Goshen have been ; and though you cannot mark off its outlines, nor map out its geographical details, you can say that this fruitful tract of Nile-watered soil was the very land on which Israel fed their flocks, and where they multiplied and grew. At the same time, it is to be remembered that this district has not been explored, and is perhaps less known than the more distant and inaccessible parts of Upper Egypt. Its interest is wholly Biblical, or, we might say, wholly Jewish. It has no stupendous ruins nor stately pyramids to attract the eye of the traveller or antiquarian. Hence it lies to this day unexplored. The traveller, hastening southward to Upper Egypt, or eastward to the Desert, gives it a passing glance,—says, “Yes, that must have been Goshen,” and goes upon his way to more showy scenes and more imposing regions. Let the next Egyptian traveller take a reviewer’s counsel, and pass more leisurely through this unknown territory. Let him not grudge to lay out a few weeks upon it. He may obtain a richer prize than he thinks. But the railway between Alexandria and Cairo, which

whirls him past the ancient pasturage of Jacob's sons, is not likely to stimulate such efforts at discovery. Affording such facilities of transit to Upper Egypt, and abridging the distance between Alexandria and Cairo from three days to seven hours, it tempts the traveller to hurry at once beyond the Delta, and to spend his weeks or months amid the ruins of Luxor or Karnak.

We note, then, this region between the Lower Nile and the Eastern Desert as one yet to be explored. It is Goshen most certainly; but no one has yet fully traversed and adequately searched it.

Dr Robinson's statements as to the locality of this Biblical region are brief, but satisfactory, though little is added to the information already possessed.¹ He did not traverse this region, but made careful inquiry respecting it when at Cairo. The modern province of *esh-Shurkiyeh*, "extending from near *Abu Zâbel* to the sea, and from the Desert to the former Tanaitic branch of the Nile," is at this day reckoned the most fertile in Egypt, and it is here that the ancient Goshen must have lain. In the middle of the fourteenth century this district possessed 383 towns and villages, and was valued at a million and a half of dinars, showing that in that age it was one of the most valuable districts of the land. To the present day it retains its high value, and is said to yield the largest revenue of all the Pasha's provinces. Without determining how far north Goshen extended, and whether it took in Heliopolis or the district around Cairo, we must keep in mind its position relative to the Desert, into which it once sent, in such haste, its two millions and a half of alien population. Goshen lay alongside of the Desert,—say at least some sixty or seventy miles,—without intervening mountain, or stream, or sea, or frontier stronghold of the Pharaohs. A march into the Desert was to Israel a very easy and simple thing. Taking with them food and water, they could have started at once eastward, and been soon beyond the reach of "Busiris and his Memphian chivalry." Pharaoh might no doubt have pursued; possibly dashed in among the unarmed rear with his chariots; but he could not have *intercepted* them. They would have been encamped in the Desert before he could have heard the news of their departure.

It is this that is the true key to the question of their passage over the Red Sea.

It is usually assumed, that, from the position in which they were in Goshen, they could not help crossing that sea in order

¹ "Biblical Researches," vol. i., pp. 52-54. See also Dr Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i., pp. 98-101; Dr Stewart's "Tent and Khan," pp. 29-33. Mr Stanley refers very generally to Goshen, pp. xxviii. xxix.

to reach the Desert. This would have been the case had Goshen lain somewhere between Cairo and Thebes. In that case, they would have pushed forward with all haste northward, in order to turn the flank of the Mukattem range at Cairo, and get round the tongue of the Red Sea at Suez, into the wilderness. But Goshen was far *north* of Suez, and by its proximity to the Desert, furnished them with a way of immediate escape out of Egypt. Instead of availing themselves of this, however, they march *southward*, not *eastward*,—that is, they marched in such a direction as *not to escape*. either from the sea or from Pharaoh, which they might have done, but, to throw themselves between both. Before this southward march, escape was a simple enough process, merely demanding expedition and order; after this, escape became not only difficult but impossible, save by some supernatural interference to extricate them from the meshes of that net into which they had deliberately thrust themselves. A people ignorant of the country, and following a leader as ignorant as themselves, might have committed this tremendous and fatal blunder. But they had lived for generations on the borders of the Eastern Desert, and, therefore, knew it well; their leader was one who knew the southern as well as the eastern district of the peninsula, for he had been at Horeb before this; and, besides, the road between Egypt and the Desert was thoroughly well known in those days, when the mines of Magharah and Surabit-el-Khadem were worked by the Pharaohs; so that Israel's divergence from the natural road, which was one of comparative safety, and their selection of another, which was not only not the way to their destination, but one of hopeless and overwhelming peril, is something which has not yet been accounted for on any of those principles either of wisdom, or strategy, or daring, which the history of great emergencies does sometimes exhibit. It was this divergence from the proper track, and the apparent madness of that southward movement, which deliberately threw the Red Sea between them and the Desert, that led Pharaoh to plan and execute his attack. For such a divergent march as that of Israel there must have been secret reasons, and these reasons were not long of unfolding themselves. The God of Israel was here to fetch His last stroke of vengeance upon Egypt, and complete what the ten plagues had not yet effected. The peerage, or "chivalry" of the land, as Milton well calls it, was now to be laid prostrate. For this end was the strange southward march,—a march which acted as a stratagem of war to draw out the whole remaining host of Egypt in pursuit, in order to complete the humiliation of the kingdom.

Here, then, there is what one may, with all reverence, call a supernatural *misleading* of the people, in order to accomplish an

end the most triumphant, and to lay the foundation of results, whose permanent duration may be seen, centuries after, in the history of the delivered nation.

The attempt, then, to evade or dilute the miracle of the passage of the Red Sea, is one which multiplies twofold the difficulties in the adjoining parts of the history. The dissolution of the miracle does not satisfy any demand of the narrative, nor afford any clue to the strange story. The expulsion of the supernatural leaves the Mosaic narrative in a most unsatisfactory state,—a state to which its unaffected and simple sincerity does not entitle it.

Granting that the historian has exaggerated the event,—that he has built up a mighty self-honouring fabric out of very paltry materials,—that he has introduced the supernatural into events which, at the most, can only be called extraordinary,—that he has taken advantage of a striking but fortuitous juncture of natural events, to raise a story of the miraculous,—still we can hardly do less than admit that he believed what he was saying. Homer, indeed, writes of the supernatural plentifully enough, but you do not feel under any strong necessity of crediting his marvels, nor even of supposing that he credited them himself. But with Herodotus it is different. He writes of what he saw and heard; he believed what he wrote; and he expects you to believe it also. You may say he was mistaken, or misinformed, or credulous, or ignorant; though every new discovery is telling us that the old father of history was as accurate as he was honest. But you give him at least the credit of not wishing to impose upon his readers, but writing what he himself believed. With Herodotus we may class Moses in this respect. Nor are we asking much when claiming this equality. Moses wrote what he believed, and that which he wrote and believed was what he saw and knew. Our concern is with the bare narrative itself, and our object is to ascertain what Moses himself believed.

This narrative Dr Robinson deals with in his first volume. He begins and ends his statement with the assertion of his belief in the miraculous nature of the event; but his intermediate arguments and facts go to show that there was no real miracle in the matter. He brings Israel just to the northern extremity of the sea, and then, by means of a strong east wind, and a low tide, and broad sand-banks, he takes them across dry-shod. If, however, they were at this point of the Gulf of Suez, there was no need even for wind or ebb or shoal; for by turning half a mile or less to the north, they would have rounded the point at once upon dry land. But this is, after all, not the exact point to be settled. The difficulty lies much deeper. Dr Robinson has not touched it.

Assuming that the facts as to the shallows are precisely as he

states them, the question still troubles us, *Did Moses mean this?* If he did, he has certainly not made use of language either the most apt or the most natural to express his meaning. If the non-miraculous or the semi-miraculous hypothesis be true, then his language is unaccountably inaccurate. It is not ambiguous, it is not awkward, it is not dark: it is simply inaccurate.

Dr Robinson's statements are not new. They are to be found in the German commentators of the last century. But he was among the first that conjoined the non-miraculous argument with the profession of full and unqualified reverence for Scripture. Maintaining both the veracity and the inspiration of the Bible, he has advanced statements which it will be difficult to reconcile with either. In such a case, the evil is the greater, because the writer is one fitted to speak with authority, and therefore likely to be listened to by those who would suspect such reasonings were they found in Burckhardt, or Henniker, or Lepsius. Though the American traveller has attempted, not a denial, but merely a dilution of the miracle, he is not on that account to be let pass as if he had done something less than German commentators have ventured on. He has not by any means gone so far as they have done; but he has gone far enough to involve himself in the same consequences to which their irreverent and unguarded statements must, of necessity, conduct. His admission of the miraculous, to a certain extent, does not neutralize the tendency of the principle he advances; and his "dignified protest," as Lepsius has called it, against introducing too much of the miraculous into Scripture, is not fitted to win him the confidence of some, while it will barely save him from the imputation of fanatical credulity from others.

It is some years since Dr Wilson called attention to Dr Robinson's views, as expounded in the first edition of his work. In the second edition, recently published, we observe no modification or change; so that now, after sixteen years, we have his last and ripest sentiments. Not agreeing wholly with the route which Dr W. assigns to the Israelites, we still think his arguments as to the miraculous passage unanswerable. Dr Robinson takes no notice of them in his last edition; and here, perhaps, there comes out one of his peculiarities. He does not like to be corrected, nor to change an opinion, particularly in deference to a modern, and especially an English traveller. The elaborate attention given by him to the old travellers, and modern German authors, is rather a contrast to the slender and sometimes disparaging notice taken of recent English works. His volumes are, for research, accuracy, and fulness, beyond praise. They are a most valuable treasure-house of Eastern travel and discovery. But all this is no reason why faults should not be noted, whether in reasonings or in facts. The high reputation of the author makes

it needful that his aberrations should be distinctly pointed out. His logic sometimes grievously fails him; a topographical crotchet takes possession of him, and he writes, in one or two cases, more as the special pleader than the patient geographer.

The geographical part of the argument against Dr Robinson's view is thus put by Dr Stewart:—

“There are three theories, each supported by respectable names, which pretty well exhaust the subject. The first of these, put forward by Niebuhr, and supported by Dr Robinson, is, that the passage of the Israelites was across the narrow channel above the town of Suez, or across the narrowest part of the bay, immediately to the south and west of the town, where there are now shoals of considerable extent, perfectly dry at low water. Dr Robinson prefers the latter; but in order to give some appearance of credibility to this theory, he is obliged to suppose that the Red Sea in those days was much deeper and broader in the vicinity of Suez than it now is—a hypothesis in support of which it would be difficult to bring forward either scriptural or geological evidence. None of the conditions requisite for the fulfilment of so great a miracle are to be found in the channel above the town. The passage is so narrow, even where he supposes their march to have been, that there could not have been space for both the host of Israel and the army of Egypt within low-water-mark at the same time, unless it were got in the breadth of land dried up, instead of its length; the depth of water, judging from its present condition, was not sufficient to have drowned all that host; and, with the head of the sea only four miles distant, the horsemen and chariots of Egypt might, with the utmost ease, have sped round by the shore in time to interrupt the landing of the Israelites, without exposing themselves to any risk of disaster.”—Pp. 54, 55:

The scriptural part of the argument is thus stated by Dr Bonar:—

“Israel's passage of the sea has, by some, been considered a strictly natural event, with nothing more of the supernatural in it than might be ascribed to a providential concurrence of circumstances. It is affirmed that the passage was made at or above Suez, that the tide was at ebb, that the ebb was a very low one, that the east wind made it lower, that the shoals were left dry, and that upon the dry ground thus produced by this fortunate concurrence of physical phenomena the two millions marched across into the peninsular Desert.

“This, however, is hypothesis, not history. The above statements are assumptions, not deductions from the Mosaic narrative. However plausible, they are conjectural and gratuitous. Their object is to furnish such an explanation of the event as to render a miracle superfluous, or failing in that, to reduce it to its minimum of the supernatural. Assumptions such as the above amount to positive inventions of fact,—inventions not at all suggested by the record, and liable to peculiar suspicion as having been got up for a special purpose,—in-

ventions whose tendency is to impeach the historian's truthfulness, and to impute to him language, not merely exaggerated in the extreme, but incorrect and insincere, nay, studiously meant to mislead. We take the narrative of Herodotus as we find it; we make no assumptions inconsistent with his strict veracity; we give him credit for telling us fairly what he saw and heard, in words not fitted to mislead or to leave us in doubt *as to his own belief*, and we are not warranted in treating Moses otherwise. That, by the acceptance of a literal interpretation of the narrative, we should be committed to the admission of the miraculous in the event, is no sufficient reason for resorting to such an exegesis or to such assumptions.

"Moses narrates the event in a way such as to make his readers suppose that he was relating a miracle, and not a providential concurrence of natural circumstances. If he meant no miracle, he misleads us entirely, both as to the event itself, and as to his own belief of its supernatural character. His narrative is fitted to deceive, and his descriptions are not merely overdrawn, but express the *reverse* of the actual fact, as when he speaks of the waters "standing up" and forming "a wall" on either side, whereas they must have sunk down and been much lower than usual, if Israel crossed at ebb-tide on the shoals."—Pp. 97, 98.

"Most assuredly Moses, and David, and Asaph, and Isaiah believed the cleaving of the Red Sea to be one of the greatest miracles ever wrought on earth. They had no idea of an ebb-tide and shoals. Dr Robinson and others may say that they were mistaken. If that position be taken up, then I understand the state of the question,—and certainly, *it is the only real question before us*,—viz., whether the opinion of the sacred writers as to such a matter of fact *is to be depended on*? It is impossible to explain away their language, or to evade it by pronouncing it the exaggeration of poetry or the license of oriental figure.

"Not that this is a question as to *verbal* inspiration. I confess that I do not see how we can have the *thoughts* of God if we have not His *words*; but this is not after all the question. Grant that the words are not infallible—still they are words *which were evidently meant to express a miracle*. The *thought* or *opinion* of the writers in the above case was, that there had been a miracle. Attach what *value* you please to their words—still the *meaning* is as obvious as any meaning can be; and it is with the *meaning*, not with the *value* or *quality* of the words, that our argument has to do.

"The only answer to all this is, that the words are inaccurate and exaggerated. But what authority has any one to pronounce the language of another inaccurate? If a man is prepared to *prove* them inaccurate by personal observation, or by other history, or by their involving an impossibility, let the evidence be stated in full. The advocates of the non-miraculous have not attempted this line of proof.

"In the absence, then, of evidence to the contrary, we must recognise the accuracy of the language employed in the statements cited above. The sacred writers *believed* in a miraculous division of the Red Sea, and *they have said so*. Let Rationalism step in here, and

show that Moses, and Joshua, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul, were wrong in their *belief*; for it is on this that the question really turns. And that question involves in it, not the fallibility of men, but the untruthfulness of God. For if God has spoken through them in *any sense*, then *He* certainly meant us to understand that the passage of the Red Sea was altogether supernatural. *He* would not Himself speak, nor allow His servants to speak, in a way that would convey a totally false impression of the facts. *He* would not, as the God of truth, have told us that the *sea stood up on either side of Israel as a wall*, if He wished us to understand that the ebb-tide had swept away every drop of water on the right hand and on the left.

"The denial of verbal inspiration to the Scriptures may seem a light thing; but let it be remembered that it is founded on the assumption of their *verbal inaccuracy*; and it is almost superfluous to say that inaccuracy of words involves inaccuracy of thought and of statement; so that, according to the deniers of verbal infallibility, the Bible, though its author is God, contains inaccurate language, deals in inaccurate statement, and utters inaccurate thought. Other books are admitted to speak correctly the words and sentiments of their authors; but this alone does not convey either the words or thoughts of its author, but many things inconsistent with truth, and at variance with the author's mind! The denial of verbal inspiration may facilitate the Rationalist in evading all that he is not inclined to believe, and may free him from certain trammels which are felt to be irksome and oppressive; but, founded as it is upon the assumption of *inaccuracy in word and opinion*, it can only lead to an utter denial of the whole book itself, if not to a denial of Him whose revelation it professes to be.

"If the Korân does not contain Mahomet's words, and does not accurately represent his sentiments, of what value is it as an exposition of Mahommedanism? If the Bible does not utter the words of God, and if it does not accurately represent His mind, of what use is it as a revelation from God? And what becomes of His love and truth if He could give to His poor blind creatures a volume professing to come from Himself, yet wanting in that *most essential of all things in authorship*—a true statement of facts, and an accurate representation of the author's mind?"—Pp. 103–106.

As, in regard to Goshen, the traveller in Lower Egypt is seeking a site for a history, so in respect to the passage over the Red Sea, it is the same. In seeking for Goshen, he takes the Biblical description as he finds it, and fixes on esh-Shurkiyeh, because it fulfils the conditions, both physical and geographical, which the history demands. So as to Israel's route. He takes the history, and he seeks a site for it—a site which will fulfil, not evade the history. Such a site he cannot possibly find amid the pools, or ponds, or sand-banks, which the extreme point of the sea presents to this day; but some miles farther down, where the mountain-bluff, terminating a long rugged range, rises erect almost out of the waters, or leaves at least but some yards of beach, and

where the supernatural stroke that smote the waves in their blue depths produced a wall of water on either side, through which the delivered myriads passed in safety.

The opposers of Dr Robinson's view advance here a statement, which ought to have no inconsiderable weight. They maintain that it is the *accuracy* of Scripture language that is involved in this question. Were it the interpretation of the words that was needed, hermeneutics might be called in to adjust the difficulty, and settle the controversy. But no doubt has been suggested as to the meaning of the Mosaic language, and so no room afforded for criticism to step in. Whatever may be said of the *song* which celebrates the deliverance, the *narrative* itself is singularly plain, and free from mystery or exaggeration. Judging of the narrative as it stands, without gloss, the most rigid critic would at once say that a miracle was meant; and that, if it had not been meant, very different language must have been employed,—just such language as would be used in reference to the transit of an army over a river, which a happy combination of wind and drought had rendered fordable.

The case so standing, it is obvious that it is the *accuracy* of the language that is called in question.

All who regard the Bible as a record of Divine announcements, must feel that this impeachment is of the most serious kind. The dispute shifts; and, from being a question of interpretation, becomes one of veracity. It is not upon the historian's style that the judgment is thus made to sit, but upon his personal good faith. He wants us to understand one thing, while he is secretly conscious that something else,—something far less remarkable,—is the authentic history.

This is at variance with the strict verity which we are entitled to count upon in simple narrative between man and man; much more is it at variance with the higher and more unimpeachable verity which we expect in Divine annals,—God's narrative to man of His own proceedings,—that is, in inspiration. It would not beseem Herodotus, much less Moses. It would be fiction, not history.

It might not be pure fiction; but it would be fiction upon a historical basis. It would be a novel, "founded upon fact." There are, no doubt, different degrees of fiction; but no degree of it is admissible in history,—still less in historical inspiration, or inspired history;—call it either.

Nor is this a point into which the question of figurative language finds its way. We are speaking of simple history; and in that any figure that may occur, is introduced solely to give *greater accuracy* to language which, without it, would have been too feeble and inexpressive to be accurate. The difference be-

tween the figure, and the history which is meant to be illustrated by it, is, in all such cases, quite perceptible.

We take the Mosaic narrative as we find it. There is obviously a miracle contained in it, and a very stupendous one. We have neither the wish nor the right to displace it. And as to reducing it indefinitely, bringing it to a mere razor-edge, so that no one could say whether it were a miracle or not, we simply say, What is gained?

But we cross the Red Sea and encamp at *Ayûn Musa*, the wells of Moses, where verdure as well as water may still be found, and to which some of the citizens of Suez still resort for country quarters. The likelihood is, that this was Israel's first encampment after crossing the sea. The name says a good deal for this, and the distances between this and the after-localities noted in their desert-story confirm this. Comparing the statements of travellers, the geography of the region, and the Scripture narrative, we are led to believe that this is really a site found,—that it was here that the song of deliverance went up from Moses and Miriam—leading, as they doubtless did, the voices of the mighty multitude. Dr Robinson's description of this spot is brief but expressive. The place is noticed by almost all travellers who are setting out for Mount Sinai. Though not the actual site of a miracle, it is the termination of one and the commencement of another. For scarcely had Israel left these fountains than they began to feel the want of water, for the first time. Here one notices the exceeding accuracy of the narrative; for, according to the testimony of every traveller, the next two days of the Desert are most thoroughly bare and waterless. They reach Marah, where they murmur, and are supplied miraculously.

The miracle of the sweetened water has found small favour with many. We shall not undertake to say whether Mr Stanley believes it, as, though mentioning the locality, he keeps silence as to the miracle. That Dr Robinson believes it, we suppose may be admitted, though he does not say so, and though it is difficult to reconcile his belief of it with the following statement:—"Burckhardt suggests that the Israelites may have rendered the water of Marah palatable by mingling with it the juice of the berries of the ghurkud. The process would be a very simple one, and *doubtless effectual*; and the presence of this shrub around all brackish fountains would cause the remedy to be always at hand."¹ Dr R. thinks, however, that the ghurkud berries could hardly have been ripe at the season when Israel passed the Ain Howârah; but this is all the answer he gives to Burckhardt's denial of the miracle! One might admit that the

¹ Vol. i, p. 67.

proposed remedy is "simple," but that it is "doubtless effectual" would require proof. We should be inclined to write "doubtless ineffectual;" for we have been told that even a copious infusion of brandy is ineffectual, and that such mixtures, instead of extracting or modifying the bitterness, only make it more nauseous. Our readers can try it by taking "a half-and-half" of sea-water and brandy or port wine. There is another thing which Dr R. might have added,—that the whole region round Ain Howârah is utterly destitute of verdure, not only ghurkuds and tarfas being wanting there, but the commonest and poorest of the desert shrubs. Allowing the potency of ghurkud berries to do then, what no amount of wine or brandy can do now, we must still reckon it unaccountable that this sweetening of the acrid waters should have taken place at that very part of the Desert where the sweetening herbs were not to be found. We read of the solitary palm still attracting the traveller's eye, and the well of turbid brine at its foot still repelling the lip of Arab or camel; but the ghurkuds,—they have passed away, if indeed they ever existed here out of Burckhardt's fancy. The narrative itself by no means suggests either berries or peel, or any such natural sweeteners. It reads thus,—“And Moses cried unto Jehovah; and Jehovah showed him a tree, which, when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.” What follows has a simple sublimity about it, which the denial of the miracle quite destroys,—“There He made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there He proved them, and said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of Jehovah thy God, and wilt do that which is right in His sight, and wilt give ear to His commandments, and keep all His statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee which I have brought upon the Egyptians: FOR I AM JEHOVAH THAT HEALETH THEE.”—(Exod. xv. 25, 26.)

We pass from the miracle of the water to the miracle of the manna. But now we have a history wholly without a site. We can say, somewhere between Elim and Rephidim—somewhere between Wady Ghurundel and Wady esh-Sheikh—the manna must first have descended, but more than this we cannot say. Its proper locality remains unfound, as Scripture has given us nothing by means of which we might identify it. It was in “the wilderness of Sin” that Israel first tasted the manna. More than this we cannot determine. As to the miracle, Dr Robinson speaks very decidedly;¹ and the following brief statement is quite satisfactory:—

¹ Mr Stanley's brief notices of the miracles are, from first to last, so peculiarly adjusted, as to indicate nothing as to his belief. He is not committed to their denial: still less to their reception. To him they are apparently without importance or attraction. His dalliance with the Greek legends of the Desert, in preference to the Biblical history of miracle, reminds one of Schiller's ad-

"In accordance with a former promise, the old man likewise put into our hands a small quantity of the manna of the Peninsula, famous at least as being the successor of the Israelitish manna, though not to be regarded as the same substance. According to his account, it is not produced every year—sometimes only after five or six years; and the quantity in general has greatly diminished. It is found, in the form of shining drops, on the twigs and branches (not upon the leaves) of the turfa—*Tamarix Gallica mannifera* of Ehrenberg,—from which it exudes, in consequence of the puncture of an insect of the coccus kind—*Coccus maniparus* of the same naturalist. What falls upon the sand is said not to be gathered. It has the appearance of gum, is of a sweetish taste, and melts when exposed to the sun or to a fire. The Arabs consider it as a great delicacy, and the pilgrims prize it highly, especially those from Russia, who pay a high price for it. The superior had now but a small quantity, which he was keeping against an expected visit from the Russian Consul-General in Egypt. Indeed, so scarce had it become of late years, as to bear a price of twenty or twenty-five piastres the pound.

"Of the manna of the Old Testament, it is said, 'When the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the Desert a small round thing, small as the hoar-frost on the ground;—and it was like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers with honey. And the people gathered it, and ground it in mills, and beat it in a mortar, or baked it in pans, and made cakes of it; and the taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil. And when the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it.'

"Of all these characteristics not one is applicable to the present manna. And even could it be shown to be the same, still a supply of it in sufficient abundance for the daily consumption of two millions of people would have been no less a miracle."—ROBINSON, vol. i., p. 115.

These statements may suffice as to the miracles of Scripture. We do not mean to argue the question of miracles or inspiration. Our position is a humbler one, and subsidiary to the wider and more general one. It is simply a protest in behalf of the accuracy of the Bible, and the good faith of its writers. The weight or authority to which their statements are entitled is another matter. We are the more careful to keep this point before our readers, because of certain assaults recently made upon the correctness of Scripture.¹ In the last century, a band of able but unscrupulous writers appeared, whose object was to get rid of Scripture *in toto*, by exposing its inaccuracies. Bolingbroke,

miration for "the gods of Greece," and his sighs for their disappearance. Bunsen's "God in History" has shown us that historical Pantheism can be grafted upon Scripture itself; and one cannot but hesitate before accepting the philosophy which deals with the beauties rather than with the truths either of Scripture or tradition.

¹ "The Doctrine of Inspiration," etc., by the Rev. John Macnaught, Liverpool.

Toland, Chubb, Morgan, worked hard at their self-appointed task of overthrowing "superstition." Most laboriously did they gather together the supposed absurdities and inconsistencies of Scripture, in order to overwhelm the Bible beneath its own rubbish. But the Book emerged from this deistical dust unharmed; and, for two generations, these objections had almost gone out of sight. They have, however, within these few years been reproduced; and not by men, like those of the last century, philosophers, belonging to no church; but by ministers of the orthodox churches of our land. These successors of the philosophical Deists of a former age have gone over the same ground as their predecessors, and uttered the same accusations against Scripture, though in more reverent words, with this exception, that the old assailants spared the Gospels and the words of Christ, whereas their modern imitators have not scrupled to pronounce upon the inaccuracies and improprieties of "Him who spake as never man spake." In the nature, or rather the extent, of inference, the new differ from the old: the latter made use of the supposed inaccuracies to disprove entirely the claims of Scripture; the former merely employ these inconsistencies to set aside its inspiration. But which of the two classes has logic on its side? Clearly that of the old Deists. If their premises were correct, their conclusion was irresistible; and to stop short of it, is to give up the whole case. If the Bible be as inaccurate as Mr Macnaught says it is, then it has no claim upon our confidence or respect: it is much less inspired than Herodotus, or Plato, or Milton, or David Hume, or Macaulay. We are very far indeed from accusing all the questioners of some of the Bible miracles with entertaining such views; but, by a theory of miracles which assumes the inaccuracy of the Mosaic narrative, they are playing into the hands of Deists and semi-Deists, and aiding them in discovering inaccuracies, where even they did not expect to find them.

But we resume the track of our Desert travellers,—or, at least, we select some of their footsteps, not venturing to explore the whole region. The first oasis which the traveller meets with in this western margin of the Peninsula, along which Israel marched to Sinai, is *Wady Ghurundel*, which, from its position as well as its water and palms, has been long conjectured to be the Elim of Scripture. It would seem to be one of the richest tracts of this barren land,—watered by a quiet stream, and adorned for two or three miles by palms and tarfas,—the former of these trees being counted by hundreds, the latter being without number. Neither Dr Robinson nor Mr Stanley seem to have fully explored this valley, nor to have any adequate idea of its fruitfulness and beauty. From the descriptions given by numerous

travellers, it must be a spot of no common beauty,—a spot wanting but two things to complete its excellence, grass and flowers. In spite of tree and shrub, the Desert still proclaims itself the master, even there, by refusing to take on the slightest patch of verdant clothing for its undulating sands. Dr Stewart's description is as follows :—

“ After breakfast I walked up the Wadi Gherundel alone, with my Bible as my companion. A stream about twelve feet in breadth runs down from the spring, which the Arabs told me was six hours higher up, and though only a few inches deep, I am informed it never fails the whole year round. This wadi is by far the most fertile we have come to since leaving the Nile, if such an expression can be applied where not a blade of grass is to be found. A number of palm trees and thickets of tarfas, which really deserve the name of trees, grow in it, besides the shrubs to be met with in all the wadis of the Desert, among which is the *Ghurkudda*, a plant bearing berries of an acid taste, which some have thoughtlessly suggested might have been used by Moses for sweetening the waters of Marah, and the *Rahbol*, of which the camel is particularly fond. This wadi is of great length, forming an opening in the range of Ghebel et Tih, and taking its rise, as I afterwards found, close to the summit of Nakh el Rahkiney, one of the passes leading to Nukhl. If the Israelites marched along the sea-shore they would naturally turn up this fertile valley towards the well, as their progress southward after a few miles would be stopped by the Ghebel Hummam Faraoun, between which and the sea it is impossible to pass. I learned from a friend who visited the spring a month or two after I had passed this way, that water in abundance may be found in it, as in the Wadi Useit, by scraping up the sand to the depth of a foot or two. There is only one palm tree beside the fountain, but there are many to be found scattered up and down the valley. This wadi is generally supposed to be the Elim of Scripture; but Dr Wilson prefers the Wadi Useit, as being farther from Ain Howára. Provided the Israelites marched by the plain near the sea-shore, there could be no objection on the score of distance between Ain Nichele and the spring in this wadi; but as those of Wadi Useit are only five or six miles distant from it, I am much inclined to believe that Elim, with its twelve wells, includes both valleys, and that the hosts of Israel, who had not yet any regular order of encampment, were scattered around where the most ample supplies of food and water could be found for their cattle. I am the more disposed to adopt this opinion from the consideration that the Israelites, instead of halting for a single night, probably passed some weeks in this oasis, as it deserves fully to be called. The mouth of this valley is evidently a place much frequented by Bedouins. On the northern headland there is a grave-yard, the first I had seen; and around my tent there were traces of many encampments, and a huge cliff beside it, hollowed out like an alcove, was black with the smoke of their camp-fires.”—Pp. 72, 73.

Dr Bonar's statement is similar :—

"The birds were chirping in the tarfa trees, some of which might be fifteen or eighteen feet high, pleasantly though faintly fragrant. These birds were not the desert fowls called quails; though these we frequently met with in small flocks,—not among trees, but in the more barren plains of the Desert. The palm trees were without number. I began to count them, but having reached the eightieth, I desisted. They extend for more than a mile and a half down the wady, and must amount to several hundreds at the lowest estimate, so that the place is quite a palm-jungle. Most of them have four or five stems shooting up from one root. They have been goodly trees, as the prostrate trunks showed, but have been cut down clean by the ground, and the present forest is made up of shoots, which gives a stunted and shaggy appearance to the whole. The palm, like the olive, seems, when cut over, to send up new shoots or suckers, so that we saw several stems coming up from one root."—Pp. 121, 122.

Feirân is another of these oases, which, though few in number, are still sufficient to remind the traveller that he is still upon the habitable earth. Though not so extensive as *Ghurundel*, nor watered by the cool streamlet, it seems to have attracted more eyes and won more hearts than any other circle of the Desert. Inhabited now only by the Nomad Bedouin, who pay it stated visits in order to cultivate its palms, it was, from the sixth century and onward for many ages, the abode of thousands of anchorites, whose memorials are still scattered over the mounds and mountain-steeps, in the shape of shattered pillars, broken conduits, ruined walls, deserted cells, and empty tombs. *Feirân*! How the poor Arabs love the very name! How proud they are of its richness and beauty! How their Sheikhs love to expatiate upon its perfections! And no wonder, if half of what travellers have written of it be true. Anywhere it would be beautiful, with its princely palms and noble peaks; how much more in such a grim, wild waste, as that with which it is girded on every side!

Towering above this bright garden, and only a few miles off, rises that five-peaked mountain, of whose magnificent ruggedness travellers have written so much, *Serbâl*. Dr Stewart has revived the opinion, that this is the authentic Sinai; though, so far as we are competent to judge, without success. That it *might be so*, we do not dispute. But so might *Et-Tih*; so might *Taset-Sudr*; so might some of the fierce group of *Feirân*; so might many another mountain in this wild region. But there is nothing in its history to which we might fasten the slenderest thread of probability in its favour. As a hill of incomparable grandeur, and not very far from the locality where, according to the narrative, Sinai was, it might be the Mount of God. That is all we can say. Its difficulty of ascent is great, only to be

overcome by resolute wills and iron muscles. A traveller, who had reached its summit, told us, that the labour and peril were such, that not only had he to scramble on all fours, or crawl like a serpent, or climb like a goat, but repeatedly he threw himself on the rock, resolved not to move a step farther. Arduous as are the ascents of the Sinaïtic group, this goes beyond either Jebel Musa, or Safsafeh, or Katherin. But this settles nothing. There are other objections. Serbâl has no plain at its base, and no such remarkable hollow in its centre, as its rival undoubtedly possesses; and Feirân is much too small, as well as too distant, to have been the encampment of Israel. In this opinion Mr Stanley and Dr Robinson concur; nor do the statements of Dr Stewart appear to us to shake it.¹ Mr Stanley's words are these: "It was impossible not to feel that for the *giving* of the law to Israel and the world, the scene was most truly fitted. I say, for the *giving* of the law; because the objections urged, from the absence of any plain immediately under the mountain for *receiving* the law, *are unanswerable*, or could only be answered if no such plain existed elsewhere in the Peninsula." As to the legend got up by some, that it was the seat of Arab worship and sacrifice, Mr Stanley questioned his guide, and tells us the result:—

"In reply to the question suggested by Rûppell's assertion of the estimation in which Serbâl was held by the Bedouins, as shown by sacrifices on its summit, he returned the following decisive answer: 'Arabs never pray or kill sheep on the top of Serbâl; *sometimes, however, travellers eat chickens there*. The ruined building on the top was built by the Franks, or by the Derkani, the original inhabitants of the country, for keeping treasures. The ruins in Wady Feirân are also by Franks. There used to be a Frank windmill on the north-east side of the valley, and corn was carried across from the convent by a rope.'"—P. 73.

Perhaps it may be as well to add the following summing up of the argument by Dr Robinson. It seems to us pretty conclusive:—

"SERBAL.—Since the first publication of this work, the idea has been brought forward by Lepsius, and strenuously urged, that Jebel Serbâl is to be regarded as the Sinai of Scripture. See his *Reise nach der Halbinsel des Sinai*, 1846; also *Briefe aus Aegypten*, 1852, p. 340 sq. 417 sq. See also the argument stated in Bartlett's *Forty Days in the Desert*, p. 55 sq.

"The main argument urged in behalf of Serbâl, is the fact, that the adjacent Wady Feirân is, and always was, well watered and fruitful; while the region around Jebel Mûsa is an inhospitable desert. Hence the former is the only fit spot in the peninsula for the supply of the Israelites with water and sustenance; and as such must have been

¹ Dr Robinson, vol. i., p. 590. Stanley, p. 72. Dr Stewart, p. 116.

known to Moses, and selected by him. See Lepsius *Reise*, p. 20–22. Breife, p. 341 sq. Bartlett, l. c. p. 56.

"This argument leaves out of view two important points in the question; *first*, that there is around Serbâl no open spot or ground corresponding to the historical account of Israel before Sinai; and, *secondly*, that the supply of water for the host at Sinai was miraculous.

"Wady Feirân runs for a time parallel to Serbâl. In it for about four miles there is a constant succession of gardens and plantations of palm trees; there are fountains, and in almost every garden a well; but the water is hard; and the valley is not more than a hundred paces across, with high mountains on each side. (Burckhardt, *Trav. in Syr.*, p. 603 sq.) From about the middle of Serbâl, the Wady 'Aleiyât comes down nearly at right angles to Wady Feirân, forming the direct and usual mode of access to Serbâl. These two valleys contain the only open ground, which can be taken into the account. It needs but a glance at the maps of Lepsius himself (*Reise*), and the sketch of Bartlett (p. 57), to perceive that they do not correspond to the circumstances of the Scriptural narrative.

"It is admitted, that the main encampment of the host must have been in Wady Feirân itself; from which the summit of Serbâl is only here and there visible. The base of the mountain is reached by the Wady 'Aleiyât, after a walk of *about an hour*; Bartlett, p. 57. This latter valley, according to Bartlett, is an unfit, if not impracticable spot for the encampment of any great number of people; the ground is rugged and rocky—towards the base of the mountain exceedingly so; pp. 57, 58, comp. p. 62. Beyond the fountain all path soon ceases; and the course thence to the base of the mountain is over a wilderness of loose blocks, which it is no easy matter to cross without slipping; *ibid.* p. 62.

"I need not stop to show how utterly incompatible all this is with the narrative in Exodus; where it is said, the people *stood at the nether part of the mount*, Ex. xix. 17; and Moses was directed to *set bounds round about*, lest the people should go up into the mount or touch the border of it; Ex. xix. 12.

"The testimony of Scripture, that the supply of water for the host was miraculous, removes the objection made against the present Sinai. At Rephidim the people having murmured for water, the Lord commanded Moses to smite the rock *in Horeb*, and water should flow out; and Moses did so; Ex. xvii. 5, 6. If Rephidim, as I have elsewhere supposed (p. 120), was near the entrance to the central granite region, then Horeb was near; and it is easy to see how the miraculous fountain might supply water for the host during their sojourn at Sinai. But if their main encampment was in Wady Feirân, in which water was always plenty, where was the necessity for a miracle at all? and especially in Serbâl (the Sinai and Horeb of Lepsius), which was but an hour distant from the well watered encampment.

"I have elsewhere suggested, that the stations of the Israelites, as enumerated, refer perhaps rather to the head-quarters of Moses and

the elders, with a portion of the people who kept near them; while other portions preceded or followed them at various distances, as the convenience of water and pasturage might dictate; pp. 72, 73. Thus, during the long sojourn at Sinai, it is not at all improbable, that a part of the people with their flocks may have been encamped in the fertile Wady Feirân. Yet, on the other hand, it seems no less obvious, on the great occasion, when the Lord descended on Sinai and gave the ten commandments, that the whole congregation, even all the people, were assembled before the mount. Ex. xix. 9, 11, 16, etc.

"It is singular that Lepsius (Breife, p. 421 sq.) should quote the authority of Mr Bartlett as an advocate of his views. Mr B. presents the argument indeed, not however as his own, but expressly as that of those who 'adopt a rationalist interpretation, and consider the Bible account as a legendary or mythical amplification of a slender historical foundation.'"—P. 55.

Wady Mokatteb, or the Written Valley, is another of the peculiar spots of the Desert. It is no *oasis* certainly. Its rocks and slopes are utterly verdureless. No well is to be found in any of its recesses, and not a drop of water can be wrung out of its scorched and weary sands. It is no camping-ground for any who do not carry water as well as food along with them. Nor is there shade during the day from palm or rock; for all the day long does it lie broadly exposed to every ray that pours down from Arabia's burning sun. Protected from the only rays that one can tolerate in the Desert, those of sunrise and sunset, it is swept ever by the whole burning strength of noon. And such a noon, when it flings its heat down upon the sands without a cloud or breeze!

The old rock-writings of this wady are full of interest; nor have they as yet had full justice done to them. If unbiassed scholarship would apply itself to their decipherment, something would be extracted, which would at least end the controversy regarding them, even if it did not contain much of information or interest. That they are the work of Christian pilgrims, on their way to Feirân or Sinai, is mere absurdity. No pilgrims ever wrote these thousands of inscriptions, for no pilgrims could remain a day in this valley. Whoever might resort to it, pilgrims would not. Nor would they have left traces of their handiwork only in Wady Mokatteb, where they could not have stayed, and not in Feirân, where they *did* stay. But to what nation could those Christian pilgrims belong who wrote an alphabet belonging to no known Christian nation under the sun?

But we are not going to settle the question. Whoever wrote these inscriptions, and drew these sketches of goats and camels, must have *stayed* here. There must have been some reason why this unattractive and unwatered neighbourhood should have been

fixed upon, to the almost entire neglect of all the other regions of the Desert. And no theory ought to be listened to that does not set out, or at least end, with accounting for this.

Instead, however, of taking up successive points or objects, let us try to give our readers some idea of this great and terrible wilderness in its more general features. For details, they must consult the works already referred to. But meanwhile let them accept the following sketch, for the accuracy of which the writers of the above volumes will be sufficient vouchers.

The Desert of Sinai is commonly understood as embracing the triangle formed by the Gulf of Suez on the west, and the Gulf of Akabah on the east,—the two limbs of the maritime fork, known in ancient as well as modern times by the name of the Red Sea. If the region between the Euphrates took the name of Mesopotamia from its position; if the sea between Europe and Africa is called the Mediterranean from its boundaries; the Sinaitic Desert, were it large enough to take so dignified a name, might be designated the *Mesoeceanic* Highlands of Arabia. But, perhaps, “the Sinaitic Peninsula” is sufficient for it; unless, from its curious resemblance to the Pyramids of Egypt, it may be called the Desert or Arabian Pyramid, having as its apex the *Ras Mohammed*, and its base the mountains and desert of El-Tih. Though the vast tract between these two seas is properly one great region of barrenness and unpeopled desolation, extending from the promontory above named to the southern slopes of Palestine, yet it has, from the earliest times, been subdivided into smaller deserts, each with its own district-name. From the south-western border of Palestine to the Gulf of Suez, and beyond it a little, it was called the wilderness of *Shur*; then came the wilderness of *Sin*; then the wilderness of *Sinai*; then, turning north by the Gulf of Akabah, came the different deserts of *Paran*, *Zin*, and *Kadesh*, while in the centre lay the desert of *Beersheba*. All these names have perished; but others have come in their place, and in several cases the new names have not altered the old limits of the provinces. The *Terâbin*, the *Tawarah*, the *Tiyâkah*, the *Haiwât*, the *Sawâlihah*, the *Aleikât*,—are the designations of the desert tribes, taken from the names of the districts which they specially haunt. For though they are thorough nomads, they have their own independent domains, ruled by separate Sheikhs. That domain may be small and barren,—the poorest that ever owned a ruler; yet it is their birth-place and their burying-place. Though wanderers over a hundred hills, they count this their home. Here they were born; here they have known what life’s affections are; here they hope to die and be buried.

It is of some importance to get a correct general view of the

Desert in some of its broader features; and it is worth while to correct one or two false, or at least one-sided ideas, in common currency regarding it. Few take the trouble to inquire what the Desert really is. They are content to think of it merely as a sand-waste, a region of waterless desolation. A slight study of one or two of the books of travel already quoted from will set them right, without the toil and heat of a desert-journey.

The Desert is not one vast level area, stretching over an immense region, like a yellow sea, in unrelieved, unbroken monotony of plain. It not merely swells and undulates, but it heaves into wide table-lands, nay, bursts up in all directions into the magnificence of cliff, and ridge, and mountain. Though none of its hills reach the nobility either of Libanus or Anti-Libanus, yet they have a fierce grandeur peculiarly their own; and the eight thousand feet of *Jebel Katherin* fall but little short of the ten thousand feet of *Jebel-esh-Sheikh*. There is far more of the mountain than of the plain in the Desert; and for one broad plain or strath, such as *Debbet Ramleh*, there are at least a hundred hills—most of these truly Alpine. The hills of the African waste are low and rounded, but those of the Sinaitic highlands exhibit some of the grandest specimens of mountain scenery which earth contains.

The Desert is not a region of mere scorching calm, without a breeze or a tempest. Even at noon, and in the heart of some valley, there comes a quiet breeze,—not certainly “stealing and giving odours,” as in the Shûbra gardens or the vale of Nâblus, but still bringing coolness to the hot air and the parched Arab, as it passes on its way. The storm, too, wakes up and tries its strength against the sharp peaks of *El-Benât*, or rushes through *Nukb-Howai*, “the pass of the winds,” or loses itself in the mountain network of *Esh-Shubeikeh*; and while, in the plain below, the sand-drift is pouring along, like yellow hail, the snow-blast is sweeping over the hill-top, and reminds the traveller of Skiddaw, or Schreck-Horn, or Snee-Hatten. Yet the sand-storms of the Peninsula, though they make the camels halt and the Arabs cower, and the traveller stop his ears and eyes, are not destructive like those of Eastern Arabia or Africa. The sand is not fine enough to admit of its being raised by the blast in sufficient quantities at a time to overwhelm its victims. A whirlwind in the Ghôr of the Jordan would be a more unpleasant assailant than any tempest that ever brushed along the white bluffs of Et-Tih, and lifted the clouds of grey sand from its base to deposit them on the steeps of *Jebel-Wûtah*, or amid the slag-debris and scorïæ of *Surâbit*.

The Desert is no mere sand-field, or series of sand-fields. You find sand in abundance certainly,—on the hill-slopes, in the beds

of the wadys, and in the broad plains that intersperse in all directions their yellow reaches or grey stripes. But there seems to be an immense amount of stone and rock overspreading the land, extending for miles between the hills, and in some places hiding the sand. Sometimes these are found, in isolated blocks, (a large stone, having shot down from the cliffs into the valley), as in the case of the Hajir-er-Rukkab, or Stone of the Rider, near the Ain Howârah;¹ sometimes they are found in level patches, the debris of the hills having spread itself out, and bedded itself in the sand or clay; sometimes in rugged heaps, like Highland cairns, which appear at a distance like artificial mounds; sometimes rolled and pounded, as if some iceberg had once passed along, grinding the rocks to fragments, and spreading them out in fields of stone, to be afterwards sifted by the winds and caked together by the rain-floods, so as to form a smooth, broad highway, extending for miles, and to present a vast plain or area of cyclopean mosaic, or a stripe of tessellated pavement, relieving the monotony of the waste by breaking up into variegated stripes the vast tracts of grey or yellow sand.

The peninsular Desert is not a land without rain; and speaking generally of the East, we may say, that there seems to be much more rain than we usually give it credit for. In Upper Egypt, certainly, there is hardly such a thing as rain. That region—the region where the wondrous ruins of a hundred temples crowd together, embalmed, and so preserved by the hot dry air, as effectually as their tenants are by spice and odours—may be called rainless. It is wholly at the mercy of the Nile. Middle Egypt has more rain, though little to boast of. Lower Egypt has considerably more; and in some places might do battle with the droughts on its own resources. But the Desert has more than all Egypt together,—only so regulated as to be useless, save for maintaining the thin-strewn dusky shrubs which so timidly sprinkle its wadys. It has its rainy seasons, during which the clouds pour down a deluge; but there is no such regular supply of water as to tell even upon its lowest hollows or most sheltered plains, save in the way of scooping out water-courses, or tearing up tamarisks, or cutting away the half gravelly, half sandy soil, into what the Bedouin call *Jurfs*, or abrading the more impressible parts of the sandstone steeps, or still more rarely helping (along with local springs, sometimes hot, sometimes cold) to rear up an oasis of palms and tarfas, such as that of Feirân, hard by Mount Serbâl, whose praises so many travellers have sung, and as many more likely to sing again. For, by all accounts, it is quite a gem of desert-verdure,—a genuine “Palmyra,” though without a city and without a

¹ Robinson, vol. i., p. 66. Wilson’s “Lands of the Bible,” vol. i., p.

queen. The rain meant for Egypt seems to be swept aside from that level region by the stormy west wind; and attracted by the mountains of the Peninsula, it turns aside and pours itself down in water-spouts upon the Sinaitic wastes. But it comes in such rushes that it brings no blessing to the soil, and is so unequally distributed, as to time, that even the spring gets no refreshment from the winter floods,—nay, hardly can remember that they have been. If the traveller is bold enough to penetrate the Peninsula during the summer months,—from April on to August or September,—he may with certainty count upon rainless skies; and he may pitch his tent anywhere, even in the low bed of the torrent; nor will he find a drier or safer place of encampment than any one of the hundred tarfa-groves that cover the bed of el-Arish, from the spot where it leaves the slopes of Et-Tih, to the place where it spreads itself out over the sands of Rhinocolura. But if he is bent on a winter-tour, or travels even so early as January or February, he must be on the outlook, not for showers merely, but for floods. He dare not choose for his encampment that sandy hollow where the tarfa and the ritten are so invitingly waving; for though it should be in Wady Taiybeh, “the good,” or in Wady el-Markhâh, the “valley of rest,” he may find himself reckoning without his host. If the wind shift to the west during the night, bright as the sunset might be over the blue of Bahr Suweis, or above the brow of Abû Deraj beyond, he may find himself, tents, turbans, baggage, provisions, camels, fowls, and all, hurrying down a swollen river, which, ere the next evening’s shadows have come down upon these sands, will have passed into the sea, or wholly vanished in the thirsty porous ground, leaving no trace of its exuberant flow, save a few pools in the deeper hollows, or a few drops in a hole of yon flat stone, which the thirsty Arab or his camel stoops to drink up.

Our travellers tell us, too, that the Desert is not so absolutely bare and verdureless as we sometimes imagine. One traveller, indeed, speaks of a thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom withdrawn from the hill-sides and valleys; but the others do not concur in this, and while not refusing to do justice to its excellences, think that a “thin sprinkling” of vegetation would be nearer the truth than a “thin clothing.” For certainly it would seem that, according to our northern notions at least, the Desert may well be called unclothed, if not totally bare. Yet it has verdure of its own—fitful, coarse, and dingy as that may be. There are few parts where the Bedouin may not find shrubs sufficient, in quantity and size, to feed his camel for a night. In some places, no doubt, the region is so absolutely waste, that he has to carry provision for his camel as well as for himself, and he produces at night his bag of beans, as the drayman or cab-

man of our streets does his bag of oats for his horse upon a journey; but this is rather infrequent; generally he finds a sufficiency of desert-herbage for his camel, and here and there (in some moister place) something less coarse for a small flock of sheep or goats. Musing over such passages as these,—“I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, the myrtle, and the oil-tree; I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together,” the traveller wonders at the marvellous picture thus sketched in the unfailing word, and asks, “Has this ever been?” “When is all this to be?” Totally unlike to so fair a portrait do the terrific features of the Desert at present seem. What forest does he see anywhere here, or what stream to water even the stray tree that might be planted? Is it conceivable that the savage ruggedness of El-Amârah can smile with verdure, or the wide but barren bends of Esh-Sheikh throw up the cedar or the myrtle? But there are some spots where not only the shrub struggles up out of the sand, but where *trees* show themselves, some of low stature, some of considerable size. There is the tamarisk or tarfa, with its thin wiry foliage; the wide-branching acacia or seyaleh, which is the shittim-wood of Scripture, and the tree from which gum-arabic exudes; the ritten or broom, under the shade of which, in the wilderness of Beersheba, Elijah sat down in his desponding weariness; there is the fruitful nubk, which, with its tiny apples, feeds the dwellers in some richer wady till the date appears; then there is the palm-tree, with its shaggy stem in Ghurundel, or its well-pruned tapering stem in Feirân, towering above all the rest, and casting the shadow of its feathery crown, in sunshine or moonlight, upon the passive sand. So scanty, however, is this forest-verdure, that it can hardly be said to relieve the brown or yellow sterility of these cheerless wastes.

Besides, everything like grass seems to be awanting. No carpet of green anywhere spreads itself under foot, or clothes the rugged steep. Even in some bright oasis, where the palm-shadows cool the ground, and the air seems more genial, and the birds are singing, there is no verdure on the ground, and even the commonest weeds are awanting. The soil will support nothing which cannot strike its roots at least some six inches into it. There is nothing beneath your feet but the monotony of the endless sand, whose colour, unlike the “universal green,” fatigues, instead of refreshing the eye. The oasis is *adorned*, but not *clothed*.

But whatever one misses in the earth beneath you, you miss nothing in the heavens above you. The greenness of earth is awanting, but the blue of the heavens has become brighter and purer. The varied twinkle of flowers under your feet is gone;

but the sparkle of the orbs overhead has doubled its lustre. The flowers have folded up their blossoms, and hid them from the hot air beneath the sands ; but the stars have unfolded theirs all the more freely, as if the desert sky, with its arch of matchless azure, were the soil in which they can best give forth their brilliance. The north-star has come down low in the heavens, and you feel that another two hundred miles to the south would make it drop out of sight, or only glimmer on the horizon ; but other stars are ascending in the opposite horizon, and you feel that you gain as much as you lose by your southern latitude. Yet the brightness of sun, and moon, and stars, cannot make up for the want of other things. You miss the wreaths of village smoke, rising from a hundred homes ; for which the wild blaze of Bedouin fires, flinging up their gleam upon the rocks, is no equivalent. You miss the lark's song, the streamlet's murmur, the whisper of the woods ; for which the scream of the eagle, and the torrent's rush, and the shrill echo of the cliff, are no compensation. You miss the mighty masses of cloud that give such splendour to our sunsets ; and for which the round red blaze of an Arabian sun, dropping down like a fiery globe, is no equivalent.

In the Sinaitic latitudes, the length of day varies but little throughout the seasons. A little before six, when the sky is still darkly blue, a faint whitish glow steals up the east, and then strikes across to the west in pale, silky purple, while the zenith remains untouched in its star-studded blue. This is the signal that the night is done, and that the sun is coming up. In less than half an hour every mountain has taken on the golden radiance. The living glory slowly creeps down the cliffs, every five minutes altering the hue of the mountain-sides, which had hitherto remained a mass of shade, till it reaches the mountain-base, and shoots across the brightening sand. It is day : morning is at an end. So at sunset. Swiftly the sun drops down from the flaming firmament, and in half an hour all is night, —with only the tall cone of the Zodiacal light to tell where the sun had been. What a blank in the beauty of the fairest day is this absence of twilight—the time when it is neither day nor night, but something more grateful than either !

Seldom do these travellers speak of seeing the face of man in their journeyings, and when they do see him, they think there is something worthy to be noted. A tree and a man are rare in these strange regions. No one traversing the Hartz Forest would note or count the trees ; nor, in passing down Cheapside, would make note of the men he saw ; but in the Desert the traveller notes both as marvels, and talks of them with interest at the close of a weary journey. Just once, perhaps, in two or three days, he meets a caravan on its way from Sinai to Cairo, or from

Cairo to Sinai; or perhaps, still more seldom, he may meet a solitary messenger, or come upon the black camel-hair tent under which a family of Bedouin is sheltering itself from wind, or sun, or rain. Little enough of man, and still less of woman, is to be met with in these sands.

No village, no town of living men, does he light upon. The ruins in some of the northern wadys, such as Ruhaibeh and Serâm, remind him that there had been once cities here; and those in Feirân speak of the six thousand monks that once had their abode in the convent or the mountain-cell of that more southern wady. But, save in the convents of Wady esh-Shueib, at the foot of Jebel Mûsa, or the khâns at Nukhl or Akabah, on the line of the Haj road, he sees no abodes of congregated men. But what he does not see of the living, he does see of the dead. In life the Bedouin wander; in death they come together, and are thus "gathered to their fathers" in the spots which, for ages beyond tradition, have been the tribal cemeteries. Traversing the more inland parts of the Desert, he sees not unfrequently groups of stones, perhaps a foot high, which in the distance might be mistaken for waymarks, or the mysterious circles of olden worship; but as he comes near, he sees that the stones are generally arranged in couplets, a few feet asunder. The stones are unhewn and uncarved, without a name, a date, or line—fragments of debris from the neighbouring cliff, inserted sufficiently in the sand to keep them erect. No church, no mosque, no minaret, no enclosing wall! But Moslems do not bury in or beside mosques. Here and there a saint's *wely* is built for and used as a mosque; for Mohammedanism, as well as Popery, ascribes sanctity, if not to dead men's *bones*, at least to dead men's *tombs*. Generally, however, Eastern grave-yards are at a distance both from city and mosque. These Bedouin tombs are, by all accounts, strangely, sadly attractive to the passer-by, from their rudeness and loneliness. Here and there the Arab has planted the green-leaved, white-blossomed ritten, the slenderest and most graceful of his native shrubs. And this he has chosen for affection's memorial. There it stands, in its ever-green beauty, braving the desert-sun or courting the desert-breeze, above the quiet dust of centuries, at once the indication of Desert poverty, and the unobtrusive expression of Desert love.

A less attractive sight, the traveller tells us, are the remains, not of the dead, but of the living. Wearied with a long day's sultry march, during which his only shelter from the heat has been his white umbrella, for which he paid dear enough at Cairo, he comes up, about sunset, to some bright sandy level, such as El-Markhâh, which, shaded from sun and wind, looks out upon the Red Sea in its blue stillness, or to some quiet nook, as Wady

Esh-Sheikh affords, looking up to the not distant Sinaitic cliffs,—he finds the ground covered with the filthy relics of a Bedouin encampment which had yesterday or last week quitted the spot,—half-burnt shrubs, blackened stones, embers of extinct fires, torn sandals, shreds of old garments, fragments of rope, bones of animals, with numerous indentations in all directions, where men and camels had been lying. Or, approaching some wide-branching seyâleh tree, he is surprised to find its branches covered with rags of every hue and shape, like the mast of a ship on some gala-day. Have the rags been drifted in upon the breeze, or has a torrent passed this way and deposited its floating spoil upon the arresting branches? No. They are votive offerings of Moslem pilgrims or the Bedouin, hanging there as propitiatory gifts or thanksgiving memorials;—the seyâleh or acacia being the only tree on which these memorials are found, as if it alone were sacred. Or he notices in the distance curious objects on the sand, which look like baskets of wicker-work, white as snow. On each side of the road between Cairo and Suez, traversed annually by so many thousands of beasts of burden; or in that region of the Desert where Abbas Pasha built his palace, on the very peak of the mountain that adjoins Sinai, these strange basket-like objects appear every mile or two. He goes up to them, and finds that they are the skeletons of camels which the vulture has picked clean, and which sun and rain have bleached to the whiteness of ivory; for the camel is left to die on the spot when he falls down exhausted. No one throws a shovelful of sand upon him; ere his eye is closed, and life is gone, the vulture is there, screaming and tearing, till, in a few hours, only his bones remain—in a few weeks or months to be buried in the sweeping sand-drift.

In the Desert, too, the traveller finds strange traditions, old and new, Mohammedan and Christian—traditions of love, cruelty, superstition, miracle,—though none of daring deeds,—true deeds for moulding a nation's character, such as fasten their stories to the rocks of home. There is Jebel el-Banat, the "Hill of the Maidens," where two Arab sisters, "long, long ago," in the madness of disappointed love, twisted their locks together, and flung themselves from the double peak into the rocky ravines below. There is the grave of Sheikh Amri in the northern region, between Hufir and Neheyeh, where, beneath a rude cairn, lie the bones of a chieftain famed only for the blood he shed and the cruelties he inflicted—blood and cruelty which still bring down on his remains the hot curses of each passing son of the Desert. There is the chapel-tomb of Sheikh Saleh, in the valley which still bears his title, if not his name. Here, once a year, the Desert tribes assemble to commemorate his birth or death, with game, and feast, and sacrifice. There is the convent of St Katharin, at the

foot of Jebel Mûsa, where miracles are recorded, and the places shown where they took place,—the very indentation made by the body of Moses on the rock, the very cypress tree planted by Elijah.

The *silence* of the Desert has been frequently noted by travellers.¹ There is no silence so profound anywhere, either by day or night. The little lizards, shooting like arrows from bush to bush, or from rock to rock, are wholly noiseless; the black ants, burrowing everywhere in the sand, are unheard; the light foot of the gazellah amid the crags sounds not, save when he dashes down some stone into the valley below. Even the wind, as it takes its way over the sands, moves along in silence (as through some *Æolian* harp that has lost its strings), having no outstanding object to break the smoothness of its course and draw out the sounds, save when it rouses itself into tempest. All is silence,—silence even at noon—silence especially in moonshine or starlight—silence, whose profoundness, when long continued, ceases to be soothing or solemn, and becomes absolutely painful, if not appalling, oppressing the spirit with an indescribable sense of dreary desolation. Mr Stanley thus refers to this subject, and, in connection with it, to the marvellous distances which sound will traverse in these solitudes. His statement illustrates more than one Scripture narrative.

“It is this probably, combined with the peculiarity of the atmosphere, that produces the deep stillness and consequent reverberation of the human voice, which can never be omitted in any enumeration of the characteristics of Mount Sinai. From the highest point of Râs Sasâfeh to its lower peak, a distance of about sixty feet, the page of a book, distinctly but not loudly read, was perfectly audible; and every remark of the various groups of travellers descending from the heights of the same point rose clearly to those immediately above them. It was the belief of the Arabs who conducted Niebuhr, that they could make themselves heard across the Gulf of Akaba; a belief doubtless exaggerated, yet probably originated or fostered by the great distance to which in those regions the voice can actually be carried. And it is probably from the same cause that so much attention has been excited by the mysterious noises which have from time to time been heard on the summit of Gebel Mousa, in the neighbourhood of Um-Shômer, and in the mountain of Nâkûs, or the Bell, so called from the legend that the sounds proceed from the bells of a convent enclosed within the mountain. In this last instance the sound is supposed to originate in the rush of sand down the mountain side; sand, here, as elsewhere, playing the same part as the waters or snows of the north. In the case of Gebel Mousa, where it is said that the monks had originally settled on the highest peak, but were by these strange noises driven down to their present seat in the valley; and in the case of Um-Shômer, where it was described to Burckhardt as like the sound of artillery, the pre-

¹ Stanley, pp. 14, 65.

cise cause has never been ascertained. But in all these instances the effect must have been heightened by the deathlike silence of a region where the fall of waters, even the trickling of brooks, is unknown."—Pp. 14, 15.

Once or twice in the course of ages has this silence been broken. Before the days of Joseph or Abraham, the kings of Egypt had their quarries and copper-mines in these solitudes. At Surâbit El-Khadem there are still the monumental inscriptions of the Pharaohs, as well as the relics of the smelting furnace. At Wady Magharah there are like hieroglyphical inscriptions on the soft sandstone, and slopes of debris down from the "Magharah" or Cave, where once a busy Egyptian population toiled in excavating stones and metals for King Gatcheres.¹ At Wady Mokatteb there remain, upon a thousand rocks, the written vestiges of the multitudes that must once have taken up their abode in that most barren of all desert valleys.

Once again was its silence broken by the voices and footsteps, not of thousands, but of millions, when Israel, their chain snapped, their yoke shivered, fled from the oppressor. In a single day was the Desert transformed into a populous city, and the voice of man and woman, of age and childhood, was heard amid these silent cliffs. Then the smoke of Israel's sacrifice, the notes of Israel's song, went up into these tranquil skies. For the first time, the Desert had a history. And what a history! One only of forty years indeed; but one into whose brief years were crowded events, of which each one by itself would constitute an era, and make a nation or a country famous for ever. That story opens with ten awful plagues that left the oppressor desolate,—plagues which the divine accuracy of Scripture language forbids us to reckon less than supernatural. If ten battles such as Marathon had been fought,—if ten sieges such as Troy had been endured, there could not have been a commencement of history half so glorious as that with which Israel's Desert-story began. Behind them, as they leave the land of their bondage, the sword of the avenger flashes; but the sea opens its green waves to welcome them, and then closes its depths over the enemies. And if the retreat of Xenophon's ten thousand has of itself formed a history, what estimate may we take of that history of which the passage through the sea was but the opening scene? The Desert receives them; the pillar-cloud leads the way; the bitter water is sweetened; the manna descends; the rock becomes a fountain; the old dwellers of the Desert, the Amalekites, assail them in vain; Sinai is reached; the God of Israel, amid thunder and brightness, gives His law; for forty years the people wander amid these rocks and valleys which we have been sketching.

¹ Osburn's "Monumental History of Egypt," vol. i., p. 304.

Then the silence of the Desert was broken—broken by miracle and mighty deed—broken by the tread and voice of millions,—broken as it never had been before, or since. For into the silence out of which it emerged, has that old desert returned.

But in traversing these wastes, we carry a history in our hands, and for that history we are seeking sites. In one or two spots, such as the Written Valley or Magharah, we are seeking a history for sites; but in general it is the converse of this that we are in quest of. Yet discoveries here are hard to make. The interval has been so long, and the population so scanty, that, though the race is still the same, old names have perished and new ones been substituted, so that the work of identification is attended with peculiar difficulties. Most of our identifications are but guesses, while by far the larger portion of Bible scenes connected with Israel's Exodus and sojourn remains unknown. The sites of Marah and Elim—as represented by El-Howārah and Ghurundel—are but, after all, conjectures; and Sinai, as identified with Jebel Musa, is only a probability, founded upon circumstantial evidence and thirteen centuries of unbroken tradition. In these cases the native names are no helps. But there are one or two which have some claim upon our notice, more recently searched out. There is *Hadharah*, north-east of Jebel Musa, which may be regarded as almost certainly identified with *Hazereth*, one of the first stations to which Israel came after leaving Sinai.¹ There is *Wady Berah*, which, though with less certainty, is conjectured to represent the *Taberah* of Moses (Num. xi. 3, Deut. ix. 22). There is *Aelana*, at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Akabah, which might have been reckoned certainly the Elath of Scripture (Deut. ii. 8), were it not that Jerome sets this down as ten miles east of Petra; and Ain el-Ghudyān might easily be the Arabic transmutation of *Ezion*, in *Ezion-Gaber*, so far as letters are concerned; but Solomon's *Ezion-Gaber* was a seaport, whereas *Ghudyān* is some eight or ten miles from the shore,—only, as Dr Robinson suggests, the gulf may have extended some miles farther north than at present. There is *Jebel esh-Sherah*, a few miles south of Petra, which appears to be the Arabic successor of the Hebrew *Mount Seir*. There is *Wady Ghudaghidh*, a little westward of the Arabah, which probably represents the *Gudgodah* of Deut. x. 7, and the *Hor-Hagidgad* of Num. xxxiii. 32. There is *Ruhaibeh* in the north, which is in all likelihood the *Rehoboth* of Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 22). A little farther north is *Ararah*, which may bear the name of the *Aroer* in the south of Judah. Other places besides these will, we are assured, come to light, as the inquiries

¹ Num. xi. 35. Wilson's "Lands of the Bible," vol. i. pp. 255-257. See also Burckhardt and Robinson.

of travellers extend. We have not mentioned *Wady Jerur*, as corresponding to the *Gerar* of the Old Testament, as this seems to us very doubtful, to say no more. If Dr Stewart could show that *Wady Jerur* ran north some fifty or sixty miles, till it approached the ancient *Daroma* of early geographers, he would go far to prove his point. But *Wady Jerur* runs east and west; it is eighty or ninety miles south of the *Daroma*; it could hardly have been a Philistine region, as *Gerar* doubtless was. Besides, Eusebius and Jerome are express in their statements as to *Gerar* being only twenty-five miles south of Eleutheropolis.

But the whole of this midland region, between Palestine and the Desert, is full of interest. It has been little traversed, and hence but imperfectly known. Travellers have, in most cases, turned off their northern route either at *Nukhl* or earlier, in order to visit the City of the Rock, and so have only entered Palestine at Hebron or *Dhabariyeh*. Hence the whole district lying between *Kalat Nukhl* and *Ruhaibeh*, or rather, we might say, between *Nukb er-Rakineh* and *Bir es-Seba*, has been hitherto but poorly explored. Yet, as some of those who have traversed it remark, this is one of the most historically interesting portions of the Desert; if, indeed, we may call it Desert, and not rather part of Palestine. It is the land of the Patriarchs, of Abraham and Isaac, the country of faith, the home of the sojourners who had as yet reached no permanent dwelling-place. The reader of the Book of Genesis must feel that this region has attractions of its own, which the Desert has not, which Palestine has not,—not merely something belonging to a border land, but something linked in the heart of every believing man with the peculiar features of those who dwelt here as strangers, with nothing but the tent and the altar.

But we pass into the Land of Promise; still, as hitherto, seeking sites for histories. Here the identification of sites is much easier, and has been far more extensively accomplished. From the time that you cross *Wady es-Seba* to the hour when you quit the boundary at *Baneas* or *Saida*, you tread almost every hour upon ruins, which, when interrogated, yield the secret of their history in the somewhat altered, but still easily recognised name. Three books are all that are needful in assisting the traveller—the Bible, Josephus, and the Onomasticon of Eusebius and Jerome. There are minor helps, but these are the chief. It is almost entirely from these, that maps, till within the last twenty years, have been constructed; and it is wonderful how accurate these are in the main.

Had ecclesiastical tradition been less relied on; had it been dismissed at once as incompetent and fallacious, these maps would have been much more correct than they are. But, relying

on the statements of pilgrim-travellers who followed one another blindly, and not suspicious of the lies which monkish legends have embodied, both as to places and events, our cartographers have, till recently, disfigured their maps by adopting localities on ecclesiastical authority alone. Hence, till lately, the site of the Holy Sepulchre was never called in question; the pit of Joseph was set down at Khan Jub-Yuseph, not far from the Huleh; Bethulia was given as south of Jerusalem, at the Frank Mountain; Shiloh was placed at Neby Semwil, close by Jerusalem; Dothan was written down as north of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Safet; Tabor is called the Mountain of the Transfiguration. These palpable blunders were not accidental, nor matters of mere ignorance: they were the result of an unconscious attachment to ecclesiastical tradition, and of an unwillingness to abandon sites which, if fictitious, had at least been consecrated by the adorations of pilgrim-zeal for at least a thousand years. Even Reland, in his "*Palestina*,"—a book of marvellous sagacity, accuracy, and research,—has not thrown off the shackles of tradition. Clarke was the first to take sword against tradition, and his *Travels* contain the first attack upon the hitherto almost unquestioned topography of Jerusalem and Palestine. But he was too vehement and indiscriminate. He was an iconoclast without judgment; and would have swept away almost every tradition, on the sole ground on which others had hitherto received them.

It began now to be seen that there were two classes of tradition afloat throughout Palestine, one the native, the other the monkish; the former the original and authentic, the latter the superinduced and fictitious. Distrust of the latter has been working its way into men's minds; while confidence in the former has established itself no less successfully. Hitherto men had been content with the mere surface tradition; but now, having got down into a lower stratum, they are amazed at the discoveries which they are making,—discoveries which had hitherto been unattempted,—discoveries which, thirty years ago, would have been pronounced the fruits of rashness and irreverence.

The well-known discovery of the true site of Dothan supplies a good example. The monkish traditions fixed it in a place which could not fit into the Scripture narrative. In 1851, Lieutenant Van de Velde found, accidentally, ruins which the natives called "Dothan." These were in a position which fitted exactly into the account in the Bible.

It is, then, to the native tradition that we are to look for the topography of Palestine. When the ecclesiastical and the native agree, we accept the agreement, though laying little stress upon

it ; when they differ, we at once receive the native as the genuine and trustworthy.

Every traveller who has honestly traversed the land, with the Bible as his guide-book, has made some discoveries. Of these Dr Robinson stands highest ; and if in some points he has failed, that failure need not detract from the greatness of his merits as a whole. He has crotchets ; he writes sometimes in too one-sided a spirit ; he makes too much of old travellers, and too little of recent ones ; he has, in our judgment, confused the topography of Jerusalem ;—but still he has done much, very much for Palestine. The “Narrative” of the “Scotch Deputation,” published about the same time, has been of no small service in the same field ; and travellers from the East have in several cases acknowledged its value. Dr Wilson’s “Lands of the Bible” is an admirable book, though the lovers of light reading may not find their way through it. Van de Velde’s “Syria and Palestine” is the work of a Christian mind and an able pen, though the descriptive is at times rather overlaid with the reflective. As for De Saulcy, he rambles on most agreeably, though his discoveries do not always commend themselves to our credence, and his flippancy (at times almost scepticism) is reprehensible. Of the many others who have written their traveller’s story we cannot speak at length. Some are worthy of careful study, as elucidators of Scripture as well as of geography. When a man writes faithfully of what he himself did see and hear, he is worth reading, if he writes even with a moderate measure of intelligence ; but when he writes of what he ought to have seen and heard, or of what other travellers have seen and heard, or of what monks have seen and heard, he is not worth the time spent on reading his preface, so far at least as discovery goes.

There is considerable danger,—so far, we mean, as truth is concerned,—in travelling with a theory in one’s head, especially if the traveller be naturally somewhat obstinate and hasty. A theory may be innocuous enough, if the traveller who has given it lodgment is quite willing to have it dislodged and knocked to pieces at the first ruin he reaches, or the first hill his eye lights on ; but if he persists in making it his guide, believing and disbelieving according to its suggestions, he will make little way in topographical discovery anywhere, and least way of all in a land of which the ancient landmarks are only beginning to be dug up or recognised. This is especially true of the *chorography* of Jerusalem itself, of which no satisfactory plan or map has yet been given. Robinson was much too short time there, even reckoning both visits ; and as he seems to have made up his mind on certain leading points from the very first, and not to have looked at the other side of the question at his second visit, we cannot but en-

certain suspicions of the accuracy of his views. Eight or ten days' stay in that city was not sufficient to familiarize him with its complicated details, versant as he was, more than most, in such matters. The evidence and arguments by which some of his main positions are sustained, strike us as incomplete, if not fallacious. The more that the subject is studied, the more will it be seen that the correct topography of Jerusalem remains yet to be given, and that some of the main positions assumed by Dr Robinson will require to be first of all set aside. This is too wide a subject to be discussed here, and involves too many points, as well as the investigation of a mass of evidence, ancient and modern, which would require a whole article. But it is right that those interested in the matter should be made to know that there have been very decided exceptions taken to Dr Robinson's theory, and that those who are best acquainted with the subject consider it as far from being settled as ever. Most thoroughly has the American traveller sifted one question, that relating to the Holy Sepulchre, and demonstrated that the present site is a fiction;—ancient and venerable it may be, but not the less a fiction. On other points, however, he has not been so successful; and that we are not alone in our judgment, may be seen from the following extract from a quite recent American work, whose title appears at the head of this article. The author thus combats one of his fellow-countryman's leading positions,—that relating to the *lie* of the Tyropœon, and what we may call its western terminus. It may be difficult fully to explain the matter without a plan, but the following passage will, to a certain extent, tell its own tale:—

"I have yet another view of this matter to take. Dr Robinson gives part of the passage from Josephus, as follows:

" 'Over-against this (Akra) was a third hill, by nature lower than Akra, and formerly *separated by another broad valley*. But, afterwards, in the times when the Maccabees ruled, they threw earth into this valley, desiring to connect the city with the temple.'

"This third hill was Mount Moriah, the hill of the temple. Now, it is clear, that there is no intimation that Akra was separated from Moriah by any valley. Even Dr Robinson's peculiar method of translating the passage (which gives us a sentence actually without meaning) is certainly conclusive that the 'other broad valley' did not separate Akra from Moriah. This translation, if it means anything, implies that Moriah itself was divided by another broad valley. But the Greek is *πλεονα παρ' αὐτὴν διεργόμενος ἄλλη πρότερον*, and the correct translation, I apprehend, 'formerly otherwise separated by a broad valley,' that is, from the other city. The sentence will then read: 'Over-against this was a third hill, by nature lower than Akra, and formerly otherwise separated (*i. e.*, from the other city, or Zion) by a broad valley. But, afterward, in the times when the

Asmoneans ruled, they threw earth into this valley, desiring to connect the city with the temple.'

"If, as I have supposed, Akra included the whole moon-like sweep of the hill from Zion to the fortress of Antonia, then Akra actually needed to be divided from the temple by the trench, instead of being connected with it by filling up a valley. And we are left to look for such a heaping up (*χοω*) across the valley of the Tyropœon below. We are at no loss to find it. The causeway across this valley has long been a subject of discussion. Its existence is manifest enough to the eye, since it is impossible to go down the Tyropœon valley without climbing over it as it crosses the valley about on a line with the north end of Zion.

"The sentence, then, has a distinct meaning and connection. The third hill, Moriah, was lower than Akra, which actually sloped off to it on the north of the temple. This was its relation to Akra. Otherwise, that is as regards the other great part of the city, Zion, it was separated from it by a broad valley, which afterward the Maccabees heaped up with a causeway, so that the approach to it from that city should be as nearly on a level, as it already was from the new city. The result of this work is obvious. It connected the temple with Zion, as it was already connected with Akra, and thus it was possible to walk entirely around the central basin of the city on an unvarying level, crossing the Tyropœon and the trench of Antonia by bridges.

It follows, if we have correctly located Akra, that the Tyropœon valley is, as we have already intimated, that valley which cut off the north side of Zion, and on the opposite sides of whose ravine the precipitous cliffs of Zion and Akra arose. This valley came into the great basin in the heart of the city, and turning southward, under the north-eastern cliffs of Zion, continued down to Siloam, being then a broader valley, but retaining the same name. The objection, that this name would not correctly apply to the two valleys, loses its force if we believe the crescent shape of Akra, which I have suggested, since there would then be no other valley coming into the basin except this one, which continued by a uniform descent towards Siloam; nor is it impossible that the salesmen who gave it its name originally, carried on their business in both parts of the valley, which would be a sufficient reason for the uniform name."—Pp. 267–269.¹

Williams was much longer in Jerusalem; and his length of residence would have given his opinions some weight, had he not been all the while engrossed with a theory, or rather wrapt up in one great ecclesiastical idea, that the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre is on the true Calvary. This tradition of the Church must be maintained at all hazards. Wall and gate, tower and hill, must be made to give way to this.

To defend the point of view of the Church, Mr Williams has written his massive work, in which the reader may find all that can possibly be said upon the ecclesiastical side of the question.

¹ Prime's "Tent Life in the Holy Land."

But written by a partisan, the book must be taken for what it is worth.

Mr Ferguson has not been in Jerusalem at all, yet he writes a book of wonderful accuracy upon several points connected with its topography.¹ His theory of the Mosque of Omar being the original site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is open to more objections than he seems to think, or than even his acuteness and ingenuity could answer. But his book is ingenious, though its writer is too much of a dogmatist.

The briefest, but perhaps ablest treatise on the whole subject, is to be found in two numbers of the "Museum of Classical Antiquities." Though not admitting some of the author's conclusions, we think highly of his work.²

Superstition has thrown its network of fictions over Jerusalem, perplexing and ravelling its entire geography. We have, to a certain extent, succeeded in disentangling the confusion, and separating the real from the unreal. But no complete unravelling can be effected till we have gone below the surface. It is easy to deny a legend, or to dispute a name, or to disprove a site; but it is not so easy to discover the truth which may have been smothered beneath the fiction, and to substitute the true site and the old name for those which ignorance or church-craft may have given.

Yet in sweeping away the false, let us beware of abandoning the true, or think to conciliate the adherent of the false by casting suspicion on the true, as if all were either equally certain or equally doubtful. There is such a thing as a wise and honest discrimination; there is a weighing of evidence and a sifting of testimony. A deliberate and unsparing onslaught upon the fictitious is no indication of a man's unwillingness to hold fast that which is genuine. Traditions of truth and doctrine not found in the Bible had better, we imagine, be let alone, unless evidence of inspiration can be adduced equal to that on which the canon rests. Traditions of miracles subsequent to the days of the apostles may be received by those who are in need of new miracles, but their authenticity ought to be decided gravely, and the vouchers duly ascertained. But in regard to all that is written in the truest of all true books, we should know that we give up all if we admit that it contains inaccuracies in its statements.

Strauss's object was to discover inaccuracies in Scripture, in order to prove it mythical. He believed in Biblical *contradictions* as part of its inspiration,—as that which indicated its

¹ "An Essay on the Ancient Topography of Jerusalem," etc., by James Ferguson, F.R.A.S. 1847.

² Vol. ii., p. 18. April, 1853.

mythical character. Its contradictions were needful, in order to keep men from believing its straightforward simplicity. This, however, is a kind of inspiration not generally accepted, even by those who are as eager as the German to detect inconsistencies; as it is thought more scholarlike and more scientific to make these blots reasons for lowering the vulgar standard of inspiration, and flinging off the trammels which that standard had fastened round the freedom of judgment, and by which it had stereotyped theology.

To believe without a standard of belief, to think without a rule of thought, is supposed by many to be spiritual freedom. Thus at least wide enough room is left either for sailing or for drifting, as the case may be; compass, and helm, and anchor, being at the same time somewhat superseded by superior seamanship, and ability to calculate on, if not to control, the elements. The men are no doubt brave, the sea is wide and deep, its surface at present looks blue and winning; but are its farther shores verdure or barrenness?—at its bottom are there pearls or only rocks?

One thing that suggests itself to the reader of these Eastern travels, as he turns page after page, is the marvellous accuracy of Scripture in small things. The narrative spreads itself over more than two thousand years,—or at least the narrators, from Moses to John, extend along this line,—no one having any communication with the other. Yet in their minutest details there is harmony. As to men, places, names, distances, how singular the concurrence! Impostors avoid details. He who compiled the apocryphal Book of Enoch has shown some sagacity in keeping to general statement. He names places, but he never commits himself to relative position or distance. The Bible, in almost every chapter, commits itself to both of these; nor in any one known instance has geographical incorrectness, or even indistinctness, been detected. Each new traveller is discovering fresh examples of precision and accuracy, not merely greater than that of Jerome and Eusebius, but even of Josephus himself.

It neither challenges scrutiny nor evades it. It lets things take their course, in the manifest confidence that it can be no loser by discoveries in science, in history, or in topography. It makes no haste. It can afford to wait, quietly enduring the reproaches flung on it, and the suspicions raised as to its integrity. It waited long for the discovery and decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics on obelisk, tomb, and temple. They came at last, and it found itself no loser. It waited longer for the sculptures and inscriptions of Nineveh. They came at last, and it found in them a vindication and a testimony which have given courage

to many a friend, and sobered, if not silenced, many an adversary.

It waited with equal equanimity for the results of topographical discovery in those lands of which it was more especially the annalist. This was, of all others, the thing most fitted to test, and in which failure would certainly involve the loss of character as well as reverence. In this balance it has been weighed—weighed by caviller and admirer—and *not* found wanting. There were many cities or places for which it did not need to wait, for all along it had been a correct topographer. Hebron, and Bethlehem, and Samaria, and Nazareth, and many other towns, have stood out from the earliest age as witnesses to its correctness. Above all, Jêrusalem! No amount of ecclesiastical rubbish has been sufficient to overlay or displace the main features of that city and its suburbs. Along its western side, spreading out to the south, stretches the old plain or valley of Rephaim, where David fought, once and again, the hosts of Philistia. Here the Kedron, beginning beyond the north-western angle of the wall, sweeps round the city with its quiet curve, deepening as it bends, and widening into the fruitful hollow where the old olives still mark the Garden of Gethsemane. There rises, to the east, the grey ridge of Olivet, with its scattered olives here and there, reminding the gazer of what it once was, ere Titus swept away its verdure, stem and branch. There, to the south-east, where the extremity of the Tyropœon divides Sion from Ophel, is Siloam, or, as it is now modernized, Silwân, —not a *brook*, as Milton calls it, nor a *fountain*, as other poets have named it, but a *pool*, as Nehemiah and the evangelist have truly designated it,—a pool now in ruins and almost empty, but still reminding the traveller of Old and New Testament verity. There is Sion, too, with the oblong castle which now represents the Tower of David, which, in all likelihood, has sprung out of the ruins of that very tower which took the name of Judah's king. There are all these great features of the wondrous city, just as Scripture has drawn them. Time and the spoiler have swept away much, but they have failed in some things; and these have been left as witnesses to the truthfulness of the old sketches of Jerusalem given us a hundred times over in the Book of Truth.

Not a few of the sites for which it waited long, refusing to alter its measurements according to ecclesiastical caprice, have within these twenty years come to light. In the eastern Kerak, perched on one of the stalwart hills that frown over the Bâhr Lût, is recognised now “Kir of Moab;” as in the Galilean Kerak, whose ruins cover the mounds at the south-western angle of the Bâhr Tubariyeh, is found the Tarrichea of Josephus, if not also the Rakkath of Joshua. For fourteen hundred years Shiloh—where

the tabernacle stood, and Samuel ministered, and Eli died—was fixed on the high peak, some six miles west of Jerusalem, named Nebi Semwîl, in contradiction to the old narrative. A traveller passing northward from el-Bîreh to Nâblus, turns some two or three miles out of his way to the right, and there, on the high slope of a hill which commands a whole network of valleys, he finds mounds of curious ruins, named Seilûn, on the very spot to which the Divine narrative would have led him. Not above a few miles from the hills of Nazareth in one direction, and no farther from Tabor on the other, stands an old square ruin, commanding the whole plain of Esdraelon. The Arabs call it Zerîn; and in it we see the ancient Jezreel of Ahab. A little farther north lies a filthy village, fenced round with prickly pears instead of walls: its name is Solam, representing beyond doubt the ancient Shunem of Elisha. These are but one or two of the many places which have of late years come up to view, and the resurrection of which has so strikingly verified the Scripture as to the accuracy of its minutest details.

For other sites it still waits. A few years will bring more numerous confirmations. It waits for the discovery of Capernaum; for Dr Robinson's proof as to Khan Minyeh is defective and inconclusive. It waits for the discovery of Dan, in the extreme north; for Dr Wilson's ingenious conjecture as to the identity of Tell-el-Kadi and Dan, from the common signification of their names (judge), is after all doubtful, though adopted by all subsequent travellers. It waits for the resurrection of Zelzah, in the borders of Benjamin; for, though the suggestion of the Scotch Deputation, as to its being the modern Beit-jalah, on the olive heights above Rachel's tomb, is not unlikely, it wants corroboration. It waits till, somewhere within a two miles' range of Jerusalem, some traveller shall light on Mizpah of Benjamin, the city of the assembled tribes in the days of the Judges; for Mr Stanley's idea, that it is the Scopus of Josephus, though not improbable, is uncertain. It waits, too, for the discovery of Emmaus, so well known, though but once named in New Testament story; for most assuredly the Nicopolis of the Romans is *not* the Emmaus of the Evangelist and of Josephus. That the Roman Nicopolis is now the Arab Amwâs, and that Amwâs represents some ancient Emmaus,—these points are clear enough. But Emmaus—meaning, as it probably does, hot baths—was a name known in the north as well as the south of Palestine. The Emmaus of Luke was a village some seven miles and a half from Jerusalem,—a distance which men might quietly walk to and fro in a day,—not a city twenty miles off, a distance which men, going and returning, could not possibly accomplish so as to be present in the evening in Jerusalem.

We still wait for the discovery of Emmaus, sixty stadia from Jerusalem. It will come in good time; not by the alteration of the text either of Luke or Josephus, but by some traveller, who has no theory to support, lighting on some old ruin, which his fellah-guide tells him is called Amwâs, like two or three other places,—some far off, and some near. But for such a discovery the Bible does not need to make haste, nor do its readers need to be impatient. It will come in good time.

It is not without reason that one would contend for the accuracy of Scripture, even in its words. Accurate precision forms the very perfection of Euclid's "Elements" and Newton's "Principia;" nor is it any disparagement of these to pronounce them stereotyped and unalterable. A modern German, indeed, has said that "everything noble loses its aroma as soon as men restrict it to an unchangeable form;" yet no one supposes that Euclid or Newton have lost their nobility because they are unchangeable in their form and truth. It is the glory of science, that each proposition in these works is as true to-day as it was when first demonstrated by its author. Truth never changes. It advances, it expands, it multiplies; but it does not change. It may be added to, but it cannot be taken from. In acquiring new territory, it does not surrender the old. Its annexations are all genuine *additions*. No mathematics, however advanced, gives up old territory; so no theology, however "advanced," can renounce the dogmatical acquisitions of the past, unless on the ground that they are *false*. To call them obsolete, is childish; to say they are not suited to the age, is a condemnation of the age more than of them. Mathematics cannot advance save by a perpetual recurrence to first principles; and it is only thus that theology can advance. Nor can anything be more suspicious than this disposition to make progress by leaving old truth behind. No one feels himself shackled by his full belief in the "Principia." His adherence to these is no hindrance to progress: much the reverse. Nor does our adherence to the accurate and unchangeable forms of thought and theology, given us in Scripture, prevent our making constant additions to our knowledge. Love does not grow by giving up the past; nor does faith; nor does knowledge; nor does theology.

Not willingly would any one admit the inaccuracy of a favourite author: not without a sigh could he bring himself to believe that the words of "Paradise Lost" were not Milton's words. So, not willingly can any one concede the inaccuracy of Scripture: not without a sigh can any one bring himself to believe that its words are not the words of God. If the Atheist be really sincere, it must have been with a sorrowful heart that he relinquished the idea of the existence of an infinitely perfect

and blessed Being; and it must have been with no ordinary feelings of terror that he discovered that the world's great arch was without a keystone. And if the deniers of verbal accuracy to Scripture be thoroughly sincere, it must have been with no common bitterness of soul that they discovered that the Bible was inaccurate, and that its words were not the words of God. What struggles it must have cost them to believe this! With what reluctance they must have come to this sad conclusion! With what fear must they enter on all speculation, knowing that they are thus shut out from the great source of certainty! And with what tenderness should they bear with the scruples of those who are still clinging to the words of Scripture, and resting themselves on the belief, that God has spoken, that God has written, not thoughts merely, but *words*—unerring words—which they find to be no chain, no trammel, but a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their path!

The most original thinker is not the man who speculates or dreams; but the man who studies the processes of nature, outer and inner,—and on these grafts his thoughts, and out of these originates his propositions, or axioms, or deductions. For all these processes are the visible expression of thoughts far higher and wider than those of man. So the most original and most advanced theologian is not the man who flings abroad new opinions gaily clothed; but the man who studies every word of Scripture, and every fact contained in these. For these words and facts are of all others the most pregnant and fruitful; seeing they are the embodiments of divine, and therefore infinitely *profound* thought;—thought which, if carefully deposited and honestly cherished, will prove the parent of an endless offspring,—true, original, and progressive, though not of course, like itself, perfect and divine.

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